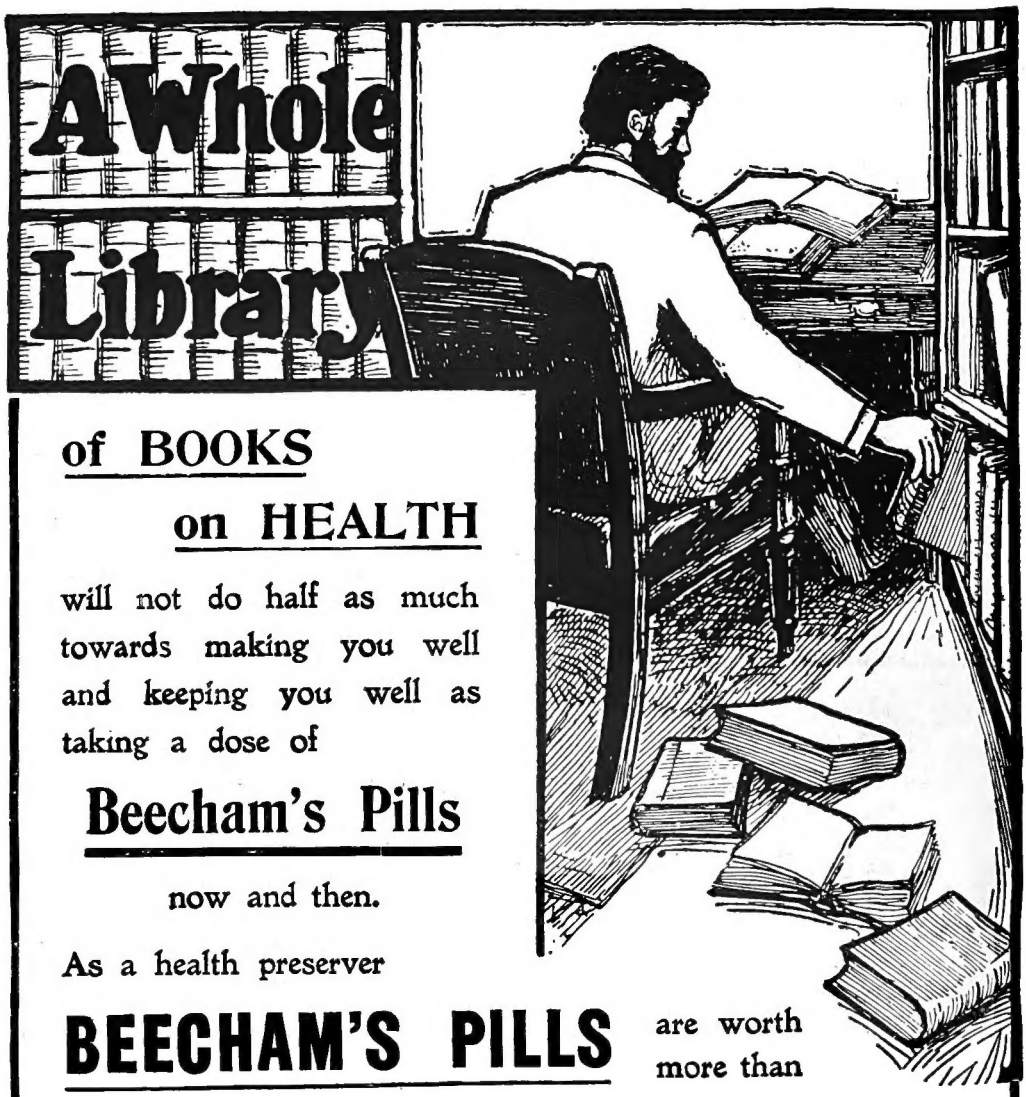
THE ROYAL

OCTOBER

4D.

A Whole Library



of BOOKS
on HEALTH

will not do half as much towards making you well and keeping you well as taking a dose of

Beecham's Pills

now and then.

As a health preserver

BEECHAM'S PILLS are worth more than all the health books you can buy, and cost much less.

By stimulating the digestion, purifying the blood, and toning up the whole system, they will keep you in perfect health—you cannot afford to be otherwise—so always keep handy a box of

Beecham's Pills

LIBRARY

Digitized by Google

THE GRINDSTONE of this LIFE is PAIN and SUFFERING!

MIRTH *versus* MELANCHOLY.

TOM HOOD said, "Wit is frequently sharpened on the Grindstone of Pain."
"There's not a string attuned to mirth,
But has its chord of melancholy."

The humorist HOFFMANN held that Evil was always concealed behind APPARENT Good, and the Devil had a whisk of his tail in EVERYTHING!

"ONE day a poor broken-down dyspeptic consulted Abernethy. The doctor looked at his tongue, felt his pulse and inquired after his symptoms. 'Well,' said the frank Abernethy, 'I don't think there is much the matter with you. You want cheerfulness. Go and see that clever fellow Grimaldi. You will get a good hearty laugh! That will do you more good than physic. 'Alas,' said the patient, 'I am Grimaldi.'"—*Smiles.*

MORAL.—AN HONEST, MERRY HEART DOETH GOOD, LIKE

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

THE BEST ANTIDOTE YET INTRODUCED. IT RECTIFIES THE STOMACH and MAKES THE LIVER LAUGH WITH JOY BY SOOTHING AND NATURAL MEANS! Its UNIVERSAL Success distinctly proves that it is impossible to OVERSTATE ITS GREAT VALUE.

There is no doubt that where Eno's 'Fruit Salt' has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease, it has in innumerable instances prevented a serious illness. Its effect on a Disordered or Feverish Condition is simply Marvellous. It is, in fact, Nature's Own Remedy, and an Unsurpassed One.

CAUTION.—Examine the Capsule and see that it is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' otherwise you have been imposed upon by a WORTHLESS imitation.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

Digitized by Google

Correct Style for the Season

ONCE again the old-established firm of John Noble, Ltd. (the World's Greatest Costume Manufacturers) are able to offer their patrons a splendid selection of fashionable garments at prices which defy all competition. Ladies who appreciate smart styles combined with economy should lose no time in sending for John Noble's New Illustrated Catalogue. Hundreds of Designs to suit every taste and every pocket.

MODEL 2082 **10/6**

The newest style in fashionable in our costumes. The back is tight fitting and the front is pouched. Bishop's sleeves. Bodice trimmed braid and Buttons. Yoke and sleeves lined. Well-cut skirt of walking length. Produced in J.N. Cheviot Serge and Special Zibeline, in all the colours named for Dress Lengths below. Price **10/6**. Carriage 6d extra.

10/6 MODEL 2078

Smart Tailor Costume. Sac Coat with shoulder cape, bell sleeves. Plain walking Skirt. Made in Special Zibeline and J.N. Cheviot Serge, in all newest colours (same as for Dress Lengths). Price 10/6 complete. Car. 6d ex. Also in Good Wool Serge (Black and Navy), lined through. Price 21/-. Carriage, 6d. Patterns Post Free.

A FULL DRESS LENGTH **7/6**

A Full Dress Length of Noble's Special Zibeline Cloth, or of the J.N. Cheviot Serge (52 ins. wide) —Six yards for **7/6**; carriage 8d. extra. Supplied in Heliotrope, Wedgewood, Reseda, Turquoise, Prune, Old Rose, Sage Green, Brown, Grey, Fawn, Ruby, Navy, Black, &c. The smartest and best-wearing Fabrics ever produced at the price. **PATTERNS POST FREE.**

MODEL 2083 **8/9**

Smart Costume Skirt in J.N. Cheviot Serge, all the newest colours as named above. A good cut and fit. Stylishly trimmed with braid and buttons (as sketch). Price only **8/9** Carr. 5d. Plain Tailor-built Costume Skirt, cut to same pattern, price **5/6**. Also cheaper make in Black and Navy, only **3/6**

8/6 MODEL 2086

Fashionable Dark Grey Tweed three quarter Sac Coat with Chesterfield front. Thoroughly well made and finished. 40 ins. long. In Dark Grey or Black. Price **8/6**. Car. 6d. extra. The season's favourite. In style and value there is nothing to beat it. Sizes larger than 38 ins. bust are 2/6 extra. Send for Catalogue of other new Coats and Costumes.

Wonderful Value.

Parcels value 20/- and over CARRIAGE PAID in the UNITED KINGDOM.

JOHN NOBLE LTD

44 Brook St Mills Manchester.

Beautifully Illustrated Fashion Catalogue Free.

Digitized by Google

BILLIARDS AT HOME.

A Billiard Table ready to place on any Dining Table, and instantly removable.

CASH OR EASY PAYMENTS.

BILLIARD TABLE WHEN RESTING ON DINING TABLE.

STORED AGAINST WALL WHEN NOT IN USE.

WILL FIT ANY SIZE OF DINING TABLE.

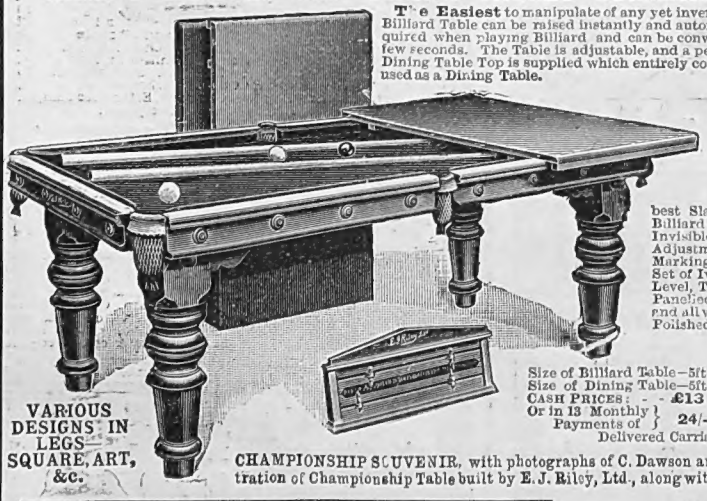
SIZE.	CASH PRICE.	OR IN 13 MONTHLY PAYMENTS OF
4ft. 4in. by 2ft. 4in.	£3 17 6	6/6 per month.
5ft. 4in. by 2ft. 10in.	5 2 6	9/- per month.
6ft. 4in. by 3ft. 4in.	6 0 0	10/9 per month.
7ft. 4in. by 3ft. 10in.	8 0 0	14/6 per month.

Special Quality (very superior).

SIZE.	CASH PRICE.	OR IN 13 MONTHLY PAYMENTS OF
5ft. 4in. by 2ft. 10in.	£5 15 0	10/- per month.
6ft. 4in. by 3ft. 4in.	7 0 0	12/6 per month.
7ft. 4in. by 3ft. 10in.	9 5 0	16/6 per month.

Delivered Carriage Paid at Our Risk.

RILEY'S BILLIARD AND DINING TABLES COMBINED (Patented).



VARIOUS DESIGNS IN LEGS SQUARE, ART, &c.

The Easiest to manipulate of any yet invented.—It is so arranged that the Billiard Table can be raised instantly and automatically to the right height required when playing Billiard and can be converted back to Dining Table in a few seconds. The Table is adjustable, and a perfect level is assured. A Loose Dining Table Top is supplied which entirely covers up the Billiard Table when used as a Dining Table.

SPECIFICATION.

Combined Billiard and Dining Table, Solid Thick Mahogany Legs and Sides, Solid Mahogany, Low Billiard Cushions fitted with Frost-Proof Rubber, best Slate Bed covered with Superior Billiard Cloth, 6 Strong Netted Pockets, Invisible Brass Pocket Plates, Brass Adjustments for levelling, Mahogany Marking Board with Ebonite Pointers, Set of Ivory Balls, 3 Cues, 1 Rest, Spirit Level, Tips, Cement, &c. Prices include Panelled Mahogany Dining Table Top, and all woodwork is handsomely French Polished, and Table warranted.

Size of Billiard Table—5ft. 4in., 6ft. 4in., 7ft. 4in, 8ft. 4in.
Size of Dining Table—5ft. 8in., 6ft. 8in., 7ft. 8in., 8ft. 8in.

CASH PRICES: - - £13 10, £15, £18 10, £24 10.
Or in 13 Monthly Payments of } 24/- 26/6 32/6 43/-.

Delivered Carriage Paid at Our Risk.

CHAMPIONSHIP SOUVENIR, with photographs of C. Dawson and H. W. Stevenson, and Illustration of Championship Table built by E. J. Riley, Ltd., along with Press opinions sent Post free.

FREE. *Full detailed Catalogue with Illustrations of all kinds of Home Billiards, Billiard and Dining Tables, Combined Couch, Billiard and Dining Table, all kinds small and Full size Tables and Sundries.*

London Showrooms: **147, ALDERSGATE STREET, E.C.**

ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO WORKS, ACCRINGTON.

REPAIRS.

Old Tables converted and fitted with the New Championship Cushions as used in 1903 Championship—

STEVENSON *v.* DAWSON.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Billiard Table Builders ACCRINGTON.

Digitized by Google

NO TWO WAYS

SAVE MONEY AND OBTAIN PERFECT SATISFACTION!

AVOID THE PERILS OF DEBT-INVOLVING INSTALMENT SYSTEMS, which lead to disappointment, and are a dangerous menace to the home.

DEAL DIRECT AT FACTORY PRICES

SPEND YOUR EARNINGS TO ADVANTAGE AND PUT MIDDLE PROFITS IN YOUR POCKET.

A Post-Card will bring you

H. SAMUEL'S PRIZE BOOK

Post Free by Return Mail.

250 PAGES. OVER 3,000 BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.

BRIGHTENS THE HOME.

PROTECTS THE SHREWD BUYER.

AMAZING BARGAINS:

Ladies' Gold Watches, 20/-; Gents' Silver Watches from 8/6; Real Gold Gem Rings, 3/6; Gold Brooches, 2/9; Silver Alberts, 3/6; Clocks from 1/-; Plated Cruets, 2/6; Silverware, Cutlery, Fancy Goods, &c., all at absolutely LOWEST FACTORY PRICES.

HIGHEST VALUE ONLY! Enormous Savings!

A MONTH'S FREE TRIAL WITH ALL GOODS

Full Particulars enclosed of Grand

FREE PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.

ASK FOR YOURS! WRITE AT ONCE!!

H. SAMUEL'S FAMOUS

'ACME' LEVER

is sent with

FREE SILVER ALBERT

For P.O. **25/-** *Only.*

Solid Silver Cases, best 3-Plate Lever Movement, Dust and Damp-proof Cap, and the latest patent improvements. **7 YEARS' WRITTEN WARRANTY.**

H. SAMUEL, *Dept. 39,* MARKET ST., MANCHESTER.

Smoke 'LUNTIN' Mixture

"IT TOPS ALL."

Merit stands first everywhere and every-day; it is merit, and merit alone, that has brought LUNTIN MIXTURE into public favour, and placed it first amongst all pipe tobaccos. Such high excellence in blending is reached in no other tobacco on the market. LUNTIN MIXTURE is richer, cooler, more fragrant, satisfying, and lasting than the next best! Try it to-day!

Sold in 2-oz. packets at 1/-, or ½-lb. tins at 2/-.
If your tobacconist's stock has run out, send **1/1** *or* **2/2** *for sample direct to:—*

THOMSON & PORTEOUS, Edinburgh,

Who will furnish address of nearest tobacconist selling LUNTIN MIXTURE.

Write to-day for interesting booklet—"Why Luntin?" —sent post free on request.

To Asthma Sufferers

Instant relief is gained in all cases of Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and Whooping Cough by the use of **Potter's Asthma Cure.** Sold by all Chemists and Herbalists in Tins at 1/-. Test it free of charge. Send postcard to POTTER & CLARKE, Wholesale Druggists, Artillery Lane, London, E. for Free Sample. Kindly mention this paper.

Trial Bottle Post Free. **7D.**

TO COLOUR

GREY HAIR

SHADEINE, guaranteed permanent, washable, and absolutely harmless. Will not burn the hair or produce unnatural tint. Detection impossible. Contains no lead, silver, sulphur, &c. Trial Bottle 7d., post free. (Sent secretly packed.) State colour required

N. M. ALEXANDRE. (Est. 1861.)

30, Westbourne Grove and 85, Great Portland St., London, W.

WEAR 'B.L.' BOOTS

From **10/6** Per Pair.

Look for this Trade Mark—it guarantees your satisfaction. When buying see that it appears on each Boot. Its presence ensures elegance and comfort in walking. Superior in appearance and wear to imported goods. Made in all the latest styles and shapes, in 4 fittings and half sizes, by the most modern methods.

BEST ENGLISH LEATHER.

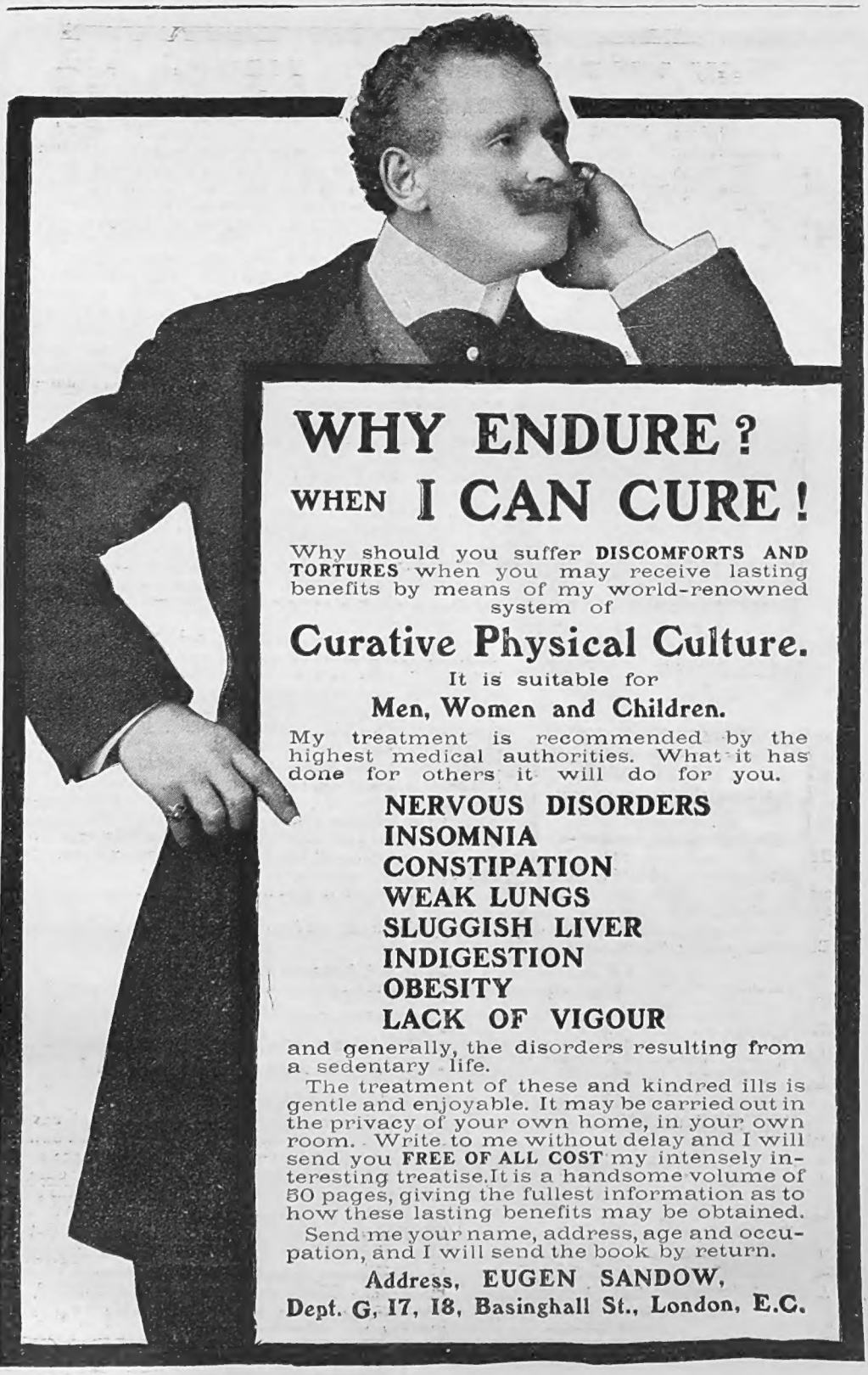
In Box Calf, Willow Calf, Glace, Black and Brown.

Sold by all good Boot Dealers.

B. LADDS, RUSHDEN.

HALL MARK ON GOOD BOOTS

Digitized by Google



WHY ENDURE?
WHEN I CAN CURE!

Why should you suffer **DISCOMFORTS AND TORTURES** when you may receive lasting benefits by means of my world-renowned system of

Curative Physical Culture.

It is suitable for

Men, Women and Children.

My treatment is recommended by the highest medical authorities. What it has done for others it will do for you.

NERVOUS DISORDERS
INSOMNIA
CONSTIPATION
WEAK LUNGS
SLUGGISH LIVER
INDIGESTION
OBESITY
LACK OF VIGOUR

and generally, the disorders resulting from a sedentary life.

The treatment of these and kindred ills is gentle and enjoyable. It may be carried out in the privacy of your own home, in your own room. Write to me without delay and I will send you **FREE OF ALL COST** my intensely interesting treatise. It is a handsome volume of 50 pages, giving the fullest information as to how these lasting benefits may be obtained.

Send me your name, address, age and occupation, and I will send the book by return.

Address, EUGEN SANDOW,
Dept. G, 17, 18, Basinghall St., London, E.C.

Digitized by Google

Why weak men are weak.
Why strong men are strong.

A debilitated man obviously lacks nervous energy of an electro-physiological type. His muscular structure also lacks virile strength. He must therefore of a necessity be weak, he must be ill, and he must lack energy. He has, in fact, too little muscular power and he has too little nervous-electro energy to fully exert and make the most of what little power he does possess. His trouble, therefore, is two-fold. The weak man who wishes to become strong, and the strong man who wishes to retain his strength, or even increase it, must watch both their nervous energy, and also their muscular condition. Take a healthy, strong man weighing, say, eleven stone (154lb.), for instance. His muscular structure weighs 64lb., which, after death, when dried would be reduced to 15lb. Every movement of his body at work, eating or play, wastes a minute portion of this muscular structure. This is not theory, but actual fact. The greater or harder he works or exerts himself the greater the using up and wasting of muscular tissue or structure. Obviously, therefore, such a man would waste to a shadow and die, if there was not a means of replenishment. There is. It is the joint action of food, water, and air acted upon by the nervous-electro inherited germ of heredity in his body as in that of every one of us.

J. L. PULVERMACHER,
THE PIONEER INVENTOR OF ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES FOR THE CURE OF DISEASE.

But the weak man may say, But I do eat, I do drink, and I do breathe air, and yet I am weak, ill, and afflicted with nerve or muscular pain. Ah! here's the rub. All these things are in themselves inert; they need, in fact, the subtle transforming power of electrical energy distributed over the whole nervous system to convert them from non-living matter into living energy. The weak man lacks such nervous electrical energy, and is therefore afflicted with pain and ill-health.

It is no use to bring water to a horse if he won't drink it. It is of little use eating food if your system wastes most of the sleeping energy in such food because the nervous-electrical energy cannot create sufficient strength from it. The nervous system of the tissues is here at a fault. It is too feeble in quality. It is insufficient in quantity. But if the weak man will wear a Pulvermacher Electric Belt he will re-inforce his own electro nerve power, and make it, not feeble, but strong and vigorous. He will thus also increase its quantity and intensity. Just, therefore, as the evil was twofold in character, so also is the benefit imparted twofold by the wearing of a Pulvermacher Belt. **It increases at once the nervous electrical energy of the system both in power and volume.**

It may be realised by the foregoing, that the benefit accruing from the wearing of a Pulvermacher Belt is not partial, but thorough. Not one organ is benefited, but all, and the nervous system, which controls the whole, in particular.

We wish you to carefully note, as proof of special merit, the fact that Pulvermacher's Electric Belts alone possess the following

Unique Testimony.

1. Pulvermacher's Electrical discoveries have alone the endorsement and testimonials from the highest medical authorities.

2. Honourable mention from leading medical papers, such as the *Lancet*, *Medical Times*, *Guy's Hospital Reports*, etc., has been given to Pulvermacher only.

3. None but Pulvermacher's discoveries have received flattering eulogies from Physicians to Royalty, both in this country and the Continent of Europe.

4. Pulvermacher's are the only Electro-Medical appliances that have received endorsement of the Academie de Medicine of Paris.

All the foregoing facts, with many others, are embodied in Pulvermacher's Book. It is

A GREAT WORK.—It contains 116 pages, fully illustrated, and will be sent free and post paid to all. Those who are suffering and are seeking a cure, should, when writing, describe their own case, when, in addition to the book, we will send a letter of advice based upon our experience in curing similar cases. In support of our opinion, we will send testimonials from people who once suffered as you do now, but who have been fully restored to health, strength, and vigour by means of the Pulvermacher appliances. All correspondence is treated as strictly confidential.

FREE CONSULTATIONS.—We specially invite everyone who can possibly do so to call and personally examine the Pulvermacher Electric Belts and Batteries. Advice will be given free by Specialists in treatment by Electricity, and every information supplied about our appliances.

Address letter to The Medical Superintendent, PULVERMACHER'S GALVANIC ESTABLISHMENT,
25, Vulcan House, 56, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.
Removed from 194, Regent Street, W. Established 1848.

Digitized by Google

Concerning Digestion.

A much misunderstood subject made clear. Good Digestion waits on good Appetite, while the Nerves, Brain, Blood, and Physical Powers receive a valuable addition of Strength and Vitality following the use of Guy's Tonic. Indigestion, Biliousness, and all Digestive and Liver Ailments are thus quickly and surely Cured.

You cannot have a really good Appetite and positive enjoyment of the pleasures of the table unless you have a good Digestion. The two things dovetail one into the other. For instance, when your Stomach has satisfactorily Digested and passed on what you have eaten, its work is done for the time being, and as the forces of Nature dislike idleness the Digestive powers crave more work to do; hence the sensation of hunger, the indulgence in eating to satisfy which we know as good Appetite.

When the food is Digested it is Absorbed into the Blood in a condition of very small atoms. The Blood then distributes these food atoms to the Tissues all over the Body.

Now comes the most wonderful process of all. The Tissues absorb to themselves these food principles and convert them into Vitality and new Life to maintain the Health, Strength and Vigour of the Body. It is obvious that without efficient Digestion in the first place and satisfactory after or Tissue Digestion in the second you can neither be Healthy, Strong nor have sufficient Energy and Nerve Force in your System.

This is why so many people have Indigestion and Sick-Headache with Bilious symptoms, pains in the Stomach and Intestines, Distension of the Stomach with Wind, alternate flushes of heat and cold, all clear indications of a partial failure of Digestive power. Now is the time to take Guy's Tonic to help you digest what you eat and to correct the Symptoms from which you suffer.

Guy's Tonic will mix with what you have eaten, and facilitate its Digestion and Absorption into the Blood. Then the unique valuable Tonic and Restorative properties of Guy's Tonic manifest themselves by action on the processes of redigestion, so that your System is re-Vitalised and re-Strengthened by the new Life and Vitality generated from Food.

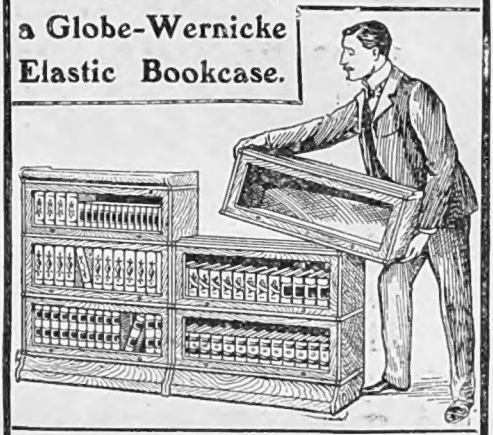
When Run-Down, jaded, feeling Worn-Out, easily Tired, with weak Nerves and lack of Energy, feeling every access of heat and weather change, you are strongly advised to take Guy's Tonic at once. It will build you up and, working in unison with food, give you new Vigour and Vitality. Appetite will return, Food will be enjoyed, and all the System will be well Nourished because of the good Digestion and redigestion it is the faithful property of Guy's Tonic to bring about.

Guy's Tonic

Promotes Appetite, Aids Digestion and Creates Strength from Food.

Guy's Tonic is sold by Chemists and Stores Everywhere at 13½d. per Bottle. There is nothing whatever "just as good."

This shows exactly how to Build a Globe-Wernicke Elastic Bookcase.



The **Globe-Wernicke Patent Elastic Bookcase System** is the only perfect System invented. It consists of a series of independent units, each of which is a separate bookcase. These can be built upwards or sideways to any extent, as the units interlock in an ingenious manner. Thus your bookcase grows naturally as the Library grows. **The expense is gradual**; the bookcases are pleasing to the eye, and can be bought in various woods and sizes to suit almost any space or recess. The glass doors are dust-proof, hang on pivots, and push back out of the way while you refer to any book. Whether you have ten books or ten thousand, the **Globe-Wernicke Bookcase** is just the thing.

Write for Illustrated No. 90 B Catalogue, sent free to readers of The Royal Magazine.

The Globe-Wernicke Co. Ltd.
Office and Library Furnishers,
44, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.
82, VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, S.W.
Also at 23, SNOW HILL, BIRMINGHAM.

Can't Pass the Doctor

It is obviously foolish to defer sending in a Life Insurance "Proposal" until one is too ill to pass the Doctor! And yet many of us are doing much the same thing—waiting until we are really very ill before making an effort to *keep well*. Prevention is better than cure. The conditions of present-day life—sedentary habits, artificial foods, want of exercise, and lack of fresh air—lower the vitality and make the body weak and vulnerable to disease. But the time has its great antidote. Turkish Bathing, once a luxury, is now a necessity. It expels all impurities from the system, oxygenates and vivifies the blood, and instils health and vigour into body and brain. Even when health has been lost it is the safest and surest restorer of strength and vigour.

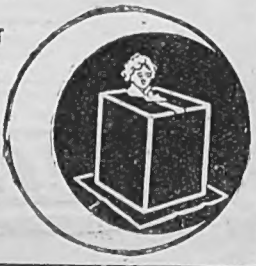
THE GEM PORTABLE TURKISH BATH CABINET

brings the benefits and delights of Turkish Bathing within the home; no home should be without one.

The GEM—safest and most durable. Outside or Inside Heater. Explanatory Book (100 pages) free.

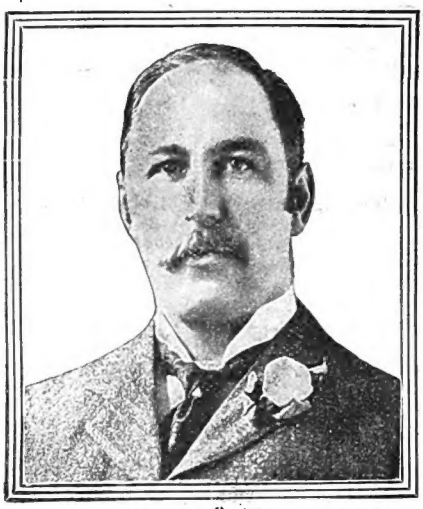
THE GEM SUPPLIES CO., LTD.

(Dept. No. 11), 121, NEWGATE ST., LONDON, E.C.



Digitized by Google

"Cause and Effect"



"When I started business, single-handed, sixteen years ago I realised that a satisfied customer was my best advertisement. To-day I head one of the largest business enterprises in the world, employing nearly 3,000 people in my Offices, Warehouses, and Works in Sheffield. Every article which leaves my Warehouses is sent out on the distinct understanding that, if when received it is not perfectly satisfactory, it must be returned to me. I consider this arrangement a happy combination of Free Trade and Protection.

"I PROVIDE EVERYTHING."

Any purchase may be made by **Easy Monthly Instalments** after the goods are approved of, and Order Forms are enclosed with each Catalogue, together with full particulars of Important Advantages offered to **Cash Purchasers.**

EACH DEPARTMENTAL CATALOGUE SENT POST FREE ON APPLICATION. Mention Number of Catalogue required.

1. Watches.
All my well-known Watch Specialities fully illustrated and described. My Watch Department is the Largest Watch-Sales Concern in the World.

2. Tools and Machinery.
Thousands of illustrations. Every known Tool and Machine is supplied on Easy Terms of Payment.

3. Furniture.
Every Furnishing requirement is illustrated. My System of Furnishing by Easy Instalments is fully explained.

4. Mantles and Costumes.
A beautiful Album of the Fashions of the Season.

5. Gent's Tailoring.
This Stylish Department is splendidly equipped and is probably the Largest Clothing Business in Great Britain.

6. Boots and Shoes.
Beautifully illustrated. A Splendid Choice of the Newest Ideas in Foot Wear.
(Contractor to His Majesty's Government.)

7. Bookselling Department.
Catalogue describes a vast assortment of Standard and Current Literature.

8. Sheffield Cutlery and Plate.
The produce of my own Factories illustrated and fully described. *Hotel & Shipping Orders a Speciality.*

9. Glass, China, Lamps & Stoves.
Dinner and Tea Services, Toilet and Bedroom Ware, Lamps, Stoves, etc.

10. Clocks.
Every known style and make supplied on Easy Terms of Payment.

11. General Draperies, &c.
Dress Goods, Blankets, Sheets, Furs, Ladies' Outfitting, Babies' and Children's Clothing, etc.

12. Gold Jewellery & Diamonds.
Engagement and Wedding Rings, Bracelets, Brooches, and all kinds of Gold Ornaments, fully illustrated and described.

13. General Fancy Goods.
Bags, Umbrellas, Albums, every kind of Leather Goods for Wedding Presents and Home Use.

14. Cameras & Optical Goods.
Hundreds of Designs by the most reliable makers.

15. Bicycles and Domestic Machinery. Cycles of all kinds, Mail Carts, Perambulators, Washing and Wringing Machines, Sewing and Knitting Machines, Knife Cleaning Machines, etc.

16. Musical Department.
Pianos, Organs, and every known Musical Instrument supplied on Easy Payment Terms.

17. Army and Navy.
A Catalogue representing all kinds of goods required by all grades of the Services.

18. Colonial Department.
A comprehensive illustrated Book which deals with the requirements of customers abroad, and quotes Special Cash Discount for Shipping Orders.

AGENTS WANTED IN SPARE TIME. LIBERAL COMMISSION. PERSONS IN REGULAR EMPLOYMENT SHOULD WRITE FOR TERMS AND PARTICULARS.

J. G. Graves, 12, DIVISION STREET, **SHEFFIELD.**

Digitized by Google

To

ENSURE EASY TEETHING,
PROMOTE DIGESTION,
INSTANTLY STOP SICKNESS,
FLATULENCE AND PAIN,
PREVENT CONVULSIONS,
ESTABLISH THE CONSTITUTION

ADMINISTER

WOODWARD'S "GRIPE WATER"

"Wesleyan School,
"Whitchurch, Aylesbury.
"June 24th, 1903.

"DEAR SIR,—Several years ago the wife of one of our Wesleyan Ministers advised my wife to obtain a bottle of your 'GRIPE WATER' for use with our first child. We have seven children and have used your 'GRIPE WATER' with each child, and have found it most effectual. We could not think of doing without it. We have recommended it to numerous folk, and my wife has urged me to write you a testimonial.—Yours faithfully, (Signed) JOHN T. TITCHENER."

Patented Sept. 25th, 1895.

Inside or Outside Heater.

A GRAND INVENTION

for taking **TURKISH-RUSSIAN BATHS** at home for 1½d. each. Opens the millions of pores and draws out the poisons which cause disease. Thousands enjoy

THE CENTURY THERMAL BATH

weekly. It Beautifies Complexion, Prevents Disease, Cures Colds, Fevers, Rheumatism, Influenza, and all Blood, Skin, Kidney, and Nerve Troubles. **GUARANTEED**, 30 days' trial allowed. The "Century" is the original portable Hygienic Cabinet with the patented four-flap top, and has no comparison with those built of wood. **It has the most perfect heater for use inside or outside.**

Prices complete from 25/- to £6 15s.

7s. 6d. BOOK FREE TO BUYERS.

FREE ON REQUEST.—Valuable Books—"Philosophy of Health and Beauty," and "Health, Strength, and Hygiene." Write to-day, for Catalogue No. 16, mentioning *Royal Magazine*.

CENTURY THERMAL BATH CABINET LTD.,
(Dept 16), 203, Regent Street, LONDON, W.

Digitized by Google

HOME STUDY

YOU CAN STUDY AT HOME and be coached in subjects which will ensure a good position or improve your present one. Appointments obtained without charge. "Home Study" sent free. Address The Secretary, PITMAN'S METROPOLITAN SCHOOL, Southampton Row, London, W.C.

PARKER'S UARDRI WATERPROOFS

DERBY. 12/6 to 21/- | SPA. | ROTHSEY. 11/6 to 21/-

Guaranteed thoroughly Waterproof or money back. Proofed with best rubber, which will not crumble off, and free from smell and stickiness. Cut full to allow for ventilation and easy movement. Unaffected by climate. Post free British Empire and Europe. Write for patterns, designs, & Catalogue to-day.

Pneumatic Cape (Patent). 7/6 8/11 10/6 & 11/6

Edge is distended by one breath, & keeps knees and machine dry; folds to small space. State height; whether lady or gent.

PARKER'S, Proofers, Dept. 17, LANCASTER.

Moore's NON-LEAKABLE FOUNTAIN PEN.

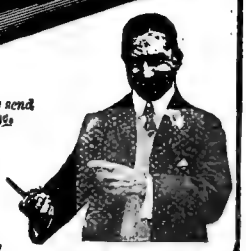
The only Ladies' Pen

Carried in any position.
Writes immediately, never fails.
Clean to carry, clean to fill.
Unlike all others.

When ordering send Nib in Use

The Old Style.

PRICES—
12/6, 15/-, 17/6, 21/- up to £5 5s.
according to Mounting.

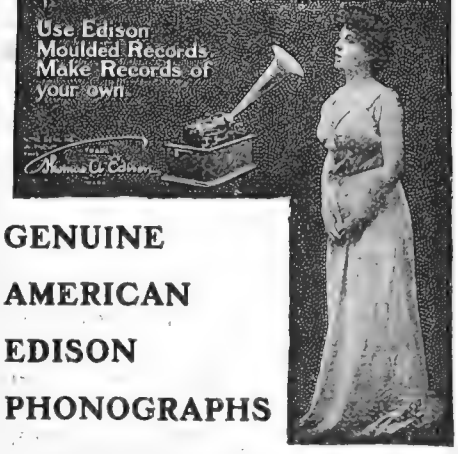


The New Style.

From all Stationers and
Moore's Non-Leakable Pen Co., 23, Fore St. Avenue, 32, Poultry, Cheapside, LONDON, E.C.

PURE DELIGHT found in The EDISON
PHONOGRAPH

Use Edison Moulded Records. Make Records of your own.



GENUINE
AMERICAN
EDISON
PHONOGRAPHS

are obtainable at prices nearly as low as their very inferior imitations.

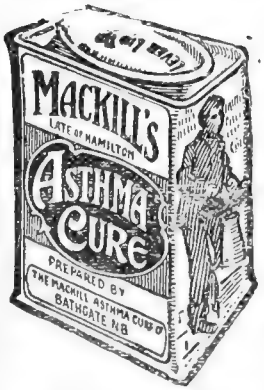
GEM - - - - £2 2 0 HOME - - - £3 6 0
STANDARD - £4 4 0 TRIUMPH - £10 10 0

We also call attention to the veritable GOLD MOULDED RECORDS. We send anywhere—distance makes no difference. Please write for Phonograph Catalogue. Cash or Easy Payments.

Mention this Magazine. Trade Supplied.

SYMONDS' LONDON STORES,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL SUPPLIERS,
124-128, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

MACKILL'S ASTHMA CURE



Gives instant relief, followed by permanent cure, to sufferers from Asthma, Bronchitis, shortness of breath, &c.

Has stood the test of 30 years.

IT WILL CURE YOU.
TRY IT.

Free Sample Tin on application.

Sold by all Chemists at 1s. 9d., 2s. 9d., & 4s. 6d.

THE MACKILL ASTHMA CURE CO.
BATHGATE, N.B.

THE EAR, NOSE AND THROAT

The close relation of Catarrh of the Nose and Throat to defective hearing is described in

The REVIEW of EAR, NOSE and THROAT DISEASES.

Anyone interested in the subject can obtain a free copy of this Medical Journal by addressing The Editor, 10, Marble Arch, London, W

Digitized by Google

ANÆMIA CURED

"I **BECAME ANAEMIC,** *and had a tired, languid feeling. My complexion went paler and paler,* ***pimples broke out all over my face;*** *I feared to go out of doors because people looked at me in pity and disgust. I was treated at a private hospital, but got worse, and* ***I despaired of ever finding a cure.*** *Then I resolved upon giving your treatment a trial. It was* ***the event of my life.*** *A* ***complete cure*** *resulted. All the facial disfigurements left me, my complexion cleared, and* ***I became active and strong.*** *Please do not publish my name and address, but you are at liberty to supply it to any enquirer.—Miss ———— (30223. 3),"*

£1,000 OFFER **The name and address of this young lady will be given to applicants. The Director will forfeit £1,000 to any charitable institution if this is not a genuine extract from a bona-fide testimonial.**

Anæmia—or bloodlessness—is one of the most terrible and frequent afflictions to which women are subjected. Anæmia is the forerunner of many a fatal illness, and is often looked upon as almost incurable. The fault of most remedies foisted on the public as Anæmia cures, is that they perform violent and harmful functional upheavals, and the benefits, even if temporary—which is seldom the case—are never of a lasting character, and frequently leave the patient in a worse condition than before.

PROFESSOR PAUL WEIDHAAS.

It is necessary to get to the root of a complaint at once, in order to combat it successfully, and that is one of the great secrets of my success during the past 25 years in dealing with nearly 80,000 patients. Hundreds of very severe cases of chronic Anaemia have been cured by the Weidhaas Home Treatment —permanently and lastingly. The foregoing testimonial conclusively proves that the Weidhaas Treatment builds up the system, strengthens the organs of the body, produces rich, vigorous blood and lasting health, all at one and the same time. It is absolutely impossible for the Treatment to harm the most delicate patient, and it is equally impossible to undergo the shortest course without reaping manifold benefits.

WRITE TO-DAY FOR ADVICE.

The more pronounced symptoms of Anæmia are strikingly apparent in every sufferer's face and manner—sallow complexion, listlessness, worn-out looks, want of strength, utter apathy, lack of interest in work or pleasure—truly a deplorable condition! If you are Anæmic, if the least exertion tires you out, or if you are troubled with a de-

FREE TO YOU

rangement of any kind, just WRITE ME at once, in confidence, giving particulars of your case, and I WILL TELL YOU, FREE OF CHARGE, the best possible measures to take, and will send you, post free, my book describing the Weidhaas Home Treatment for Anæmia, etc. I am convinced that this treatment, which is simple, easily followed, and efficacious, will relieve your distressing symptoms and bring you back to health and strength again very shortly. Each individual case has undivided personal attention. Address your letter:—THE PAUL WEIDHAAS HYGIENIC INSTITUTE, 2 Burgess Hill, near BRIGHTON.

The WEIDHAAS HOME TREATMENT.

has a world famed reputation for the cure of Asthma, Consumption, Chronic Bronchitis, in fact ALL chest complaints.

THE WEIDHAAS HYGIENIC INSTITUTE

Burgess Hill, nr. Brighton

Digitized by Google

FURNISH ON EASY TERMS.

NO DEPOSIT REQUIRED.

TERMS for Town or Country

WORTH. £	PER MONTH. £ s. d.
10	0 7 0
20	0 12 6
30	0 18 0
50	1 9 0
100	2 5 0
200	4 10 0
500	11 5 0

Any amount supplied on proportionate terms.

Carpets and Linoleums laid free. No interest or extra charges.
Delivery free. Country orders packed free and Carriage Paid.

WE MANUFACTURE, WHICH SAVES YOU MIDDLE PROFITS.

Magnificent Illustrated Catalogue and all particulars Post Free.

(Please Mention this Magazine when writing.) *** Business Hours 9 till 8, Saturdays 9 till 6.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS FOR BABY-CARRIAGES, SECOND-HAND FURNITURE PIANOFORTES, &c.

MIDLAND FURNISHING COMPANY.

Telegrams: "Crevice" London.

69 to 77 JUDD STREET, KING'S CROSS (OPPOSITE ST. PANCRAS STATION) LONDON.

BEDSTEADS, BEDDING,

All kinds SPRING MATTRESSES, &c. CARRIAGE PAID. PACKED FREE.

DIRECT FROM WORKS
SAVING RETAIL PROFITS

Discount for Cash or Credit Given.

Established 1869.

SEND POSTCARD TO-DAY FOR LISTS which give full details and useful information.

CHAS. RILEY, 62, MOOR ST., BIRMINGHAM.

PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER

FREE

A DAINTY FANCY CORDED **IRISH CAMBRIC LADY'S HANDKERCHIEF**

Will be given to every reader of the ROYAL MAGAZINE sending stamp for postage of our

ILLUSTRATED LIST & SAMPLES.

The BRITISH LINEN CO., Oxford St., LONDON.

PIANO LEARNT IN A WEEK.

The Musical Indicator enables anyone entirely ignorant of Music to play the Piano or Harmonium beautifully by ear, and to vamp to songs in all keys, in one Week. Post Free, with Directions, 1 9; or with Directions, Exercises and Songs, 2 9.

"THE BIJOU MUSICAL BOX."

This Popular Pianoforte Solo immitates a Musical Box playing Six Airs. A Great Novelty. . . Post Free, 1/1. . .

W. RITCHIE (A. Y.), RADNOR DRIVE, LISCARD, CHESHIRE.

The Wolsey

Pure Wool Underwear

NON-IRRITATING, STRONG, and DURABLE.
CANNOT THICKEN or HARDEN. SOFT and ELASTIC.
Any Garment Shrunk in Washing Replaced.

Various Textures and qualities for Ladies' and Gents' Wear.

Of all Hosiers, Drapers, and Outfitters at home and abroad.

Insist on 'Wolsey,' refuse imitations. If any difficulty, write The "Wolsey" Underwear Co., Leicester, who will send name of nearest retailer.

DON'T COUGH for KEATING'S LOZENGES EASILY CURE THE WORST COUGH.

One gives relief. An increasing sale of over 80 years is a certain test of their value. Sold in 1½d. tins everywhere.

Google

WEAK EYES

that quickly tire, cannot bear bright light, and both look and feel sore, are cured by SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT. This marvellous remedy, is sold by all chemists and stores in ancient pedestal pots for 2/- each, has 300 years' reputation, and if you keep it by you it does not lose its healing virtues. Send to STEPHEN GREEN, 210, Lambeth Road, London, for the little book "How to Preserve the Eyesight." This book should be seen by all who suffer from any eye trouble.

TRIAL BOTTLE 6D

TRIAL BOTTLE 6D

SEEGER'OL

Prepared at the SEEGER HAIR DYE Laboratory, Berlin. Is an absolutely safe and reliable means of restoring Grey or Faded Hair to its original beauty and colour. It contains no lead, no mercury, no sulphur. It has simply to be combed into the hair, and remains permanent and washable. The testimony of hundreds of users confirms the fact that it is absolutely innocuous. Medical guarantee with each bottle. STATE SHADE REQUIRED. Bottles 3/6, packed in plain wrapper; post free, 3/9. Trial bottle, post free, 7d. HINDES (Curlers) Ltd., 1, TABERNACLE ST., LONDON.

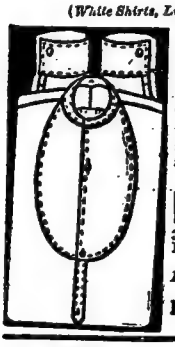
TRY 'ANTEXEMA' FREE

"Antexema" brings instant relief from the terrible itching of Eczema, and quickly and permanently heals the raw places. Should you be a sufferer from any skin trouble, write, naming ROYAL MAGAZINE, for a free trial sample of "Antexema," together with a copyright treatise on "Skin Troubles," and 100 testimonials, post paid, in plain wrapper. "Antexema" is sold by all druggists at 1s. 1½d. per bottle, or post free from us for 1s. 3d. Refuse injurious substitutes.

THE ANTEXEMA COMPANY,
LONDON, N.W.

BLYTH'S SHIRT for Business Men

(White Shirts, Linen Fittings, Undressed as from Factory.)



This shirt just suits the requirements of business men. The front is short so that you are not made uncomfortable by a long, bulging, stiff starched front that makes your waistcoat fit you badly. This shirt has square cuffs, the quality is thoroughly satisfactory, and it wears splendidly. You should send for one as a sample, stating size of outside collar worn.

PRICES: To open in front, 3/- for one; 8/9 for three; 17/6 for six. To open at back, 3/2 for one; 9/3 for three; 18/6 for six. By parcel post 3d. extra for one; 4d. for two; 6d. for three; 8d. for six.

Illustrated Catalogue of Shirts, Underclothing, &c., post free from

H. BLYTH (Dept. R), 16, 18, 19, 24, Earl Grey St., Edinburgh.

ARE YOU

Any photograph, whatever the subject, can be endowed with the beauty of colour by Alston's Crystoleum Process. "Southport Visitor" says: "We have rarely seen miniatures on ivory or porcelain more skilfully painted." Free Tuition, Diploma when efficient. Grand Crystoleum Painting Competition now commencing. £100 in Prizes. Send p.c. for free instructions to A. Alston, Dept. R, Crystoleum, Depot, Burnley.

ARTISTIC?

Abbey's

EFFERVESCENT SALT.

"The Ideal Saline."

As good for the little ones as it is for their Elders.

Try the only Perfect Tonic-Laxative.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt.

It is a reliable scientific preparation which has an exceptionally beneficial action upon the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, and other organs. It assists Nature in dispersing uric acid and other poisonous accumulations from the system. In cases of Biliousness, Sick Headache, and the after effects of over indulgence, it positively

ACTS LIKE MAGIC.

It is recommended by the Medical Profession throughout the world, as a gentle, safe, and reliable tonic blood purifier.

For Sale Everywhere.

Or direct from the ABBEY EFFERVESCENT SALT CO., LTD., 144, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C. Post Free on receipt of price, 2/3.

ABBEY'S EFFERVESCENT

Salt.

Digitized by Google

THE BEST IS THE "CALTON"

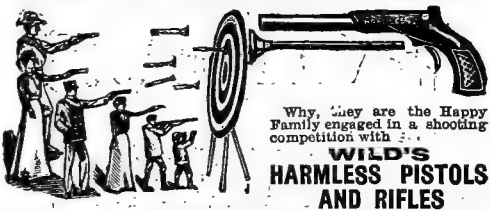
In choosing a pen everyone wants the Best—that is, they want the "CALTON" STYLOGRAPHIC PEN. It is the Simplest and Cheapest of its kind, and is praised by all who use it. We send it Complete in Box, with Filler and directions, Post Paid for 3s. Mounted and Chased, 5/-.

"JEWEL" Fountain Pen, fitted with 14-ct. Gold Nib, Iridium Tipped, 5s., Mounted and Chased, 7s. 6d.

All kinds repaired.

Dept. 51. **JEWEL PEN CO.,** 102, Fenchurch St., London, E.C.

WHAT ARE THESE PEOPLE DOING?



Why, they are the Happy Family engaged in a shooting competition with

WILD'S HARMLESS PISTOLS AND RIFLES

with reversible India Rubber Vacuum Arrows, which adhere to Target and indicate the score. They are **PERFECTLY HARMLESS**, will not hurt a child, will neither break glass nor mark furniture. Buy one at once, and give yourself and your children everlasting pleasure and healthy exercise. No home is complete without one.

Pistol Sets at 2/-, 3/-, 5/-, 7/6, 10/3, 12/6. Postage, etc., 6d. extra.
Rifle Sets at 3/-, 5/-, 6/-, 7/6, 10/6, 15/-, 17/6, " " 1/- "

Sold by all sporting and fancy goods dealers, and the Patentee—

LEWIS WILD 13, Edmund Place, Aldersgate, LONDON, E.C.

AGENTS WANTED.

PEACH'S LACE CURTAINS

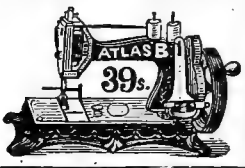
SENT FREE TO YOU. Peach's Illustrated Book and Buyers' Guide (No. 325), the most complete List of Lace Goods issued. Exceptionally low prices. **DIRECT FROM THE LOOMS.**

LACE CURTAINS: REAL SWISS, GUIPURE d'ART. | MADRAS MUSLINS. ROLLER BLINDS. LACES, ALL MAKES. | PEACH'S REGISTERED CAPES. BLOUSES. COLLARETTES. | ARTISTIC DESIGNS IN LADIES' & GENTS' HOSIERY. TABLE & HOUSEHOLD LINENS. Write To-day.

Popular Parcel, 21/- Lot 325 contains: 1 pair Rich Lacey Drawing-room Curtains, 4yds. long, about 2yds. wide; 2 pairs alike handsome Dining-room Curtains, choice cold lace design, 3yds. long, 60in. wide; 1 pair floral and scroll Bed room Curtains, 3yds. long, 50in. wide; 1 pair fashionable Brise Bise Curtains; 1 Guipure Table Centre, Renaissance design; 1 set Duchesse Toilet Table Covers, one 45in. long and 5 smaller. CARRIAGE FREE, 21/-. Ecru if desired. Customers throughout the Empire testify to the Marvellous Value and Durability. First Prize Medals, Toronto 1892, Chicago 1893. Established 1857.

S. PEACH & SONS, Lace Curtain Manufacturers, NOTTINGHAM.

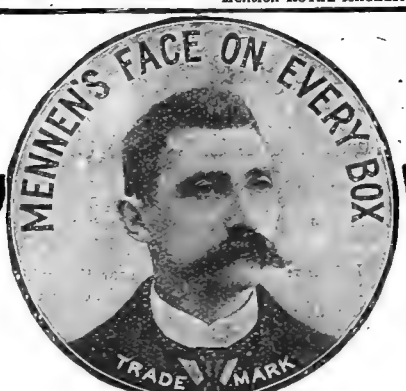
"ATLAS" LOCKSTITCH MACHINE 39s.



Equal in size and quality to any machine. Will work by hand or treadle. 4 years' guarantee.

To ensure satisfaction, machine sent on receipt of 5s. P.O. for ONE MONTH'S TRIAL. If desired, can be paid 5s. Monthly. Write for terms, designs, samples of work. **Atlas Sewing Machine Co.,** 182E, High St., Camden Town, London; or 63, Seven Sisters Rd. and 14, High Rd., Kilburn.

Mention ROYAL MAGAZINE.



What is Talcum?

MENNEN'S BORATED-TALCUM TOILET POWDER

is a skilful blend of pure talcum or magnesium silicate and boracic acid. These two chemicals, being nonfermentable, cannot clog the pores of the skin, and so set up distressing eruptions which lead to much suffering. For this reason all vegetable violet powders should be rigidly avoided. Mennen's Talcum is recognised by all doctors as the best and safest skin powder known, on account of its purity and powerful antiseptic qualities. Instantly relieves prickly heat, chafing, sunburn, and all skin troubles. A necessity for Ladies' toilet use—for the nursery, and for men after shaving. Relieves unhealthy perspiring feet. Ten Million boxes sold last year. Be sure you get **MENNEN'S.**

Pamphlets and samples free of all Chemists or post free **1/1½ per box.**

G. MENNEN Co., 11, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

A REMARKABLE OFFER!

A TEST HOROSCOPE

For One Shilling.

Send a Postal Order for One Shilling, or 14 stamps, with the time, date, year, and birthplace, but if you do not know the time send the date, &c., and we will satisfy you.

Address: R., EDITOR, "MODERN ASTROLOGY," 9, Lyncroft Grdns., West Hampstead, London, N.W.

OFFERED THIS MONTH. 1/10/1903.

Sale Price, **3/6** Postage 4d. Extra.

Free Gifts.

Sizes: 38, 40, 42.

F. HODGSON & SONS, City of Leeds, will forward carriage paid on the following conditions, namely, on receipt of Postal Order for **3 6**, with stamps 4d. extra for postage, a Ladies' Beautiful Tailor-made Cloth Serge Dress Costume Skirt, Black or Navy, richly trimmed with mercerised Satinette 'Strapping,' and fitted with linenette pocket (as illustration). We shall include free with each Skirt a Pretty hemstitched Fancy Lawn Handkerchief. Money willingly RETURNED IF NOT APPROVED. Galaxy Bargain Sale Catalogues of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Curtains, &c., post free.

ADDRESS:

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. R.) **Manufacturers and Merchants, WOODSLEY ROAD, LEEDS.**

Galaxy Illustrated Bargain Catalogues of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Table Linen, Bedsteads, Overmantels, Curtains, &c. Post Free, if when writing, you mention "THE ROYAL MAGAZINE," 1/10/1903.

10,000 RUGS GIVEN AWAY!

GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS.

This Phenomenal Offer is made to the readers of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE, 1/10/1903. On receipt of postal order for **5/-** or **62** stamps, we will forward DIRECT FROM OUR LOOMS to your address, one of our **10/6** genuine **SEAMLESS WOVEN REVERSIBLE CARPETS,** suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, &c., handsomely bordered and woven in 30 different patterns, and **large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room.** These Carpets will be sold as an advertisement for our goods, **Below the Actual Cost of Production.** They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the purchasers all middle profits. With every Carpet we shall ABSOLUTELY GIVE AWAY a very handsome RUG to match, or we will send Two Carpets and Two Rugs for **9 6.** Money willingly returned if not approved. Thousands of unsolicited testimonials received. Mention THE ROYAL MAGAZINE, 1/10/1903, while writing. Cheques and P.O.'s payable to—

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. R.) Manufacturers, Importers, and Merchants, **WOODSLEY ROAD, LEEDS.**

Digitized by Google

The 'Allenburys' Foods

A Pamphlet on Infant Feeding and Management (48 pages) Free.

MOTHER AND CHILD. *Baby, 6½ months of age. Fed from birth on the "Allenburys" Foods.*

The "Allenburys" Foods give Strength and Stamina, and supply all that is required for the formation of firm flesh and bone. They promote perfect health, and give freedom from digestive troubles and the disorders common to children fed on farinaceous foods, condensed milk, or even cow's milk.

Allen & Hanburys, Ltd., Plough Court, Lombard Street, London.

RIDGE'S FOOD

Children get over their troubles of teething and learning to walk when they are brought up on Dr. RIDGE'S PATENT COOKED FOOD.

Profitable Home Employment on the original "FOSTER" Patent

KNITTER

which rapidly makes all size Stockings, Vests and Clothing.
28 Gold and Silver Medals, Established 1861.

Write for Cash, Hire or Work Terms. Wools Wholesale.

JAMES FOSTER, 41, Friargate, PRESTON.

ALCOHOLIC EXCESS

DRINK and DRUG HABITS and RESULTANT NERVOUS DISEASES

Permanently Cured in either Sex, without inconvenience, by the

TURVEY TREATMENT, at Patient's own Home.

This treatment eradicates all desire for Stimulants, creating a permanent distaste for Alcohol in every form. The Course, with full instructions and advice, can be sent to any part of the world. Each case individually prescribed for by a highly qualified English Physician. Consultations, either personally or by post, without charge.

Mr. THOMAS HOLMES, the well-known North London Missionary of the **Church of England Temperance Society** (London Diocesan Branch), referring to his cure of some of the most hopeless cases in England by the

TURVEY TREATMENT,

says:—"I soon saw the beneficial effects of the Remedy, their physical condition rapidly improves, their depression of mind passes away, they become bright and hopeful—in fact, new men."

Call (10 to 5) or Write for Treatise with Report of Successful Public Test, Physician's Annual Report, and Consultation Form (post free),

The Secretary, The TURVEY TREATMENT CO., Ltd.,

3, Amberley House, Norfolk Street, STRAND, LONDON.

Telegrams: "TURVERT, LONDON." Telephone: 5494 GERRARD.

All communications strictly confidential. Entire charge of patient undertaken by the Company if desired.

Digitized by Google

POULTON & NOEL'S

POTTED MEATS

GLASSES & TINS

GLASSES & TINS

Write for Booklet

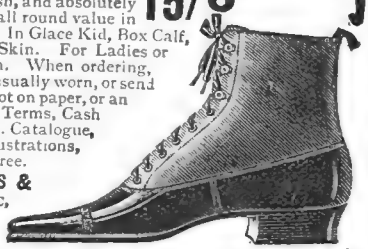
13 Gold Medals

SOLD BY ALL FIRST CLASS GROCERS AND STORES.
If any difficulty in obtaining, write to
POULTON & NOEL, Ltd., Belgravian Works, LONDON.

EASIEPHIT

Boots are the best fitting, most stylish, and absolutely the finest all round value in the world. In Glace Kid, Box Calf, or Horse Skin. For Ladies or Gentlemen. When ordering, state size usually worn, or send shape of foot on paper, or an old boot. Terms, Cash with Order. Catalogue, over 300 illustrations, Post Free.

15/6



CREENLEES & SONS, 431C, Argyle St., Glasgow.

GENUINE MILK-CHOCOLATE IS KNOWN EVERYWHERE AS

PETER'S

THE ORIGINAL MILK-CHOCOLATE

Delicately flavoured and absolutely pure, **Peter's Milk-Chocolate** is far ahead of all other Chocolates. *It* is most invigorating and sustaining, and is thus

A TRUE FOOD-SWEET.

Sold Everywhere. 1d., 2d., 3d., 6d., and 1/-. Sole Agents (Trade only) S. J. Mackenzie & Co., Ltd., London, N.E.

REFUSE IMITATIONS. INSIST ON PETER'S

5/- POST FREE.

TRY IT FOR A WEEK.

The "WARREN" is First Favourite

with all users of Fountain Pens. Its many points of excellence make it so—reliable feed, regular smooth flow. You can't wish for a more perfect pen. 14-ct. gold nib. Money returned if you wish. Of all Stationers, or send P.O. to the Manufacturers. Write for our Catalogue.

BURGE, WARREN & RIDGLEY, Ltd., Ct. Saffron Hill, London, E.C.

1/-

THE CEM

Nail Clipper & Pocket Manicure.

OF ALL CUTLERS, OR BY POST DIRECT (1s. 1d.) FROM

T. W. DRABBLE & Co., Peel Terrace, SHEFFIELD.

Portable Electric Lights

"EVER-READY" TORCH.

6,000 Brilliant Flashes with one Battery. Price 12/6 complete. Spare batteries 1/6 each. Instant electric light when and where you want it. Useful everywhere for everybody. Absolutely free from danger.

Electric

Hand Lamp, 14/6
Reading Lamp, 21/-
Shamrock Clocks, 21/-
Watchstands, 14/6, &c.

Illustrated Catalogue, No. 5, Post Free on application.

PORTABLE ELECTRIC LIGHT Co

102, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.

FRILLED BUTTER MUSLIN

H. CORRINGE & Co. ART CURTAINS

CURTAINS, frilled two sides and bottom, 3 yds. long, 56in. wide, 6/9 per pair; also by the yard, frilled both sides, 11½d. per yard. Sample book of Plain and Fancy Muslins sent on approval. SPYDRE CURTAIN TAPE, 2/6 per doz. Sole Agents. CARPETS, TAPESTRIES, CRETONNES, ART SILKS, ART LINENS, PLUSHETTES, ART SERGES. Patterns on approval. Picture Book of Lace Curtains, Roller Blinds, Carpets, Linoleum, Cork Carpets, Matting, Bedding, Post Free. CORRINGE & CO., 67a Dept., Nottingham.

WARM FEET.

More people die every year in consequence of cold feet and limbs than from any other cause. To keep the feet warm is to protect the whole body. **Our Magnetic Foot Batteries** will warm the feet in five minutes, and keep a comfortable, genial glow in the feet and limbs all day long. These Vitalising Foot Batteries increase the flow of blood in the feet and limbs, relieve the tired, sick headache, caused by too much blood upon the brain. These Magnetic Foot Batteries work out a change for the whole body, cure Rheumatism, Aches and Pains in the feet and limbs, remove chilblains, and cause a pleasant, agreeable feeling of life, vigour and warmth, equal to the soft rays of sunshine. Magnetism is "Bottled Sunshine." If you would have warm feet, send for these Insoles, 4s. per pair, three pairs for 8s., post free. Send for our new book, "A Plain Road to Health," free to any address.

DOMINION NOVELTY COMPANY,
(Dept. D.E.), SOUTHAMPTON.

Digitized by Google

How We Cure Stomach Troubles.

We have perfected a method of restoring vitality to the stomach and other parts of the body by filling them with electricity, and can assure quick relief and cure of all such troubles.

What would you give to have your old vim back again? To have the same snap, energy, and physical strength you used to have? You know you are not the same man, and you know you would like to be. You might as well be. It's easy. We can make you as good a man as you ever were with

The Dr. McLAUGHLIN Co.'s

ELECTRO VIGOUR

Your stomach does not digest your food. Why? Because it has not the power to do so.

If your stomach had the strength it would do the work intended by Nature, wouldn't it?

Then, when it does not and cannot do this work you know the reason is because it lacks power.

The remedy, then, is to restore the power.

What is that? Drugs? No; you have used drugs enough, and your stomach is worse than ever.

Professor Loeb, who is an acknowledged authority, says that all human vitality is based upon electricity. The power which runs the stomach is human vitality; therefore it is electricity. The stomach has not enough vitality to do its work right, so it lacks electricity. Do you follow me?

So electricity is the remedy. Give it to your stomach, so that your stomach can make it a part of itself, and you have a cure.

Your stomach is weak; your food does not digest right; it lays in your intestines and rots, generates a gas, and makes you feel miserable! it gives you no strength, no energy, no desire to work; you feel tired, listless, sleepy; you are constipated, and have pains in your head; you have a gnawing sensation from your stomach to your back, and you are nervous and generally weak, like a person breaking down from old age.

Yes, you are breaking down, because you get no nourishment from your food, and you can't live long without that nourishment. You must have it.

You wear our appliance while you sleep. For six or eight hours it pours a warm, glowing stream of electricity into your stomach and nerves. They drink it up greedily, and as it flows in so slowly, without shock or burn, the organs absorb it, just like a sponge absorbs water.

Mr. GEORGE DIXON, 113, Chesterfield Road, Meersbrook, writes (July 18th, 1903): "When I first wrote to you for advice I do not think there was a more suffering man anywhere than I. Whereas I could not keep down boiled milk, now I can eat any mortal thing. I cannot speak too highly of Electro Vigour, and wish you every success."

SPECIAL NOTICE. Call and see this wonderful appliance if you can. Remember, when you use ELECTRO VIGOUR you are under the care of a qualified physician. Consultation and examination free. If you cannot call we will send you our Beautifully-Illustrated 64-page Book, together with full information. **IT IS FREE** if you cut out this advt. and send it in.

The Dr. F. McLAUGHLIN CO., 164, Strand, London, W.C.

Branch Office: 35, BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW; and 3, PICCADILLY, MANCHESTER. *Office Hours 9 to 6.*

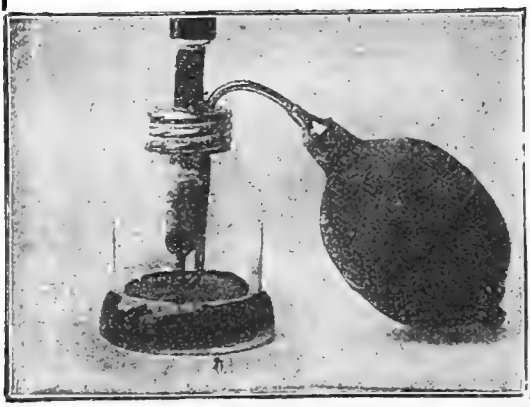
Digitized by Google

The OZOMATIC CURE for ASTHMA HAY FEVER, AND NASAL CATARRH.

COMPLETE **30/-** With Directions for Use.

The basis of the cure is the liquid, which, while perfectly harmless to the general system, possesses extraordinary properties in the cure of **Asthma, Hay Fever, and Nasal Catarrh, etc.** It is converted by means of the **NEBULIZER** into a fine vapour like steam, and sprayed on the affected parts, instantly relieving the bronchial irritation and effecting

A PERMANENT CURE.



NO NOISOME SMOKE or NAUSEOUS MEDICINES.

These are merely tinkering with the disease.

The Cure is complete, ready for use at a moment's notice, and is contained in a neat portable case. The application of the Cure is simple, brief, and effective.

PHYSICIANS RECOMMEND IT.

Write enclosing Postal Order to—

THE OZOMATIC (R) SYNDICATE, Ltd., 115, St. Vincent St., GLASGOW.

MACKINTOSH'S EXTRA CREAM TOFFEE

DELICIOUS! DELICIOUS! DELICIOUS!

Purest of the Pure. *Sold Everywhere.*

A Very Large Sample Packet sent Post Free Eight Penny Stamps.

J. Mackintosh, Ltd., The Toffee Mills, **Halifax.**

If you like Extra Cream Toffee, try **Mackintosh's Old-Fashioned Treacle Toffee.**

HYPNOTISM

Learn at home. Startle your friends. Also strong personal magnetic influence. Wonderful nerve power. Scientific. Great advantage. **Illustrated book sent free.** Published by Psychic Research Co. (Dept. 301), Temple Chambers, Temple Ave., E.C. (1d. stamp.)

Bissell's Cyco-Bearing **Carpet Sweepers**

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co., 38, Wilson St., Finsbury, E.C.

13/3 or 14/9 for Cash at all Stores and Ironmongers. Other Values at 9/9, 10/6, or 17/3.

Have that Positive Rotation of the Brush which ensures Good Sweeping.

THE POPULAR **SCOTCH** IS **"BLACK & WHITE"** *WHISKY.*

Digitized by Google

"I don't want an expensive Card"

No, Madam, what you want is a Christmas Card that is Novel, Artistic and Stylish, without being high-priced. THIS IS EXACTLY WHAT WE CAN SUPPLY.

OUR

Personal Greeting Christmas Cards

Are renowned for Excellence, Beauty and Novelty, and as they are entirely manufactured at our own works, the prices are shorn of all intermediate profits.

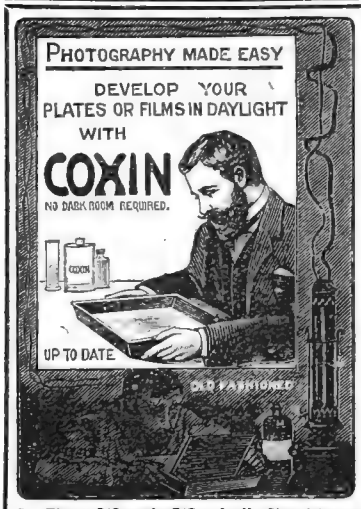
Beautifully printed and embossed with the sender's Name, Address & Monogram. Envelopes to suit, gratis.

Prices from **2/-** Per Doz., Post Free.

May we send you a BOOK OF SAMPLES to select from at your leisure at Home. Sent Post Free on receipt of Post Card

SHARP WALKER & CO., 259, High Holborn, LONDON, W.C.

Telephone: 1783 HOLBORN Telegrams: PARRHESIA, LONDON.



COXIN is not a Developer, but a stain for colouring the negative. Any developing solution can be used. Can be used over and over again.

In Tins, 2/6 and 3/6, of all Chemists and Photographic Dealers. Latter size contains double quantity. Sole British and Colonial Agents:—

W. BUTCHER & SONS,
Camera House, Farringdon Avenue, London, E.C.

Hobbies EVERY WEEK 1D.

WHAT IS YOUR HOBBY?

Whatever it is, ask your Newsagent for a specimen copy of "HOBBIES."

Every Saturday, ONE PENNY. £600 worth of Fretwork or other designs GIVEN AWAY every week.

HOBBIES, Ltd., 12, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.

To CURE Drunkards

Mrs. GEORGE FULLER *who saved her husband.*

There is a cure for Drunkenness which has shed its radiance into thousands of hitherto desolate homes. It does its work so silently and surely that, while the devoted wife, sister, or brother looks on, the drunkard is reclaimed, even against his will or without his knowledge or co-operation.

This famous remedy has guided many a young man to sobriety, and into the high road to fortune, and has saved the father, the brother, and the son.

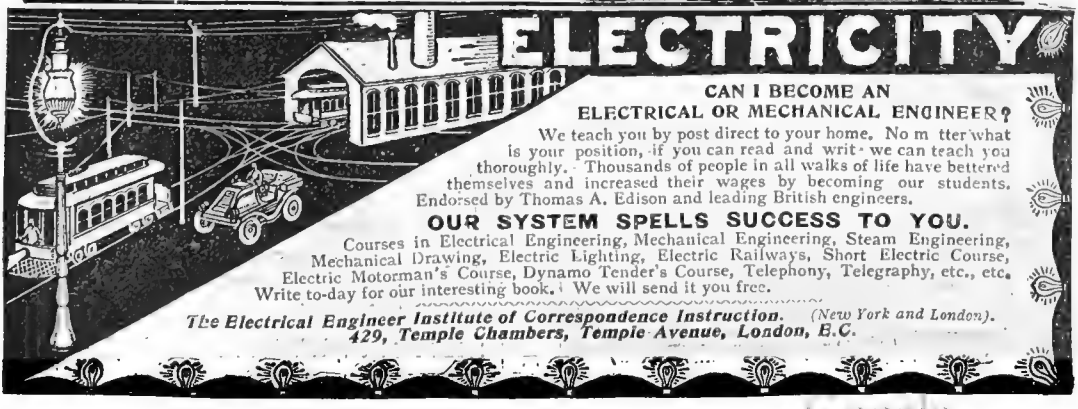
If you send name and address to the Ward Chemical Company, 30, Century House, Regent Street, London, W., they will post enough of the remedy free to show how it is used in tea, coffee, or food.

Mrs. George Fuller says: "*I am only too thankful my husband never now wishes for intoxicating liquor. I gave him Antidipso in his tea and coffee, and it has quite cured him.*" With the

FREE TRIAL

Packet will be sent books and testimonials from hundreds who have been cured, and everything needed to save those near and dear to you.

DON'T NEGLECT TO WRITE TO-DAY.



CAN I BECOME AN ELECTRICAL OR MECHANICAL ENGINEER?

We teach you by post direct to your home. No matter what is your position, if you can read and write we can teach you thoroughly. Thousands of people in all walks of life have bettered themselves and increased their wages by becoming our students. Endorsed by Thomas A. Edison and leading British engineers.

OUR SYSTEM SPELLS SUCCESS TO YOU.

Courses in Electrical Engineering, Mechanical Engineering, Steam Engineering, Mechanical Drawing, Electric Lighting, Electric Railways, Short Electric Course, Electric Motorman's Course, Dynamo Tender's Course, Telephony, Telegraphy, etc., etc. Write to-day for our interesting book. We will send it you free.

The Electrical Engineer Institute of Correspondence Instruction. (*New York and London*).
429, Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.

Digitized by Google

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Marred Beauty

Remarkable Discovery that will interest every Woman with Superfluous Hair.

PERFECTLY SAFE TREATMENT that permanently destroys the roots, fully described,

FREE TO ALL.

Hairy women need no longer despair. Out of the mass of failures has come a genuine success. Their unsightly blemish can be so thoroughly destroyed that they themselves will wonder if they ever really had disfiguring hair. The Capillus Manufacturing Company are in sole possession of a

MARVELLOUS HOME METHOD

that removes superfluous hair for ever.

IT SUPERSEDES ELECTROLYSIS,

going to the very root of the hair, destroying its life so that it will never grow again. The Company want it understood that this method is different entirely from the many powders, lotions, and cosmetics sold that only remove temporarily and hurt a delicate skin, while this new method

Beauty

REMOVES THE HAIR FOR ALL TIME, AND IS SIMPLE AND HARMLESS.

It is a home treatment that any lady can easily use in her private apartments, and will permanently remove superfluous hair without pain. By sending your name and address to the **CAPILLUS MANUFACTURING CO., 29, Century House, Regent Street, London, W.**, you will receive free a full description of this simple and remarkable method which will enable you to remove all superfluous hair at home at a very slight expense. The description is posted to you in a perfectly plain and sealed envelope, and you should have no hesitancy in writing. You will be delighted to learn how easily and surely superfluous hair can be permanently and painlessly removed, and

IT WILL PAY YOU TO WRITE TO-DAY. DON'T NEGLECT TO DO SO.

OIL STOVES.

Efficiency, Economy and Comfort.

BRITISH MADE BY BRITISH LABOUR. Season 1903-4.

Over One Million of Our Stoves in use at the present time.

SECURED BY OBTAINING ONE OF OUR PRIZE GOLD MEDAL PATENT

PETROLEUM OIL WARMING STOVES AT ONCE.

Have the **BEST MAKE** and avoid trouble.

☞ Ask for **Our Patent "Sunrise Burner,"** which is universally acknowledged to be the **Best in the World,** and to prevent disappointment, **Have no other.**

The Largest Variety of Stoves in the World at PRICES TO SUIT ALL.

SOLD BY ALL . . IRONMONGERS.

The "Leviathan," as illustrated, is the most effective and powerful stove ever introduced, and was supplied for use in the **House of Lords.**

Lighted and Extinguished in a moment. (The result of over 31 years' experience.) Write for New Illustrated Catalogue, post free to your address, with name of nearest Agent. It is important all letters be addressed in full—

"RIPPINGILLE'S" ALBION LAMP COY., LTD.

(The ORIGINAL "Rippingille" Firm.—Established **1872**).

ASTON ROAD, BIRMINGHAM.

Or 6 and 7, Stonecutter Street, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Contractors to His Majesty's War Office, India Office, and leading Railway Companies.

Manufacturers of Warming and Cooking Stoves, and Every Description of Lamps.

NOURISH & FLOURISH!

FRAME-FOOD

ALPHABET.

A stands for Apple,
Best fruit you can take:
But if eaten unripe
It will give you an ache.

B stands for Baby,
Healthy and good,
Because he was fed
From the first on FRAME-FOOD.

C stands for Cat,
With soft, glossy fur;
Never tease it, but stroke it,
And then it will purr.

D stands for Dolly,
A girl or a boy,
It's always a plaything
Which children enjoy.

A Booklet, beautifully illustrating the Whole Alphabet in Colours, will be sent Free on application to Address below if this Journal is mentioned.

Note the Price:

16-oz. TIN, 1s.

Frame Food Co., Ltd., Battersea, London, S.W.

Digitized by Google

THE BRIGHTEST THING IN THE HOME

Entrances the Children. Delights the Young, Intelligently diverts the Aged.

The No. I. Crown Combination Game Board

Sixty-five games on one Board for the one price

PRICE 15/-

80 pieces of equipment and complete easy Book of Rules with each Board.

New Games, Old Games, Games of Skill, Games for Fun, including Carroms, **Crokinole**, Draughts, Backgammon, &c.

The Board measures 2 ft 5 ins square, and is handsomely finished in mahogany and white maple. Both sides are used.

Sold by all Dealers in Toys and Games.

Sole Agents: A I Co., 8, Long Lane, London, E.C.

TEA & BREAKFAST SERVICE. *Packed Free.*

10s. 6d.

The "GEISHA," in Rich Art Flowing Blue, consisting of 6 Tea Cups, 6 Tea Saucers, 6 Breakfast Cups, 6 Saucers, 6 Breakfast Plates (8in.), 6 Tea Plates (7in.), 1 Covered Muffin Dish, 2 Cake Plates, 1 Lock-Lid Teapot (1½ pt.), 1 Lock-Lid Cocoa Jug (1½ pt.), 1 Breakfast Dish, 1 Slop Basin, and 1 Milk Jug.—**10/6.**

DINNER SERVICE, *for Twelve Persons, to match above.*

The Three "GEISHA" Services, Tea, Breakfast, and Dinner, all to Match, **£1 6s. 6d.** Marvellous value. Cheap only in price. Cannot be equalled for Quality. Good Shape.

Sample Plate post free Six Stamps. **Post Free.**—Our Magnificent Art Pottery Album, beautifully illustrated in colours and gold, showing many kinds of Dinner, Tea, Chamber, and Dessert Services, &c. It brings the factory right to your own door and saves you money. Do not delay. Write at once.

The FENTON POTTERY CO., Dept. V., China Street, Fenton, STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERIES.

Money returned if you are not perfectly satisfied.

"SWAN" FOUNTAIN PENS

THE LADIES

'SWAN' IS ATTACHED TO THE DRESS. MOST CONVENIENT WHEN SHOPPING ETC.

21/- to 65/-

POST FREE

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOGUE

SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS & JEWELLERS

MABIE, TODD, & BARD,
93, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.
93a, Regent St., LONDON, W.; 3, Exchange St., MANCHESTER, and Brentano's, 37, Avenue de l'Opera, PARIS.

Artistic Furnishing

FOR CASH OR EASY PAYMENTS.

FREE

The New Artistic Furniture Album of The GLOBE FURNISHING COMPY., has just been issued. It is an entirely new production in Catalogues, explaining a new System of Furnishing and comprising hundreds of Photos and Coloured Sketches. WRITE TO-DAY. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING AND WILL SAVE YOU POUNDS.

GLOBE FURNISHING COMPANY,
Dept: D, Pembroke Place, LIVERPOOL.

TWO GREAT GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENTS

H.M. WAR OFFICE and H.M. POST OFFICE have adopted

Bartlett-

"CLINCHER"

The First DETACHABLE Pneumatic Invented, A.D.1890.

TYRES

Still unequalled for QUALITY and DURABILITY. A.D. 1903.

Easiest to Detach. ***Have no Wires.***

NORTH BRITISH RUBBER Co., Ltd., 57, Moorgate St., LONDON, E.C.

Digitized by Google

Seasonable Table Delicacies!

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

OCTOBER.

BIRD'S CUSTARD & FRUIT.

Dishes for this Month.

Sliced Bananas & Custard.
Stewed & Baked Apples & Custard.
Stewed Blackberries & Custard.
Stewed Pears & Custard.
Stewed Plums (all kinds) & Custard.
Stewed Damsons & Custard.
Stewed Prunes & Custard.
All Tinned or Bottled Fruits & Custard.

Completely supersedes the use of Eggs in the preparation of High-Class Custard—Greatly increases the popularity of all Sweet Dishes — The unfailing resource of every successful Hostess.

RICH IN NUTRIMENT
DELICATE IN FLAVOUR.

NO EGGS!
NO RISK!
NO TROUBLE!

Google

Furnish Your House with CROCKERY for A GUINEA

ART POTTERY HIGHLY COMMENDED FOR UTILITY & BEAUTY.

It is the fashion in good-class houses to send direct to the Potteries when ver the domestic crockery needs replenishing.

It is found that a sovereign goes twi e as far this way.

Send your Postal Order to 21 - to-day for our Special Guinea Crate containing—

A Complete DINNER SERVICE.
A Complete BREAKFAST SERVICE.
A Complete TEA SERVICE.

We also give as a **Present A Complete TOILET SET** (full size) to each buyer of the above package. This **Free Gift** alone is worth almost half the amount charged.

Each Service is in beautiful Art Colours and for six person', and the toilet set is full size (5 pieces) in nice Floral Design. **All finished in rich gold** (if required) for **10/6 extra.**

THIS IS AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS OR WEDDING PRESENT.

Immediate delivery, packed free, satisfaction certain, and 50 per cent. saved. Bazaars catered for. Badged Goods a speciality. Ask for what you wish, and we send you prices by return.

These Goods are real Royal Semi-Porcelain, and non-crazing. Best Quality. Illustrated Book Free.

THE DRESDEN POTTERY CO., BURSLEM, Staffordshire Potteries.

'PENNA' ELASTIC RUBBER HEELS DON'T SLIP.

ALL other Rubber Heels have a tendency to **Slip** on damp pavements, which is dangerous. **PENNA HEELS DON'T SLIP.** They give grace and elegance to Ladies' Carriage, and do not SPLASH, CATCH, or TEAR the SKIRT. They do not run down at the back; they do not revolve, or become rounded at the sides, which prevents strain, injury to, or turning of the ankle. **PENNA HEELS** are superior in quality and advantage to all others. See the word **PENNA** on each Heel. Allow no others to be palmed off on you for the sake of larger profit. Insist upon **PENNA** for all boots or shoes—Old or New. Note the INVISIBLE attachment. MEN'S, **1/3** per pair. LADIES', **9d.** per pair.

Write for Particulars: **HOWISON & Co., 4K, Snow Hill, London, E.C.**

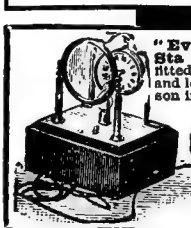
The Deaf Hear

Deaf Persons need no longer despair. Out of the mass of failures has come a genuine success. Head noises can be cured and the deaf made to hear so effectively that they wonder if they really were deaf. Particulars of a startling discovery, based upon the science of vibration, that will assist all persons suffering from deafness, fully described, free to all.

The Murray Company are in sole possession of a marvellous home method that does what all other devices and treatments have been trying to do. This method has completely revolutionised the treatment for deafness, on account of bearing directly on the three causes producing deafness which were heretofore ignored by physicians. This new invention is the simplest, safest, and the surest means to a complete cure. It is a home treatment that anyone can easily follow. The Company want it understood that this method is different entirely from all others: they do not claim this treatment will cure those who are so unfortunate as to have been born deaf, but to those who have once heard and lost their hearing through illness or disease, they offer a remedy which they believe has not been and will not be equalled.

FREE In order that no one may be in ignorance of this wonderful discovery, an authoritative book has been prepared which fully describes the nature of this invention, and contains the most convincing testimonials from those who have proved its value. By sending your name and address to **THE MURRAY COMPANY, 11, CENTURY HOUSE, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.**, you will receive this book free. It will tell you how you can restore your hearing at a very slight expense; you will be delighted to learn how easily you can obtain relief. It will pay you to write to-day. Don't neglect to do so.

IF YOU WANT LIGHT GET AN "EVER-READY"



"Ever-Ready Watch" Stand and Night Light fitted with magnifying lens and long cord, enabling person in bed to see time without exertion. Also illuminates the room. Price complete **14/6.** Refills, **1/6** each. Post paid in the United Kingdom.

If you had any real idea of the convenience and safety of "Ever Ready" Portable Electric Lights you would send for one. They are easily carried about—always ready—always safe—always in order. Write for an illustrated list to—

The British Mutoscope & Biograph Co., Ltd.

Dept C **18 & 19, Gt. Windmill St., LONDON, W.**

"Ever-Ready" House or Hand Lamp.

No. 12. Highly equipped and well made. Complete with Battery, **14/6.** Refills, **1/6** each. Post Paid in the United Kingdom.

NO. 1 GIVES 6,000 FLASHES. PRICE, 12/6 COMPLETE. EXTRA REFILLS, 1/6.

ELECTRIC TORCH.

The "MASTA"

. . . Has **MANY MERITS.**

It smokes all the tobacco, is easily cleaned, and absolutely obviates the possibility of nicotine reaching the mouth. It is beautifully made and finished in all shapes to suit the most fastidious smoker.

All the mellow and rich flavour of the tobacco is experienced without the possibility of injurious moisture entering the mouth or pipe bowl. "*Worth its weight in Gold.*" but sold at 2/-, 3/6, 5/-, 7/6, and upwards. Every Pipe Guaranteed. Illustrated Booklet, "HINTS TO SMOKERS," Free. The "MASTA" Pipe can be obtained at Tobacconists, or from The "MASTA" PATENT PIPE CO. (Dept. 4), 153, Fleet-st., London, E.C.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.

The Pills cure all complaints arising from Sluggish Liver and Kidneys.

The Ointment magically heals Old Sores and Wounds, dispels Rheumatism, and is invaluable for Throat and Chest troubles.

SILVERN IN PRICE. GOLDEN IN WORTH

MAGIC LANTERNS

FROM £3 10s. GIVING 12-FEET PICTURES.

Catalogue, 100 choice Engravings, 6*d*. 60,000 Slide List, free, 9*d*.

CINEMATOGRAPHS.

SHOWING LARGE PICTURES. £7 7s.

Grandly Illustrated Lists, 7*d*. Ditto Film List, 7*d*. Cheapest and best Outfits in the World. Illustrated Pamphlets, 3*d*.

W. C. HUGHES, *Specialist.* ESTABLISHED 30 YEARS.
Brewster House, 82, Mortimer Rd., Kingsland, N., London.

FARROW'S "A I" PACKETS GREEN PEAS

Possess the Flavour of Fresh Gathered Peas. Full boiling sample post free, 7d. Write for particulars.
FARROW & CO., Dept. L, BOSTON, England.

FREE 1/- FREE 1/-

We guarantee these teapots to be **Real Silver** Electroplated on pure white metal, holding 2½ pints. If you want one, write to us without delay, and send us **1s.** (P.O. or stamps) for one of our Beautiful Presentation Real Silver-Plated Teaspoons. Our **Free-Gift Teapots** are catalogued at **20s.** each, but in order to get your custom and circulate our Price Lists we will send you one **FREE** if you take advantage of our marvellous offer, which we send. After you receive our Beautiful Teapot—a veritable work of the silversmith's art—we shall expect you to show it to your friends and call their attention to this advertisement. Colonial orders 1s. extra.

(Dept. 23), THE SILVER PLATE CO.,
32, DELAMERE CRESCENT, LONDON, W.

15 BUNS A 1D

You can make 15 large, light, delicious Buns for a total cost of 3¾d. from a 1d. packet of

Eiffel Tower BUN FLOUR

RING-SIZE CARDS POST FREE.

SEND FOR OUR RING BOOKLET, CONTAINS HUNDREDS OF DESIGNS.

164.
Handsome Ring, set with 1 large Sparkling Paris Diamond, 9-ct. Gold, any size, **3/6.**

187.
Real 9-ct. **GOLD RING,** set with 6 Sparkling Paris Diamond and Ruby Sapphire or Emerald centre Stone, **6/6.**

FREE! FREE!! We will send Post Free to all applicants our Large ALBUM AND BUYERS' GUIDE containing hundreds of Illustrations.

168.
Real 9-ct. **GOLD RING,** set with 3 Paris Diamonds or Sapphire and Ruby Centre Stone, **3/6.**

LAMBERT & CO., Mfrs., 1 & 2, Hall St., BIRMINGHAM.

. . THE . .

AUTO-MASSEUR

(SCALP-INVIGORATOR).

For BALD SPOTS . . . . and FAILING HAIR.

Note how loose fitting a boy's scalp is.

See how thick his hair grows.

Feel how loose the skin on your own chin is.

You Know how strong your beard grows.

The Reason:

In both instances the reason is the same—a loose fitting scalp and chin permits free circulation of blood and proper nourishment of hair roots. Age or impaired health thins and tightens the scalp, and the blood vessels get compressed. A few minutes' daily use of the SCALP INVIGORATOR will remedy this and restore a healthy tone to the scalp, clear the dandruff, which is the result of faulty circulation, and ensure a natural and normal growth of hair. Total cost 12/6. No recurring expenses. Write (enclosing a 1d. stamp for full particulars):

AUTO-MASSEUR CO. (LAWBERG & CO.),
142, West Nile Street, Glasgow.

Digitized by Google

MAKES WOMEN BEAUTIFUL

Marvellous development accomplished by the new and wonderful Diano method of enlarging the female bust.

Flat-chested and unattractive women are quickly developed into commanding figures that excite wonderment and admiration.

A new and surprisingly effective home treatment has been discovered that enlarges the female bust at least six inches. Women who are not lacking in this respect will not be particularly interested, but those who by some unfortunate circumstance of health or occupation are deficient in this development will be very much fascinated by the peculiar prominence achieved by the treatment. It is called DIANO, and is controlled by the well-known ESPANOLA MEDICINE COMPANY. There is no doubt about the marvellous power of this new treatment to develop the bust to a gratifying extent. Any lady who wishes to know more about DIANO should send her name and address to the ESPANOLA MEDICINE COMPANY. They will send free in plain sealed envelope by post a new "beauty book" they have just prepared, also photographs from life, showing the actual development induced, and a great number of testimonials from physicians, chemists and prominent ladies, all commending the wonderful and remarkable power of DIANO to enlarge the bust, no matter how flat the chest may be. Do not fail to write at once. The beauty book and portraits will delight you. All you need to do is to send name and address and a stamp to pay postage. All correspondence strictly confidential.

Address:—**Lady Manager, A. T. Espanola Medicine Co. (Dept. 109), 203a, Regent Street, London, W.**

"The desire to possess Beauty is keenest whe e refinement is strongest."

SNOWITE COLLARS

Something fresh, useful, and never on market before. Undistinguishable from Linen. Will not crack or turn yellow. Always ready for wear. When soiled, washed with soap and water and dried on towel. No starching required. After this they are snowy white as before. COLLARS 6½d. each, or 3 for 1 6 state size and style when ordering. CUFFS 1/- pair. FRONTS 1/- each. All post free. Supplied only by **PARKER'S**

Full Illustrated List sent.

PARKERS DEPT. 17, CHEAPSIDE **LANCASTER.**

Agencies granted to persons who can devote spare time. Good pay.

LEARN TO WRITE "ADS"

£5 PER WEEK EASILY EARNED.

There is not a business in the world not profitably susceptible to advertising. There are more and greater opportunities in advertising than in any other calling. 64-page prospectus free.

PAGE-DAVIS ADVERTISING SCHOOL (Dept. N), 195, Oxford St., London, W.

SMOKY CHIMNEYS CURED

By Using John Cochrane's

WORLD-RENOWNED PATENT "ACME" REVOLVING SMOKE-CURER.

An Instant and Permanent Cure. The largest sale in the world. Over **100,000** in use. Delivered, carriage paid to any address in the United Kingdom, on receipt of Postal Order for **12/6**. Printed directions sent with each. Any person can fix them. State inside dinmeter of chimney pot. Particulars and Testimonials of the Sole Maker—

JOHN COCHRANE,

Established 1850. **44, KIRKGATE, LEITH, N.B.**

STRENGTH

Durability, Lightness and perfect freedom of movement are vital points in a Cycle Chain. Wise Riders therefore specify for a

Renold Chain

It costs a trifle more than other chains but it is worth it. Your money covers a long succession of processes—from the rigid testing of the material and inspection at every stage. In one foot there are 120 parts all machined and brought together with the nicety of clock-work. Renold Chains for Cycle and Motors are stamped Renold on every link.

HANS RENOLD, LTD., MANCHESTER.

Obtainable through Cycle Agents and Dealers everywhere.

Digitized by Google

THREE GRAND **KODAK** AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITIONS.

£1000 IN CASH PRIZES

£500 for Pictures on N.C. FILM (non-curling & orthochromatic). | **£300** for Pictures on KODOID PLATE (thin, flat, and unbreakable). | **£200** for roll-films developed in KODAK Developing Machine.

Ask your Dealer for full particulars or write direct to Dept. 92,

KODAK, Ltd., 41-43, Clerkenwell Road, LONDON, E.C.

Wholesale and Retail Branches: 96, BOLD STREET, LIVERPOOL, and 72-74, BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

Retail Branches ... ... { 59, BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.; 60, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.; 115, OXFORD STREET, W. 171-173, REGENT STREET, W.; and 40, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

Special Appointments to His Majesty the King and H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER

BELFAST, LTD.,

AND 156 to 170, REGENT STREET, W.

CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.

BORDERED.
Children's ... 1/3 per doz.
Ladies' ... ... 2/3 „
Gentlemen's ... 3/3 „

HEMSTITCHED.
Ladies' ... ... 2/9 per doz.
Gentlemen's ... 3/11 „

IRISH COLLARS, CUFFS & SHIRTS.

Collars.—Gentlemen's 4-fold from 4/11 per doz.
Cuffs for Ladies or Gentlemen, from 5/11 per doz.
Matchless Shirts, fine quality Long Cloth, with 4-fold pure Linen Fronts and Cuffs, 35/6 per half-dozen; to measure, 2/- extra. Old Shirts made good as new, with good materials in neckbands, cuffs, and fronts, for 14/- the half-dozen.

IRISH DAMASK TABLE & HOUSE LINEN.

Fish Napkins, 2/11 per doz.
Dinner „ 5/6 „
Table Cloths, 2 yds. square, 2/6 each.
Table Cloths, 2½ by 3 yds., 5/6 each.
Kitchen Table Cloths, 11½d. each. Real Irish Linen Sheeting, fully bleached, 2 yds. wide, 1/11 per yard.

SAMPLES AND PRICE LISTS POST FREE.

N.B.—To prevent delay, all Letter-orders and Inquiries for Samples should be sent direct to Belfast.

WELSBACH LIGHT

With Gas at 3s. per 1,000 feet, 1 Welsbach-Kern Burner (No. 3) gives a 75 candle power light for 6 hours for 1d.—It costs 5d. to get the same result from ordinary gas.

Genuine Welsbach Mantles bear the Trade Mark "AUR." 6d. each. Of all Gasfitters, etc.

ROWLAND'S

Preserves, Restores, and Beautifies the Hair. Cures Scurf and Baldness.

Golden Colour for fair Hair.

Sizes: 3/6, 7/-, 10/6.

Of Stores and Chemists.

MACASSAR OIL.

BENGER'S FOOD is not a malted food, and it does not contain dried milk, which is a very poor substitute for fresh. It is mixed with fresh new milk when used, is dainty and delicious, highly nutritive and most easily digested. Infants thrive on it, and delicate or aged persons enjoy it.

BENGER'S FOOD

For INFANTS, INVALIDS, and THE AGED.

BENGER'S FOOD is sold by Chemists, &c., everywhere.

Digitized by Google

THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

The rights of translation and reproduction in the contents of this number are strictly reserved.

CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER, 1903.

		PAGE
OUTSIDE COVER. From a Photograph		
"RIBBONS AND LACES FOR PRETTY FACES" From an Engraving.		*Frontispiece*
FROM THE STALLS Illustrated with Photographs.		483
HOW SIR NICHOLAS CAME TO VYSE HOUSE. A Complete Story Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo.	HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE	489
LITTLE FOLK IN THE STUDIO Illustrated from Paintings by Mrs. Seymour Lucas.	LENORE VAN DER VEER	500
A DUET. A Play Illustrated by Ralph Pocock.	A. DEMAIN GRANGE	505
THE WAGER AT THE HOTEL METROPOLE. A Complete Story Illustrated by P. B. Hickling.	ALLEN UPWARD	510
A THOUGHT. A Poem	AUBREY NEWTON	518
TOMMY ATKINS' PRISON Illustrated with Photographs.	A. R. WILLIS	519
A CLEVER CAPTURE. A Complete Story Illustrated by Tom Browne.	FOX RUSSELL	524
MR. X—HIS PAGES		530
A COMPLICATION IN INK. A Complete Story Illustrated by N. Dean.	GERTIE DE S. WEBSTER	532
PICTURE PARAGRAPHS Illustrated with Photographs.		536
AT HEADQUARTERS. A Poem Illustrated by Lawson Wood.		538
THE THREE SUITORS. A Complete Story Illustrated by J. J. Cameron.		539
THE EYES OF BRITAIN'S COAST Illustrated with Photographs.	H. J. HOLMES	547
THE MAN WITH WINGS Illustrated with Photographs.	W. J. ALEXANDER	554
"TICK-TACK" Illustrated with Photographs.	PHIL LANDER	562
THE EVIL EYE. A Complete Story Illustrated by J. J. Cameron.	HUAN MEE	564
CAP AND BELLS. Illustrated with Drawings		571
MR. EDITOR—HIS PAGES		575
INDEX TO VOLUME X.		577

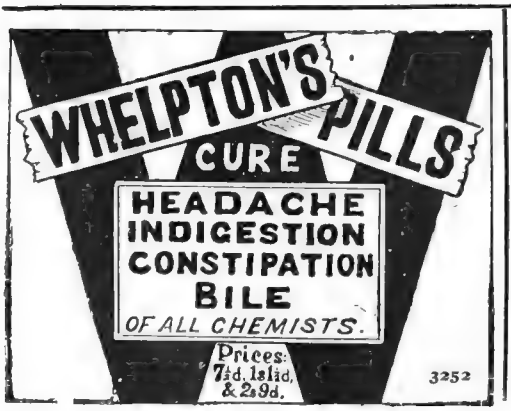
The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Cases for Volumes I.—VII. of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/- each, or post free, 1/2.

Bound Volumes 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 may also be had, price 4/- each, post free, 4/6.

The original drawings in this Number are on sale on application to the Editor.

Printed by HORACE COX, Windsor House, Bream's Buildings, E.C.



The Original Cocoa,
and a Speciality,

EPPS'S

being distinguished from all others by its invigorating nutritious qualities and its delicious flavour. This Cocoa, containing as it does all the substance of the Cocoa Nib, maintains its leading position after three-quarters of a Century as

COCOA

the best form of Cocoa
for every-day use.

Digitized by Google

EDWARDS' "HARLENE"

Nun LIKE IT

"HARLENE" Produces Luxuriant Hair. Prevents it Falling Off and Turning Grey. Unequalled for Promoting the Growth of the Beard and Moustache. The World-Renowned Remedy for Baldness. For Preserving, Strengthening, and Rendering the Hair Beautifully Soft; for Removing Scurf, Dandruff, etc.; also for Restoring Grey Hair to its Original Colour.

1/-, 2/6, and (three times 2/6 size) **4/6** per Bottle, from Chemists and Stores all over the world.

A FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE

will be sent to any person filling up this form and enclosing 3d. for carriage. If presented personally at our offices, no charge will be made.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

ROYAL MAGAZINE (OCT.)

EDWARDS' "HARLENE" CO., 95 & 96, High Holborn, London, W.C.

TRISCUIT

A compact form of Filamented Wheat (no other ingredients) superior to

Biscuits, Wafers, Toast, &c.

Nutritious. Palatable. Digestive.

The FOOD WONDER.

Very tasty with Butter, Cheese, &c. Unequalled as a basis for Savouries. A plain Biscuit par excellence.

Of all Best Grocers.

Baked by

by the **Electricity**

Natural Food Co., Niagara Falls, U.S.A.

Free Sample on receipt of Post Card.

C. E. INGERSOLL,
322 St. George's House, Eastcheap, E.C.

Top Section.

9¼" Section.

11¼" Section.

13¼" Section.

Base Section.

"GUNN" SECTIONAL BOOKCASE

You can begin with one Section, which, with Top and Base, forms a complete Bookcase, and go on building up and adding to it until the walls of your Library are covered, the whole forming one solid compact piece of Furniture.

Sold by all Cabinet Makers and Stationers.

For name of nearest Dealer apply to

WM. ANGUS & COMPANY, LTD.,
44, Paul Street, Finsbury, LONDON, E.C.
Sole Wholesale Agents for the Kingdom.

Google

Photo by Ellis & Walery.

This picture ought to help a man;
With noble thoughts it ought to fill him.
Alas! with me it's different quite,
She's smiling at some lucky wight;
I'm absolutely sure I'm right—
And want to go around and kill him!

Google

Copyright, 1903, by Photographische Gesellschaft.

"RIBBONS AND LACES FOR SWEET, PRETTY FACES."

Reproduced from a Painting by E. Blair Leighton, by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 133, New Bond Street, London, W.

Google

From the Stalls.

LA GUERRERO.

La Guerrero—her name tells us that she is Spanish; and any doubt on this score is at once dispelled the moment she walks on to the stage in the beautiful ballet, "Carmen," looking round with a pair of wickedly beautiful eyes for plunder, in the shape of men's hearts. Guerrero's dancing is a revelation. She moves her body in graceful curves, while from her hands comes the click-clack of the castanets. The lovely dancer was once to be interviewed by a very young man on a Parisian daily paper. He went to her rooms, and a sweetly pretty girl came in and talked charmingly for an hour or so. He mistook her for Guerrero, and it was only after an interview a column and a half long had appeared in next morning's paper that he learned that the sweetly pretty girl was Guerrero's maid.

Photo by W. & D. Downey.

Photo by Geo. Garet-Charles.

CLARITA VIDAL.

Like La Guerrero, Clarita Vidal also hails from the Sunny South. She has lived her life in Algiers, brought up in a maze of diplomacy in the Spanish embassy there. "I went on to the stage"—this with a charming foreign accent—"in America, but came over to England. I find the English language very difficult, but I am working hard, and hope to write it and speak it quite well soon." Clarita Vidal has a lovely crop of long coal black hair, which she piles on the top of her head in a great coil.

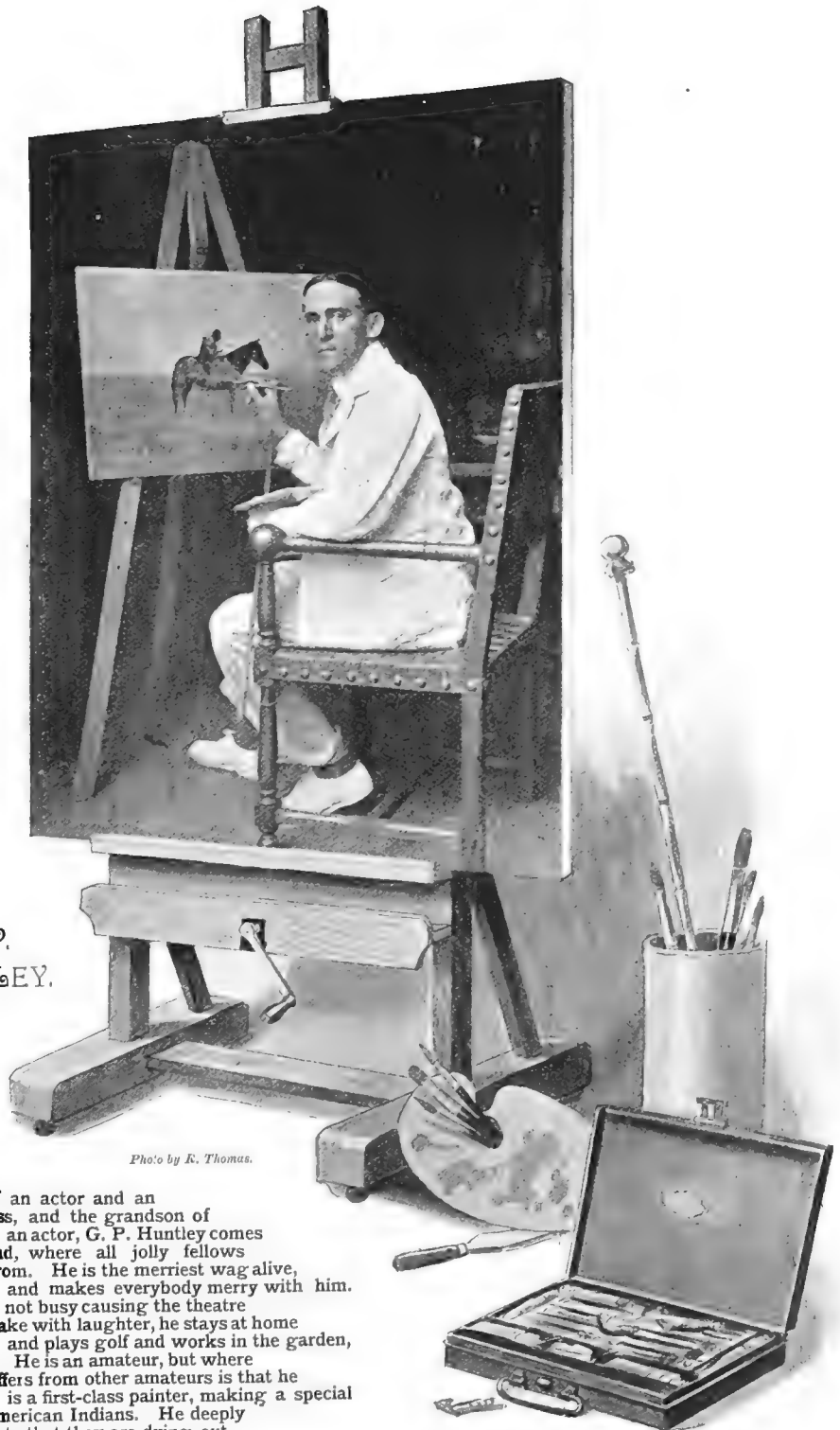
Google

Photo by *Ellis & Walery.*

ELLA SNYDER.

There were many belles in "The Belle of New York." Ella Snyder was one of them. She has toured all over the States, and lately she has been bewitching us with her pretty face and her charming singing and dancing as one of the Girls from Kay's. Ella Snyder is an American and comes from Milwaukee. When she reached the advanced age of fifteen she went on the stage. Since then she has been acting and dancing and singing in England and the States, and is as popular a young lady as you could wish to see anywhere.

Digitized by Google



G. P. HUNTLEY.

Photo by E. Thomas.

The son of an actor and an **actress**, and the grandson of an actor, G. P. Huntley comes **from Ireland**, where all jolly fellows **hail from**. He is the merriest wag alive, and makes everybody merry with him. **When he is** not busy causing the theatre **to shake** with laughter, he stays at home and plays golf and works in the garden, **and paints.** He is an amateur, but where **he differs** from other amateurs is that he is a first-class painter, making a special **study of American** Indians. He deeply **laments** that they are dying out.

Google

THE MOST WONDERFUL HORSE IN THE WORLD.

His name is Bonner, and he is without exception the most wonderful horse in the world. When he was two years old Bonner was taken in hand by Mr. C. L. Edwards, and for the last nine years he has been learning and learning, until he is about as human as an animal can possibly be. He was first taught to run to his carriage and wait while he was harnessed, and then to draw the carriage through the streets of a populous town without the use of whip or reins. Then he learned all sorts of clever tricks. The top right-hand picture above shows Bonner writing figures on a blackboard, and correctly adding them up and putting down the result. The photograph below shows him picking out coloured handkerchiefs that are tied round his knee at the request of his master, while on the left he waves his farewell to the audience with a Union Jack. Oh, you're a clever fellow, Bonner!

Digitized by Google

Photo by *Lafayette.*

WINIFRED EMERY (Mrs. Cyril Maude).

Winifred Emery, or Mrs. Cyril Maude as she is in private life, comes from a long line of actors and actresses. Her father and grandfather were both well known on the stage in their day, and Winifred Emery has nobly kept up the family reputation for histrionic honours. Off the stage she is very quiet and retiring, and hates to be recognised as the popular actress of the Haymarket Theatre. She loves roses, old china, and her sweet children.

Digitized by Google

Photo by *Ellis & Walery.*

LULU VALLI.

Eight years ago Lulu Valli went on the stage as the queen in pantomime. She was then seven years old, so, by simple arithmetic, you can find out how old the charming young lady is. Of course we mustn't tell you. Lulu Valli is also a much travelled young lady, for she has lived for six years in Germany, and is as much at home in the German language as the "Royal Magazine" is in Henrietta Street. She is a bright girl with plenty to say for herself. Her two sisters are also on the stage—one, the popular and pretty little child actress, Miss Valli Valli; and the other, Miss Ida, who is a new recruit to histrionic honours.

Digitized by Google

Ponto.

Sir Nicholas Vyse.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF SMUGGLERS.

HOW SIR NICHOLAS CAME STRANGELY TO VYSE HOUSE.

By Halliwell Sutcliffe.

Mistress Josephine Willoughby.

Another Adventure of Sir Nicholas Vyse—known to his Confederates as Captain Contraband—and Mistress Josephine Willoughby, the Beautiful Girl who Accompanies him on most of his Escapades. Sir Nicholas Effects a Hair-breadth Escape from the Soldiers—and Wins his Bride.

Sir Nicholas Vyse, under the style of Captain Contraband, had run more cargoes, perhaps, than any man on the East Coast. Luck had clung to him like a shadow, and whether Sheriff or Gauger, King's troops or King's preventive-men had come against him, the end had always been the same—a cargo safely housed, and a jest set going in the seaward cottages and taverns.

To-night, however, luck seemed to have been asleep, and Sir Nicholas himself was in dire peril. He and his men had attempted to land a rich cargo in Thyra's Bay, had been surprised by overwhelming numbers, and had been forced to look each man for himself in the general flight. Nick Vyse, like the good leader he was, had stayed to see the last of his company get safely off, and the delay had robbed him of a sadly-needed start.

There were two-and-forty soldiery after him when at last he followed his men and set off at a hare's pace across the sea-grass that bordered Thyra's Bay upon the landward side; and six of his pursuers were closer to his heels than half a gunshot's distance. Again and again the bullets sang and sobbed about him, but the broken ground and the hurried pace would not admit of a true aim, and he went scatheless.

Yet still the soldiers followed, and some of them were longer of wind than Nick and full as fleet of foot. To most men would have come that sickening certainty of failure which in itself takes heart and wind from a fugitive at such a time; but Nick Vyse was not on bowing terms with failure, and he never felt so blithe as when disaster yapped closely at his heels.

On and on he ran, now gaining ground, now losing it, according to the chance difficulties of field, or heath, or wood; on and on the four best runners of the soldiery followed; but the musket balls droned by less frequently, for pursuers and pursued alike knew that the issue lay not with gun-shots, but with the length of each man's endurance.

A little, waning moon rose timidly above the salt-marshes as Nick wheeled and doubled back towards the coast. The land wind fluted through dry grasses, and wild-fowl rose with angry screams. And still Nick ran and zig-zagged, seeking a spot where he could stand at bay and meet the enemy with as few odds on their side as might be.

Four of them were left now in the race, and four to one, thought Nick Vyse, was not

Copyright 1903, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., in the United States of America.

Google

amiss if a man had only a decent wall behind him and some sort of shelter on the sides. A quick glance to right and left told him that he had reached a part of the coast well known to him—a bleak and pebbled shore a league or so south of Vyse House. There was an old watch-tower, he remembered, at the bend of the round bay, a tower used sometimes by the Preventive when they wished to scour the coast with telescopes. Of late it had been allowed to fall into ruin, but enough of the winding stair was left yet for a man to climb by, and the top of it was broad enough to give ample standing-room for one.

Without another thought Nick made by instinct for the tower, reached the rough, uphill path of shingle that led to it, and went in at the doorway, which hung half off its hinges now, part open and part shut. A volley of musket-balls spattered uselessly against the walls as he disappeared within, for the soldiery had learned his purpose just thirty seconds too late. Up and up Nick climbed, until he gained the summit, protected by a breast-high parapet; and then he leaned over for a moment and laughed, and "Come up my friends!" he cried.

The sickle moon, as it chanced, was just behind his head, giving a mark to the enemy below; but he ducked before the first man's musket was lifted, and the ball sang overhead, useless as the shots that had preceded it.

The soldiers stamped and swore. The pursued was now master of the pursuers so far as force of any kind went, for so worn and slippery was the stair, with gaps at intervals, that one man on the tower-top could defend the place against a regiment.

"What's to be done?" growled one. "We've got our Captain Contraband bottled snug enough—but how to get him out of the bottle?"

"There's no way," put in another, "except to starve him out."

"Thank you for nothing, Bill," said the first speaker drily. "Pretty fools we should look sitting here like hens on a nest of eggs until his Captainship came out. Nay, there's a quicker way."

"To follow him up the stair, I suppose?" snarled the other. "Looks as though you'd never heard of Captain Contraband, or met him when a fight was on. *I have*, and I'm not going to give him a chance of fingering my throat up yonder."

"Silence, you fool! Are you leading this expedition, or am I? We'll not need to climb the stair at all—smoke and fire will do that for us, and do it to better purpose."

The others nodded, now that they saw his purpose, and the four of them stole quietly down to the beach, which was littered all along its extreme outer edge with drift and wreck wood. A few armfuls of the dry sea-grasses, a careful laying of the lighter bits of wood on these, a shower of sparks from flint and steel, and a cosy fire was kindled at once on the floor of the tower. More wood was added, and more still, and the smoke coiled like a snake, lazy and thick and sinuous, up the hollow funnel of the tower.

Nick, waiting on the top until his enemies chose to make the next move, had wondered at the sudden quiet below; he understood it now, and with his usual instinct for the best way out of a desperate corner, he started silently down the stair before the fire had got well under way.

To stay at the top, with the round parapet to make a basin for the smoke, was to court certain capture, for if he so much as put his head above the masonry to breathe, the marksmen would be waiting down below. His one chance was to escape while yet the smoke was no more than a discomfort; so he scrambled with what speed he could, and yet with caution, until he was but six steps from the bottom. The men were so busy with their stoking that they did not hear his tread amid the crackling and spitting of the wreck-wood, until a great cough shook him from head to foot just as he was getting ready for a last spring down the stair.

It was neck or nothing then.

With a yell—a fearsome, curdling yell which he had learned from smuggler friends—he leaped the last six steps, hit right and left at the figures which, red and smoky, blocked his passage to the door, knocked down a couple of them, and ran out into the starshine before they had recovered from the suddenness of his attack.

Once again Captain Contraband had his luck and his wits to thank for escape from a seemingly hopeless trap; for the two soldiers left—the others lay where Nick had dropped them and did not stir—were too bewildered for the first moment to pursue, and by the time they thought of giving chase the fugitive was out of sight, running hard and true behind a sheltering hump of sandhill.

"A closer shave than usual," Nick thought, as he took a line towards his own house. "Gad, 'twould have been awkward if they'd taken me! They'd have learned that I was

Google

He hit right and left at the figures which, red and smoky, blocked his passage to the door.

Nick Vyse, and I'm too good a Justice of the Peace to be lightly lost to the Bench."

He laughed with quiet enjoyment of the escapade, and thanked his luck that Josephine Willoughby had not shared the night's adventure with him. For Josephine lived at his own old home, Vyse House, and he and she had shared more smuggling dangers, both by sea and land, than surely ever yet befell a maid of gentle upbringing. Josephine was pledged to marry him, moreover, and he grew hot to think that she might easily have been with him to-night, have been captured, and have had to face the gossip following on a full exposure of her relations with Captain Contraband.

Nick was not running now, but was walking at a brisk pace, quite sure that danger of pursuit was over, and anxious only to be at home again, with his body on one big chair, his feet on another, and a measure of good Schnapps at his elbow. For, indeed, he felt that he had earned these things.

"Ay, Josephine might well have been taken

Google

by these lubbers," he muttered. "She must run no risks of that sort in the future—at any rate until we're married. Once married, gossip can snarl as it will—we can afford to let it snarl."

And at that very moment, as it chanced, he was nearer to ensuring an early marriage, following the wringing of consent from Josephine's father, than he thought for. Sir Nicholas Vyse, good fellow, good smuggler, and good magistrate, had fallen into the common fault just now, and because one danger was safely through, he neglected to remember that other perils might be waiting for him; and it was this neglect which, by a tortuous road, was to bring him into strange company and a yet stranger realisation of his wishes.

The first intimation that he had of danger was when he turned into the narrow lane which led to his cottage by the cliff. Five burly figures, coming in the opposite direction, met him suddenly at the bend of the way, and the foremost of them raised a shout.

"It's Captain Contraband! I can tell his height and breadth even in this light. Now, lads, was I right or wrong when I said we'd patrol the coast all night before we'd give him up?"

Nick guessed that they formed part of the band of Regulars who had, for the most part, dropped out early in the course of the pursuit. He turned, and ran at top speed along the way that he had come; but his limbs were stiff from the long race, and his pursuers were three times as fresh of wind and body; he knew that the pace would kill him before long, and one course only promised safety. Underneath Vyse House—his own old home, and Josephine's new one—there was a great cellar, used, ever since first a duty was placed on Schnapps and such-like merchandise, as the h ding-place of smuggled cargoes.

Josephine herself had helped him to store many a cargo here, and she knew as well as he that a secret way branched off from the main road through the cave and led to a panel which opened on the great hall of Vyse House—the hall where dinner was served each evening, according to the fashion which came in before dining-rooms were known.

It was his only chance, just as a little while ago his one expedient had been to rush down the stair and through the besieging soldiery. The hour was late.

All this ran through Nick's mind as he swept on, the enemy sticking doggedly to his heels. He did not think out the details consciously, but they came of their own will, as quick thoughts will when a man is hard pressed.

Over the slippery edge of the cliff he went, and down, hand over hand, by aid of the tough bushes until he reached the beach. A heavy thud sounded behind him, and Nick let a smothered laugh escape him as he realised that one of his pursuers had been over-eager and had slipped at the very top of the descent. The others were more wary, though, and two were close behind Nick when he took the upward path that led him to the cave. The two were still following when he plunged into the darkness, but they wasted time in lighting a lantern which one of them was carrying, and Nick had time to glide down the narrow secret path before they had turned the corner of the wider road behind.

A few moments more of uphill running, and his hand was on the panel which served as a door of communication between the cave and the house. He wrenched the catch aside, flung open the heavy oak, and stood for a moment, blinded by the light which flooded all the great hall of Vyse House.

Though he could see nothing just at first, the sound of many voices and the chink of wine-cups came to him, and a vague trouble seized him. The voices ceased, moreover, with odd suddenness, as he stood there, and, by-and-bye, when his eyes had grown accustomed to the light, he could see that the table, large and broad as it was, had scarcely a place unfilled. At the head of the board sat a plump, red-featured man of sixty, and at the foot—facing Nick, as he stood there in bewilderment—sat Josephine, while men and women of all ages were ranged down the sides.

The gleam of silver, the lamplight, the glinting diamonds, of which all the women except Josephine wore too many, combined to keep Sir Nicholas spellbound; tired as he was already with his long race beneath the stars. Only in one thing had he presence of mind during these long first minutes; neither by word nor look did he confess to knowing Josephine, although the thought of seeing her had been both light and warmth to him during his flight through the chilly darkness of the cave.

The girl, for her part, let a startled cry escape her, then looked helplessly at Nick, as if to ask him what she should say or do. Ponto, the smuggler-born dog, who sat beside her chair, had no such doubts, however; he ran quickly to Nick Vyse, and barked a

Google

welcome and fawned upon him with all the power of his big, rough, hairy, uncouth body

"Ponto," murmured Nick, stooping to caress him.

Sir Nicholas laughed for the first time, a sure sign that he was his own man again; for the dog, comrade of many a wild adventure, had brought the rollicking, careless breath of the sea again to Nick, and he was ready now to play this new part which had been thrust upon him as readily as he had played hare to the soldiery not long ago.

With another laugh—buoyant, and big, and infectious—he strode down the hall, after carefully fastening the panel-door behind him, found one of the only two empty chairs at the board, and dropped into it.

Still without saying a word he drew a decanter of claret towards him, filled his glass, emptied it at a draught, and then refilled it. Then he looked round upon the company and laughed again; for he had chosen his *rôle*, and he meant to play the well-born swashbuckler with full enjoyment.

Only once did he glance at Josephine, and the frolic in his eyes found an answer in the girl's face, for, though she could not guess what his next move would be, she had learned from experience to trust Sir Nicholas Vyse when a jest had to be safely carried forward.

Mr. Willoughby, the host—flushed of face and evidently mellow with his potations—began to stammer wrathfully.

"Sir, you—you take a liberty—egad, sir, who are you—this is my private house, I beg you understand——"

"Well, no, in a sense it is mine," retorted the newcomer affably. "I am Sir Nicholas Vyse, very thirsty, but very much at your service. Thank you, I will fill again; I have had a long journey to-night, and my throat is dusty as a lime-kiln."

Josephine was non-plussed by this frank confession of his identity, and her father stared at the unbidden guest.

"You jest, sir," said old Willoughby. "You're a mountebank, sir—a common thief or highwayman—I have not the honour of knowing Sir Nicholas Vyse, though I rent this house through his man of business; but, at least, I know that a man of his birth and breeding—though they say he's wild—would not intrude himself upon a stranger's supper-party."

Very pompous was Mr. Willoughby underneath his purple mellowness of face, and very puzzled were the guests; these latter were all from Bloomsbury, by the look of them, and a young man at the far end of the board—a young man with lack-lustre eyes and pallid face—seemed fascinated by the aspect of this big, roystering stranger, who came with the stain of wind and sea on his clothes, but who carried himself with the subtle distinction of one who has been born to find himself a master—a master by birth, and a master, more especially, by deeds.

"As to my identity," said Sir Nicholas, "I can give you ample proof of that, sir. In the first place, I knew of the secret way between the cave and the hall here—which is more, very possibly, than you yourself did. Then I can describe to you every nook of the old house, as only a man could who had spent the best part of his life here. Moreover, if you still have any doubts, I can send for a dozen—or a score, if you prefer it—of the villagers, who know me better, perhaps, than they know my present excellent host, Mr. Willoughby. But why should we trouble, sir, you and I?" he went on, with a *bonhommie* and a carelessness that took old Willoughby's breath away. "Let me tell you the latest jest instead, and you will understand the reason of my intrusion."

Mr. Willoughby looked keenly at him out of his little grey eyes. This man was so assured, so obviously high-bred, despite the oddity of his behaviour, that he knew instinctively he was the Sir Nicholas Vyse he claimed to be.

And Willoughby, though he had all a merchant-prince's pride in Bloomsbury, had likewise all a merchant-prince's secret love of those who measured their importance, not by guineas, but by ancestors. Sir Nicholas might be wild, Sir Nicholas might be this and that, but, after all, he was a friend of Royalty; and so the old man filled himself another glass of port, and hummed and hawed, and tried to keep a show of dignity.

"Whether you are Sir Nicholas Vyse or the King himself," he said, "you should remember that a man's house is his castle."

The young men and maidens, the middle-aged women in their amazing gowns of blue, and puce, and lavender, the older men who found Willoughby a hard nut to crack when business was on foot, all looked to see Sir Nicholas crumple up—disappear, as it were, in blue flame—under the weight of his host's displeasure.

But Sir Nicholas did nothing of the kind; he only laughed again—a laugh that set even the pale youth in the corner giggling softly—

Google

and filled his glass, and leaned back in his chair.

"Tut-tut, Mr. Willoughby," he said, in his easy drawl, "you should regard me as a god-send. You were a little dull when I arrived, eh? You needed a fresh tale to salt your feast? Well, I've brought it to you, sir, and you should be grateful to me—moreover, as I said just now, the tale is also my excuse for this intrusion."

Without waiting for permission to stay on and tell his story—with just a fleeting glance at Josephine—Nick Vyse continued.

"You see, I was puzzled how to kill time this evening," he said, addressing the company at large, "and I took a stroll along the beach in the direction of Thyra's Bay. As luck would have it, I stumbled into the middle of a smuggling party."

Mr. Willoughby moved uneasily in his chair, and the curious smile with which Nick favoured him seemed only to add to his discomfort.

"Is there much smuggling about your coasts here?" asked the old man, with would-be carelessness. "Remember that we are all from London, where such things are unknown."

"Possibly," Nick answered drily. "As I was saying, I came upon these smugglers, and just for the frolic of the thing I joined them. A foolish thing to do, of course, when one's a magistrate and so on, but I wanted to see how these fellows ran their contraband."

At the word "contraband" Ponto, who had kept close to Nick's chair, set up a howl of gladness; it was the one word of English which he knew as well as his own name.

"I, too, have often longed to be with them when they were at work," put in Josephine demurely; "you were fortunate, Sir Nicholas."

"Well, perhaps, not so fortunate after all," said Nick in the same easy tone, as of one who tells a story to pass the time. "For the military came down on us, you see, and we had to fly in all directions; and then it occurred to me for the first time that it would never do for a respectable magistrate to be found in such surroundings. Why, sir"—turning again to his host—"it would have been as unpleasant a corner for me to find myself in as if, say, *you* had been discovered aiding and abetting the smuggling traffic."

Mr. Willoughby grew more uneasy. "It is scarcely a likely thing to happen, Sir Nicholas."

"Well, no; but it was scarcely a likely thing that I should be there, yet still I was. And the soldiery came down on us, five to one, as I told you, and I found myself running like a hare, with four of the rascals close upon my heels. Gad, I can laugh now, but it was awkward at the time; and at every yard, with my breath groaning like the bellows of an organ, I swore that I would look on, however innocently, at no more beaching of illicit cargoes."

The pale youth, seated next to Josephine, leaned forward, his eyes growing bigger and bigger. He had long yearned in secret to be a daring fellow, one who overturned the hut upon the watch, or threw out other such brave and desperate challenges to the law; but this was devilry, he told himself—genuine, sweet devilry. The youth's bosom swelled, and his heart went beating thickly at his ribs; he was stirred beyond the narrow limits of Torrington and Russell Squares.

"And what happened then, sir?" he asked, breathlessly.

"Infinite hazards, sir," Nick responded, warming to his part. "They chased me up cliff-paths as steep as a house-wall; they followed me down precipices where a wild goat could scarcely win a footing; they fired more bullets at me, sir, than would have filled a keg of Schnapps. Last of all, I had to take shelter in a tower that overlooked the sea, and I fancied I was safe there; but what did the rogues do then, think you?"

All the young men, and young and old among the ladies, were frankly on Nick's side by now, strange as had been the manner of his coming. A die-away, pale maid of twenty, seated on his right, asked in a whisper what had happened next. She had read much fiction of the sort entitled "The Wicked Waggeries of a Person of Quality," and it was the great moment of her life now when she sat beside such a hero in the flesh.

"What happened, madam?" said Nick. "They lit a fire below, and tried to smoke me out. There was nothing for it but to race down the stair and through the soldiery, and out again into the night. I made for home, and, just as all danger seemed to have gone by, I fell into an ambush and had to turn, with another band of soldiers close upon me. I remembered the cave below the house here, and the secret way which used to delight me as a boy. The hour was late, and I trusted to the household being abed"—he glanced again at Josephine, and she reproved his rashness by ever so slight a shake of the head—"and thought to steal

Google

out quietly and so find my house at last. So you see, Mr. Willoughby, not only that my intrusion was in a measure warranted, but that I owe to you my escape from a foolish and embarrassing position."

Mr. Willoughby still fidgeted in his chair. Since Nick's first reference to smuggling, his uneasiness had grown apace, despite the wine he drank.

"I am glad, Sir Nicholas," he answered stiffly, "if I have been of service to you. Perhaps, as an old man to a young, you will allow me to advise that in future you abstain from mixing yourself, however innocently, in lawless enterprises."

"It is a mistake, most certainly," said Nick, with another steady, disconcerting glance.

"How glad you must be to find yourself safe," murmured the pale maid of twenty. "Yet surely, your hair must have grown grey during those awful moments. I have read so much—I—ah—" she broke off, remembering that her mother, sitting opposite, would not approve of such literature as she affected.

"As to my being in safety now, I doubt it," laughed Nick. "The soldiers saw me go into the cave, and any moment they may come knocking at the panel yonder."

"We would defend you," said the youth of the sallow face, who was so moved by the excitement of Nick's coming that he felt a vastly brave, dare-devil rogue himself.

"I thank you, sir," Nick answered with admirable gravity. "If need arises, I will call on you for help."

Josephine, now that her first alarm was over, was enjoying the scene as thoroughly as was Sir Nicholas Vyse. She had seen this lover of hers in many an affair of hazard, when courage and resource were needed to their uttermost; but to-night it was his ready wit that called for her applause.

The story he had told, with such a laughable aping of the braggart, was true substantially, she guessed; he had been hard-driven, clearly; had remembered how once before he had entered by the secret panel to find her sitting alone in the hall here, and had trusted to find the like good luck a second time.

He had found her father and a host of guests here; a lesser man might easily have betrayed her secret on the first impulse of surprise; but Nick Vyse had given no inkling of his relations with the girl, and every ruffling act and speech of his had been framed with nice deliberation, in order to lead the others off the scent.

She looked at him, sitting back in his chair with a wine-glass in his hand. No man could have appeared more at ease, had he been seated at his own table; no man, thought love-sick Josephine, could have carried so comely a face and bearing.

"Oh, indeed, I love him very much!" she murmured, "and somehow I'm not a bit ashamed of it."

It was an evening of surprises, doubtless—such an evening as seems set aside by the Fates just now and then for enjoyment of a comedy of incident. Certainly the next turn of the game was disconcerting to Josephine, and as little in keeping with her tender thoughts of Nick Vyse as any stage-manager of the theatre of the fates could wish.

Old Willoughby, perplexed by Nick's strange advent, and troubled, moreover, by sundry half-veiled references, hints, and glances from the newcomer, had resolved quite suddenly to take the British way of settling troubles—in brief, to continue the settled order of his supper-party as if no interruption had occurred. Doggedly the old man got to his feet, and rapped on the table.

"We were gathered here, Sir Nicholas," he began, in a voice as fruity and mellow as his own good port, "to celebrate the happiest moment of a father's life."

"Oily old ruffian!" murmured Nick. "He talks like a conventicle."

"The moment," went on old Willoughby, "the moment when he is assured of his daughter's welfare, and gives her into the keeping of a serious and godly man who is sufficiently blessed with this world's goods. I am glad, Sir Nicholas, that you have joined our happy party—however unceremoniously—and I beg you to join us in toasting the future bride and bridegroom."

Mr. Willoughby nodded first at Josephine, then at the dyspeptic youth whose eyes had bulged at the tale of Nick's adventures. A sudden nausea came to Nick Vyse. Was this parchment dummy of a boy the husband chosen for Josephine? The thought was sacrilege, and not the less so for its rank absurdity.

As for Josephine, she was stunned for a moment. Well as she knew her father, his shifts, and tyrannies, and strange hypocrisies, she had not been prepared for this scheme to force her publicly into acceptance of the boy-man whom she loathed. It was she who had need now of mother-wit and courage, and she rose to the need as a blood-horse rises to a fence.

Digitized by Google

"There is some mistake," she said, breaking quietly in on her father's pompousness, and silencing it. "Whenever I have been asked to marry the man of my father's choice, I have said 'no.' I shall say 'no' if he gathers all the folk in London to his board and tells them what can never in this world be true."

Old Willoughby gasped. He was wont to be an autocrat. Yet in his heart he knew that this slim girl was stronger than himself. The company raised protesting glances to the ceiling, and the ladies' gowns, of blue, and green, and startling purple, rustled like aspen-leaves in a storm. A godly young man—a rich young man—above all, a young man whose soul was a Bloomsbury soul—what ailed this girl to throw her good fortune to the winds?

The young man himself was opening and shutting his mouth, as a fish will who finds himself transferred to dry land from a tranquil pool. Nick Vyse, on the other hand, was looking deep and long into Josephine's eyes, and the great love between them showed plain for anyone to read, had anyone been cool enough to do so.

What would have happened next was doubtful, had not Nick's prophecy fallen true—his prophecy that danger was not necessarily over because he had escaped it twice to-night. At the very moment when old Willoughby was gasping and spluttering in the effort to find coherent speech, there came a lusty rapping on the panel door.

"Gad," laughed Nick, relieved by any interruption, "they've found me at last."

The surmise was true. Foot by foot the soldiery had been tracking their runaway throughout the latter's enjoyment of a supper-party to which he had had no invitation; they knew that he was somewhere in the cave, and, setting two to guard the entrance, the others had examined every corner of the cavern. They had explored the broader path to its furthest limits, and then had found the narrow, secret way which led them, not as before to a blind wall of rock, but to a barrier that rang hollow to the touch.

"Another secret door," growled one of the soldiers.

"Ay," said his comrade. "We've found one here, and one there in the caves about the coast, but we never knew before that Vyse House had its own private stairway. Ho, there!" he broke off, knocking with his musket on the oak. "Open in the King's name! Open, open!"

"It is your duty to give me up to yonder knaves," said Sir Nicholas, with a sturdy glance at old Willoughby, "but I would scarcely recommend the plan."

"And why, sir? Why?" stuttered Willoughby, exasperated by his last defeat.

"*Because of your business in the City—and in St. Thanes,*" Nick answered quietly.

The words seemed innocent, yet their effect on old Willoughby was strange. His jaw fell, his hand trembled as he raised his glass—even the purple-rose of his complexion softened to a waxy pallor.

"I appeal to you all, gentlemen," went on Sir Nicholas. "Awhile since you said you would defend me against odds. I claim that promise now, at no cost to yourselves."

"We're with you, Sir Nicholas," cried one or two of the bolder spirits. "What are we to do?"

"Well, I'm the only one at table who wears a cloak. Even a Preventive-man could know me for the culprit. But if, gentlemen, you will put on your cloaks and hats—with Miss Willoughby's permission—and draw the hats down over your eyes, and look as pleasant rascals as you can—why, who's to tell which is the fugitive?"

"Open, open! In the King's name! Open!" sounded from behind the locked panel.

The sallow youth, perhaps relieved by an interruption which had saved him for the moment from a foolish position, was the first to get up and seek his cloak and hat. All, save Willoughby and one or two of the elders, followed the example, and, by the time that the knocking had recommenced for the third time, the supper-table showed a curious company, of which the women were in evening toilette, while the men were habited as if they waited for the coach at some windy roadside.

"In the King's name, and for the last time!" came a roar from behind the panel. "Open, or we break down the door."

Old Willoughby, perplexed by Nick's reference to his "business at St. Thanes," angered by these repeated intrusions, seemed to have no course but to unlock the panel-door and throw it open. He did so, and revealed a company of six stalwart regulars, who burst in unceremoniously, then stopped and blinked at the light, as Nick had done, and finally grew bewildered at the number of the guests.

"Well, sirs?" asked Willoughby.

"We—we are in search of a fugitive—one Captain Contraband," began the leader, hesitatingly.

Again old Willoughby grew pale beneath

Google

Nick Vyse threw off his cloak and hat and faced the soldiery. "I am honoured," he laughed.

(See page 499.)

Google

You—you are Captain Contraband?'

his plum-colour. "What should I know of a Captain Contraband?" he faltered.

"Nothing, sir," answered the other, with respect. "We do not suggest that you know anything of him—and yet he was in the cave behind us—not long ago—and this is the one way by which he can have escaped us."

Mr. Willoughby, for reasons of his own, was anxious to secure Captain Contraband's safety, and now he fell into line with Nick Vyse's mummery as heartily as any of the younger men.

"What you mean, my men, is best known to yourselves," he answered, with something of his old pompousness. "These friends of mine, here, have supped with me; we have been in the hall here for the past two hours at least; is it likely that a fugitive could have entered by the panel yonder without our seeing him?"

The leader of the military looked about him in a puzzled way. He had been so sure that they had trapped Captain Contraband in the cave; this supper-party, too, wore a strange air, for nearly all the men were cloaked and hatted; yet, puzzle as he would, he could find no explanation one way or the other.

"Perhaps you need an introduction to each of my guests in turn," went on Mr. Willoughby, with heavy irony. "Cast your eyes along the table, and tell me if any of my friends has been so clever as to be in two places at once—here, namely, at my supper-board, and yonder in the cave."

The man looked from one to another of the guests, and his glance rested on Nick Vyse, who sat with hat drawn down and head averted. So different Nick was from the weedy men about him, so like to Captain Contraband, moreover, in breadth and poise of head, that the soldier could not fail to notice him.

"We've none of us seen Captain Contraband, save at night and at a distance," he said slowly, "but the man sitting there is vastly like him in the figure."

Google

Nick Vyse threw off his cloak and hat and faced the soldiery. "I am honoured," he laughed, "being no more than plain Sir Nicholas Vyse, whom doubtless you have seen before."

The officer began to stammer his apologies; for Sir Nicholas was the best-known and best-loved man in all the county.

"I am sorry, Sir Nicholas—I did not know—I——"

"There, there! You have made an awkward mistake, and be careful lest you make a second. You've lost your man somehow, officer, and you need not make bad worse by outraging the privacy of an honest gentleman's house. Mr. Willoughby will overlook it this time, perhaps, but I warn you, as a magistrate, that you are treading on dangerous ground."

Josephine, as she watched the men return crestfallen by the way they had come, could scarcely hold her laughter back. So simple and so sure a way of safety it was to be a magistrate of repute at one time and a king of smugglers at another. Yet the girl's face grew grave as she saw Nick go up to her father and take him aside, and begin to whisper in his ear.

"You must give me your attention for a moment, sir," Nick was saying.

"Damme, I seem to have been doing little else for the past hour," the other growled.

"I shall not detain you long. You said just now that your daughter was destined to marry a certain youth here present. Well, she cannot marry him, for the simple reason that she is pledged to me."

"To *you*, Sir Nicholas? To you who have lived with the wild young men of St. James's and——"

"To me, who am sorrier for the old life than you guess, Mr. Willoughby. Yet I love her as sincerely as, I believe, she loves myself, and I mean to make her happy."

"Your means, sir? You are impoverished—else why do I rent your house at this moment? You have nothing but a damaged reputation and empty purse to offer to my daughter."

"On the contrary," said Nick, with great good-humour, "thanks to yourself, sir, I am growing rich."

"Thanks to me! Heavens, am I mad, or are you mad, Sir Nicholas, or is this a part of some wild mummery?"

"I spoke just now of your business in London and in St. Thanes. Well, we must look at this matter in a business way, Mr. Willoughby. *I* am repairing my fortunes by dealing, after the style of Captain Contraband, in smuggled lace; at the same time I am Sir Nicholas Vyse, of good repute in the county. *You*, on the other hand, buy a great deal of Captain Contraband's lace, and thrive upon the profits, while you are known to the world as a discreet and worthy citizen. Come, Mr. Willoughby, we are members of the same firm, and must not therefore quarrel."

Mr. Willoughby looked vacantly at this tall, merry, self-assured young man. "You—you are Captain Contraband?" he gasped. "You know my daughter, it seems—you have met her without my knowledge in the country here and made love to her? Tell me, did you—did you ever tell her the secret of my riches? If so, you have done me a great wrong, Sir Nicholas, for she is very dear to me—she is all I have—it has been my one aim always to hide the nature of my business from her."

"She knows nothing of it, and shall know nothing. You have my word of honour. You have my word on another point, too, Mr. Willoughby—that with or without your consent, I shall marry Josephine. We care too much for one another to be parted now."

Old Willoughby thought of the title and consequence of Sir Nicholas Vyse; he thought of the unwelcome notoriety of Captain Contraband; last of all, he looked at the clean comeliness of this would-be son-in-law.

"It must be as you wish," he said, half reluctantly. "But you will abandon your present—ah—*reckless* way of life?"

"If Josephine will let me, sir," was Nick's enigmatic answer.

The old man looked questioningly at him, but he would not explain himself. He did not intend to tell the daughter that her father was a smuggler merchant; but just as little did he mean to tell the father that his daughter was the merriest and most haphazard of cargo-runners. And so, I fancy, both sides were well-pleased.

Next month will appear

The Last and perhaps the Most Daring and Extravagant Adventure of

THE KING AND QUEEN OF SMUGGLERS.

Google

Roses and Rosebuds

LITTLE FOLK IN THE STUDIO.

The Difficulties and Delights of Painting Children.

By Lenore Van der Veer.

Illustrations from original paintings reproduced by permission of the artist, Mrs. Seymour Lucas.

The painting of children calls for a strong combination of talent, understanding, and patience, while an innate love for little folk comes in as a very good proof against the thousand and one difficulties that take away one's enthusiasm during the progress of the work. Childhood is unquestionably the most paintable period of life, in so far as charm of beauty in colour and line is concerned.

But there are moments in the lives of painters of children when, had not their previous experiences taught them that patience and determination will overcome *anything*, they would lay down their brushes from sheer hopelessness. For the little people simply *cannot* sit still; they will not fall back into the same attitude twice during the whole series of sittings. They do not like to look in one direction for longer than a minute at a time, they crumple their curls and disarrange their frocks, and, in fact, break all the recognised regulations of a well-ordered sitter.

So it is small wonder that there are so very few successful painters of child life, for a man must be a philosopher as well as an artist to succeed in this particular branch of art—a combination rarely found in the artistic temperament.

The work of Mrs. Seymour Lucas is perhaps the most successful of the few English artists who make the painting of children their life work and pleasure. Mrs. Lucas never by any chance condescends to paint an adult, but lavishes all her energy upon the little autocrats of the nursery and the kindergarten. When you ask her if she does not find the painting of children rather "wearing," she looks at you in such a grand

Google

way and says, "Of course it's wearing, but then, the results are so wholly pleasing," and one is led to admire her philosophy and to study her methods of so unfailingly getting these same happy results.

It is a good many years since this artist made her first study. She cannot even remember who the little sitter was, only the painter was quite a small child herself, and the work was done with a lump of very smutty coal on the back of a Mother Goose story book. Of one thing she is certain; she did not attempt to make her little model "sit still and look pleasant," but sketched her in the very act of administering discipline to a refractory doll, a point in originality that has helped to make the now distinguished artist one of the most successful painters of child life, simple and natural, away from all studio trappings and restrictions.

Thus, beginning her art work during the toddling stage, Mrs. Lucas may well be called a "born artist," and never, during the successive periods of her student days, and on through the serious years of her most accomplished work, has she swerved from her first intention—to paint children naturally and well—and the fact that her pictures are always "well hung" at the Academy, and that she is known amongst her fellow artists as the "children's favourite," is pretty good evidence that her object has been accomplished.

Little people must be given almost perfect freedom in a studio if they are to be portrayed in the simple, natural manner that is never to be disassociated from childhood. One cannot seat them on a beautiful model throne, and tell them to keep quiet because they are having their portraits painted. The moment you tell them this there is going to be trouble in that studio. Let them frolic about instead, and interest themselves as they do at home, and it will not be long before they quiet down a bit into an attitude both natural and pleasing from which to take the keynote for the painting.

This is the method employed by Mrs. Lucas in all of her work with little folk from the long-clothes-in-arms period to the age of ten, which is the age limit for most of her pictures. A great percentage of her work is portraiture. She tells me she finds it

Wandering Thoughts.

Google

A Woodland Princess.

expedient to have the child's toys brought along to the studio, and that the first one or two sittings are taken up in getting acquainted with the small autocrat, and in making her feel at home in the studio surroundings.

This is usually accomplished quite easily by the nurse giving little suggestions as to the favourite propensities of her small charge, whilst all the time the artist's eye is keenly alive to every pretty movement and attitude, until presently both she and her model are keenly absorbed in their work, and the first great difficulty is overcome—they have grown at ease in each other's presence.

In the first stages of the portrait almost every child shows great interest in the wonderful thing that is taking form and colour on the canvas, and keeps running up to "look at me," as they tell the artist. But the novelty soon wears off, and they pay little or no attention to anything except their playthings, and frequently will fall off into tired slumber, with curls in the most picturesquely disordered tumble.

These little "rests" do not disconcert the artist in the least; in fact, she rather rejoices over the chance of studying the baby loveliness in perfect repose, and when the restless little body is toddling about again there will be seen a wonderful advancement in the working out of feature and line.

Sometimes the artist finds it best to have a nursery playmate accompany her small model: together they manage to amuse themselves in the manner of happy children, and some of their conversation is well worth recording.

Two small mites, one of three, the other of four years, were playing at "keeping house," on a big bear skin rug over by the fire on a snowy day near Christmas time. They were surrounded on all sides by a motley crew of dolls of all ages and nationalities, conspicuous amongst whom were Mr. and Mrs. Golly Wogg, and an armless wax replica of Lord Roberts. Sorrow, evidently, was in each small mother heart, over the calamity that had so cruelly robbed the gallant soldier of his arms. His prostrate form was lying in dignified state on a small cushion between them, and the two were bringing all their supply of baby logic to bear on the surgical problem as to how his unfortunate members might best be restored to his body.

Google

Little Mrs. Four Years Old was sure that old Father Christmas would make some new ones for him if he found him lying by the grate in such a pitiable plight; while Little Three Years Old was perfectly certain that "Dod would do that without any Father Christmas," a pretty philosophy which they discussed at great length, to the huge entertainment of the artist and their nurse.

Mrs. Lucas always allows her little sitters to be painted with any chosen plaything, if they are particularly devoted to it, and in many of her portrait studies one may see an old wool rabbit, or something equally prosaic, hugged close to the baby heart. The picture of a little child sitting very comfortable and contented on a rug is much more to this artist's ideas of the art of painting children than is the old-fashioned, stereotyped one of perching them stiffly on a chair, or in the lap of a grown-up.

In one of her most charming Academy portraits of a year ago, a sunny-haired bit of feminine babyhood was shown sitting flat on the floor with a struggling black kitten held captive under one chubby arm.

It happened that this was the little sitter's favourite sport—to hold the wriggling puss when it wanted very much to get away, and when she came to sit for her portrait, she insisted on having the small black chum brought with her, and thus the artist chose to paint her.

Some children have a wonderfully quick adaptability for posing, especially the "nook child," who is never so happy as when curled up in a great chair, looking at picture books. This Mrs. Lucas finds to be the nearest approach to the ideal that one could ask for in a youthful sitter—to curl up gracefully in a big chair and keep still for a long time—say ten or twenty minutes' perfect absorption in a book! When she wants to paint the face looking towards her, she has only to so arrange the chair, and now and again to attract the child's attention.

Seldom do children show a dislike for being painted, but they do sometimes. Mrs. Lucas tells of a small boy who refused to "be good" unless his best pal in mischief-brooding was painted with him; so at last this had to be arranged, and it is needless to

A Little Hearth-Witch.

Google

say that this portrait was one of the most thrillingly exciting pieces of work ever accomplished in the artist's studio.

Another sitter, a little girl, was simply wild with delight over the thought of being painted with "Lady Teresa," who was, let it be understood, none other than the very oldest, most dejected-looking, Indian rag doll imaginable; and the little mistress showed the greatest anxiety as to the exact detail and truthfulness of her darling's portrait.

In working from professional models the artist finds that it is quite possible to work from a studied pose, as the little people get used to doing what they are told, and often sit still, like little martyrs, in some one position for what seems to them a very long time, but is, in reality, only a few minutes—a period which is, nevertheless, a great way ahead of the usual juvenile portrait sitter.

Still, even models have to be humoured a little when they are so young, and the artist finds that sweets and pretty trinkets go a long way towards the success of a pose.

One little girl used to get sudden streaks of homesickness for her "mummy," and nothing would pacify her but to be taken home for a little while, whence she would come back as bright as sunshine.

On one occasion, when painting some little girls out in the country, the artist was called upon to furnish some very quaint Georgian costumes, which so turned the pretty heads of her humble models that there were frequent tearful scenes and childish expostulations when the time came for changing the dainty frocks for the matter-of-fact pinafores of every-day life.

The effervescence of babyhood is difficult to quell, even in a studio. A little portrait model was greatly excited one morning on arriving a trifle late, and proceeded to chatter out her excuses the minute the door was opened for her, despite the gentle reproofs of her nurse.

She had not come in mummy's carriage as usual (she explained), but in such a queer place under the ground (meaning the Tu'penny Tube), where she went down on a big door into a place with holes at both ends, and where the trains came up like rabbits.

A strong light is naturally one of the important things in a studio, and the model is made to sit in the full glare of it more often than otherwise.

A little three-year-old tot was one morning sitting facing the light in blinking discomfort, when she suddenly turned round towards the artist, and said:

"I fink I could go to sleep if the blind was down."

Juvenile Choristers.

Google

A DUET.

For Violin and Piano.

COMPOSED BY A. DEMAIN GRANGE.

COMPASS:

A♯♯ (otherwise Mr. Aubrey Sharpe) ... A promising young Pianist.

B♭ (otherwise Miss Bee Flatt) ... ... An aspiring young Violinist.

The Piece is played, at first furioso, and afterwards con amore, in two adjoining rooms, at Nos. 8 and 9 Beethoven Road, Clapham. Common or any Time.

(*The Scene is divided into two apartments, by a partition running down the centre of the Stage. Each room has a door at the back, and both are furnished with the usual necessities in the way of tables, chairs, and so forth. In addition, the room on the right has a piano in it, and the one on the left contains an adjustable music stand. Piles of music* ad lib.)

(*Enter Aubrey Sharpe, in a tall hat and overcoat, through the door on the right.*)

AUBREY (*pausing in a listening attitude*). Ah! I am in luck's way for once! That fiddle-scraping fiend next door is evidently out, and consequently I can have my practice in peace. That is some comfort, anyhow! (*Lays his hat on the table and proceeds to divest himself of his overcoat.*)

What a nuisance it is having a neighbour who makes one's life miserable in that fashion! I have only been here a week, and every day since I came, my sensitive ear has been tortured by her excruciating performances. (*Thoughtfully.*) Fraulein Schmecks—that is the name on her door-plate. I wonder what she is like. Oh, I know! a scraggy, sallow-visaged person, with a pronounced German accent, an equally pronounced nose, and about as much *feeling* as a barrel-organ! *Forty*, I should say—judging from her playing!

And that reminds me, I must have old Rallentando's plate taken down immediately, or people may mistake me for *him!* True, he is a great performer, and sometimes plays at the St. James' Hall concerts, and all that sort of thing, whereas I have never as yet appeared in public. But then—*his expression!* Ugh! I flatter myself I am several streets ahead of him there! (*Sits at the piano and strikes a few preliminary chords.*)

Yes, *expression* is my strong point! (*Gives an example.*) Herr Blitzenstein tells me so, and he knows what he is saying. Music masters generally do. (*Executes a few complicated runs.*)

Then dear little Bee admires my playing, and *she* is a very good judge. (*Plays reflectively.*) What a pity we have quarrelled though. I quite miss seeing her home after her lesson, and carrying her portfolio—and paying her 'bus fares—as I used to do. Now she won't as much as look at me, and since she changed her rooms I don't even know where she lives. And we—*we were almost engaged!* (*Plays fast and furiously.*)

(*Enter Bee Flatt into the room on the left. She is dressed in outdoor costume, and carries a violin case in her hand.*)

BEE (*as the piano suddenly ceases*). Now, what a shame! Just as I wanted to have half an hour's quiet practice I am to be disturbed by that piano-thumping old horror next door!

AUBREY (*selecting a piece of music*). This is glorious.

Copyright, 1903, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., in the United States of America.

Digitized by Google

"This ought to do it nicely!"

BEE. I call it simply monstrous! (*Bangs the violin case down upon the table and pulls off her gloves.*) Signor Rallentando indeed! I suppose that means a nasty, rat-like little Italian, with greasy hair, a smile still greasier, and finger-nails like the edge of a mourning card! (*Throws down her gloves and takes off her hat and jacket.*)

What an intolerable nuisance some people are! It is barely a week since I changed into these rooms, and already my nerves are quite shattered by that horrible jangle. I am sure Aubrey would never make himself so disagreeable. But then, the dear boy couldn't if he tried! (*Sits thoughtfully.*)

Poor Aubrey! I am sorry I quarrelled with him, because I—well, I think he really does care for me a little. He was *so* good about those 'bus fares! Ah, yes! I would make it up, willingly, only I don't know his address, and I haven't seen him for nearly a fortnight now. And that reminds me, I ought to have Fraulein Schmecks' door-plate taken down at once, or I may have all sorts of undesirable people calling upon me—possibly Signor Rallentando!

(*Rises and takes her violin out of its case. Aubrey, in the meantime having decided upon a piece, commences to play softly.*)

Ugh! Just listen! I declare it positively gives me the—the—*the ascending chromatics!*

AUBREY (*as he plays*). I am in first-rate form to-day. I wish Bee could hear me.

BEE. If *only* he would stop!

AUBREY. I'm sure she would be pleased.

BEE. It's worse than that dreadful *Nocturne!*

AUBREY. Dear little woman! How fond of me she is! She once told me she could listen to my playing for hours.

BEE (*coming down with her violin*). Oh, I can't stand this another *minute!* And what is more—I won't. *I'll break every string I've got first!* (*Proceeds to tune up viciously. Aubrey comes to a deaa stop, and slowly swings round on his stool.*)

AUBREY (*with intense disgust*). Well, I *never!*

BEE (*with satisfaction*). I thought *that* would startle him!

AUBREY. What a mean, cowardly advantage to take! She knows very well *I* can't tune up!

BEE. And now for something—*crushing!* (*Rummages through her music.*)

AUBREY. But I'll be even with her if I have to smash every note in the piano—and the loud pedal into the bargain. (*Hastily selects another piece.*)

BEE. This ought to do it nicely! (*Places a sheet of music on the stand.*)

AUBREY (*pushing back his cuffs*). Now for some *execution!*

BEE (*waving her bow dramatically*). *Fortissimo!*

(*They begin playing together in markedly different times and keys, each trying to drown the other, until finally they both stop exhausted.*)

BEE (*sinking into a chair*). It's no use! I can't keep it up any longer!

AUBREY (*leaning forward on the piano*). Phew! I'm done. That woman would paralyse Paganini himself!

BEE (*listening*). It seems to have had some effect, anyhow! Perhaps, if I made another effort, I could subdue him altogether.

AUBREY (*thoughtfully*). Hum! She is evidently rather *played out!* I might do it yet.

Digitized by Google

BEE (*starting to her feet*). I have it!

AUBREY (*springing up*). By Jove!

BEE. The very thing! I'll lower my E string half a tone! (*Does so promptly.*)

AUBREY. An excellent idea! I wonder I never thought of it before. (*Sits again at the piano.*)

BEE. If this doesn't finish him—*he's no true artist!*

AUBREY. If she will persist in playing out of season, I shall play—*out of tune!*

(*They both re-commence together, the effect produced by the lowered string and Aubrey's disregard of all sharps and flats being weird and harrowing in the extreme. After a few singularly lively moments Bee puts down her instrument in despair.*)

BEE. I can't—really I can't! It's too terrible for words! (*Sits despondently.*)

AUBREY (*jumping up*). That's more than I can stand! I'm beaten—I admit it—beaten on the *flat!* (*Paces wildly to and fro.*)

BEE. He's much too *sharp* for me! I must find some other way. Let me see. I could send a note, of course. But—— (*Glances at the violin.*) M'yes! *Notes* are so unsatisfactory! (*Starting up and hastily putting on her hat.*) I know! I'll just run round and see him personally. That will be much better; and he can't—well, he can't *talk out of tune!* (*Goes quickly out, closing the door behind her.*)

AUBREY (*striding up and down angrily*). *This* sort of thing must be put a stop to! It's perfectly intolerable that I can't sit down to a quiet half-hour's practice without being disturbed every time by that cantankerous old she-cat next door! I feel sure she only does it to annoy me. She can't possibly imagine that stuff is *music!* That would be too absurd, really. Now if it was dear little Bee—well, it would be quite another thing! She *has* some notion of playing the violin. But that woman—she doesn't even realise that the violin is a musical instrument! (*Comes to a standstill by the piano.*) Confound it! I feel thoroughly upset. I've half a mind to run down to old Blitzenstein on the chance of finding Bee there. By Jove, I will! (*Taking out some coppers.*) Yes, I can just manage a 'bus fare—in case of accident! (*Goes quickly to the door and opens it as* BEE *arrives on the landing outside.*)

BEE (*speaking to someone behind her*). Signor Rallentando not here? But, my good woman—— (*Turns and comes face to face with* AUBREY.)

AUBREY (*stepping back*). Bee!

BEE (*entering*). Mr. Sharpe!

AUBREY (*closing the door*). I *am* glad to see you.

BEE (*looking round*). Yes, but where—where is Signor Rallentando?

AUBREY. Oh, he left some weeks ago! Do you know him?

BEE. No—not exactly. I saw his name on the door, and—and——

AUBREY. Ah, yes. I must really have that plate taken down.

BEE (*aghast*). Then *you* live here?

AUBREY. Certainly, I do. I came here last Tuesday.

BEE (*eagerly*). And you've *been here a week?*

AUBREY (*innocently*). A week to-day exactly.

BEE (*expressively*). *Oh!* (*Turns away with a strange smile.*)

AUBREY. But won't you sit down? It seems *ages* since I saw you last.

"Hum! she is evidently rather *played out!* I might do it yet."

Google

BEE (*dropping into a chair*). Yes, nearly a fortnight.

AUBREY. Ah! I have no knowledge of time where you are concerned! (*Draws up a chair and sits near her.*)

BEE. Evidently not, Mr. Sharpe.

AUBREY. A fortnight—a month—a year; it is all an age to me without you, Bee. (*Takes her hand gently.*)

BEE. You have missed me *so* much?

AUBREY. More than I can ever tell you! (*Sighs deeply.*)

BEE. Poor boy! But then, you—you have had your music to console you. (*Waves her hand vaguely towards the piano.*)

AUBREY (*doubtfully*). Yes—yes, of course!

BEE (*offended*). Oh!

AUBREY (*hastily*). I mean, it might have *helped* me—if——

BEE (*expectantly*). If?

AUBREY. If it hadn't been for that wretch of a woman next door!

BEE (*withdrawing her hand quickly*). Ah! *She* interrupted you, did she?

AUBREY (*gloomily*). You don't know what I've suffered during the last week! Every time I've sat down to play, she has driven me almost crazy with her hideous performances on the violin.

BEE (*indignantly*). Has she indeed!

AUBREY. Yes, I never heard anything so excruciating before. It positively made me writhe!

BEE (*sarcastically*). *Poor thing!*

AUBREY (*soothingly*). Come, come, you mustn't be jealous!

BEE (*clenching her hand convulsively*). Oh, I'm not jealous! I'm only—*interested!*

AUBREY. I should say she was forty, if she was a day!

BEE (*springing up*). Sir!

AUBREY. You don't believe it?

BEE. No, sir, I do *not!* (*Paces angrily up and down.*)

AUBREY (*rising*). Why, Bee, whatever is the matter? You seem as put out as if I had said *you* were forty.

BEE. Exactly!

AUBREY. Which, of course, would be absurd.

BEE. Isn't it—I mean, wouldn't it!

AUBREY. Absolutely.

BEE (*pulling out her pocket handkerchief*). As—as absurd as saying I played the violin hid-hideously.

AUBREY. Come, little woman, you are not yourself to-day. (*Takes her hand between his own.*)

BEE (*tearfully*). Ap-apparently not. (*Sobs and dabs her eyes alternately.*)

AUBREY. You know you play divinely.

BEE. Do—do I?

AUBREY. Of course you do! But what you want, dear, is taking out of yourself a little.

BEE. Wh-which self?

AUBREY. Your present self. Now, if only we could have run through our favourite duet——

BEE (*with sudden inspiration*). Oh, let us.

AUBREY. Yes, but—you haven't got your instrument.

BEE. Yes, I have! That is, I left it—er—*downstairs!*

AUBREY (*delightedly*). Then run and fetch it.

BEE. I will! (*Goes out quickly.* AUBREY *crosses to the piano.*)

AUBREY (*thoughtfully*). She seems to be very much upset to-day. Her manner is so strange; and then, what a peculiar attitude for her to take up with regard to Fraulein Schmecks. Surely they can't be great friends, or—or something dreadful like that! Hum—*hardly!* I think I can make my mind easy on that point! But I should like to know what she wanted with old Rallantando all the same! (*Shakes his head and proceeds to search through several large piles of music. At this point* BEE *bursts into the other room.*)

BEE (*excitedly*). Extraordinary, incomprehensible! Here have I been living next door to Aubrey for a whole week, *and never knew it!* Ha! ha! ha! Could anything be more ridiculous than my taking him for Signor Rallentando—unless it is his *mis*taking me for Fraulein Schmecks! Well, I've got the odds in my favour this time, and we shall see—we shall see! (*Snatches up the violin and rushes out with it. After a short interval, during which* AUBREY *diligently continues his search, she enters demurely through the door on the right.*)

AUBREY (*looking up*). Have you got it?

BEE (*nodding*). Yes.

AUBREY. All right then—here we are. (*Places a piece of music on the piano and takes his seat.*)

BEE (*coming down to his side*). I—I hope we shall keep better time than we did on the last occasion.

AUBREY (*surprised*). Why, I thought we played perfectly. Don't you remember, old Blitzenstein said it was "unbaralleled"?

BEE (*smiling*). Oh, yes, *it was!* You begin, I think.

Google

(AUBREY *nods, and plays over the symphony, after which* BEE *joins him in an effective little tremulo passage. Unfortunately, however, she has forgotten to screw up the lowered E string, with the result that they both come to a dead stop in the midst of a perfect chaos of discord.*)

AUBREY. Good gracious! Your E string is half a tone out.

BEE (*confusedly*). Yes. I—I forgot to tune it up again.

AUBREY (*starting to his feet*). *You forgot to tune it up again!*

BEE (*in still deeper confusion*). These pegs are too loose, you know, and I slipped—I mean, *it* slipped, and—and——

AUBREY (*in horror-stricken tones*). Bee, what does this mean?

BEE (*evasively*). What does what mean?

AUBREY (*with solemn impressiveness*). *That woman, too, was out half a tone on her E string!*

BEE. How singular!

AUBREY. Yes, it is *singular*. In other words, I believe that you and she *are one!*

BEE. One what?

AUBREY (*angrily*). Don't temporise! I mean—*that you are Fraulein Schmecks.*

BEE (*smiling demurely*). Ah, yes! I really must have that plate taken down.

AUBREY (*decisively*). Never—*never will I speak to you again!*

(*Thrusts his hands deeply into his pockets, and marches up the centre of the room.*)

BEE (*with sudden alarm*). Oh, dear! What have I done?

AUBREY. You have deceived me shamefully!

BEE (*going towards him*). But, Mr. Sharpe—Aubrey—you forget! It is I who ought to be offended. Yes, *I*—that wretch of a woman whose hideous and excruciating performances on the violin positively made you writhe, and who—*who was forty if she was a day!*

AUBREY (*turning quickly*). And do you think I should have said all that if I—well, if I had known it was you!

BEE. I don't mind the other a bit. But—*forty!* That is *too much!* (*Again has resource to her handkerchief.*)

AUBREY (*relenting*). There, there! don't cry, darling! After all, it was only a mistake, and I didn't mean it, on my honour I didn't! Why, when you come to think it over, it was really rather funny!

BEE (*brightly*). Oh, wasn't it!

AUBREY (*laughing*). Fancy us two sitting on either side of that wall and swearing——

BEE (*quickly*). I didn't *swear*, Aubrey!

AUBREY. Well, grumbling at one another like that for a whole week.

BEE. It wasn't very neighbourly, was it!

AUBREY. No. We are told we ought to love our neighbour as ourself, aren't we? (*Takes her hand once more.*)

BEE (*shyly*). I—I believe so.

AUBREY. Then don't you think *we* could manage to be a little more—*neighbourly?*

BEE (*lowering her eyes*). We might!

AUBREY. Shall we try?

BEE. If you like, Aubrey.

AUBREY (*taking her in his arms*). There is nothing I should like better in the whole world! (*Kisses her.*)

BEE (*looking up into his face*). And, Aubrey, we must try to play together a little more harmoniously in the future.

AUBREY. Practice makes perfect.

BEE. Then—let us practice now! (*They go to the piano and give a perfect rendering of their duet.*)

AL FINE.

CELIA.

I.

The deepest blue in Heaven's vault
Is shamed by Celia's eye.
No rose, however ruby red,
With Celia's lips can vie.

II.

No coral pink from ocean's bed
With Celia's ears can pair;
The golden sunset pales before
The tresses of her hair.

III.

The lightest thistledown that blows,
Or snowflake overhead,
No lighter touches on the ground,
Than Celia's fairy tread.

IV.

Her voice—whene'er she sings, the birds
For envy sheer, are mute,
No ear hath ever heard the like,
Since Orpheus play'd his lute.

V.

Her heart—nay is there need to ask,
Encased in such a shrine?
One thought alone sufficeth me—
That Celia's heart is mine.

Clifford Barlow.

Google

THE STRANGE ERRANDS OF A MESSENGER BOY.

Being Extracts From the Surprising History of David David, District Messenger.

By
Allen Upward.

No. I.—THE WAGER IN THE HOTEL METROPOLE.

"Hotel Metropole!" called out the Superintendent, as the paper ribbon rolled out between his fingers in the Charing Cross branch of the District Messenger Company. "Next boy!"

A small, sturdy lad of fourteen, with bright, restless eyes, and a happy smile of self-satisfaction on his face, sprang from his seat at the head of the bench provided by the Company for its youthful Mercuries, and stepped up to the counter.

"Hundred?" said the clerk, giving him a glance of good-humoured irony. "Here's another chance to make your fortune. Hotel Metropole—sure to be a countess this time, at the very least. Wants you to fetch her coronet from the Tower o' London, I expect." He scribbled some figures hastily on a pink, printed paper. "Here you are. Three-twenty. Look sharp; and don't go dropping the coronet down a drain, while you're about it."

"You leave me alone," No. 100 said wrathfully. "I don't believe you'd know a coronet from a brass spirit-lamp, not if you was to see one." He tucked the paper into the small satchel slung on his belt, as he fired off this retort, and bolted out of the office at a pace which would have gladdened the heart of the General Manager of the Company.

The initial velocity was not maintained, however, for, by some mysterious law not unlike that discovered by the great Newton with regard to falling bodies, it has been found by science that the speed of a boy messenger varies inversely with the square of the distance from his branch office.

As he turned the corner into Northumberland Avenue, 100's run subsided into a walk, and as he strolled up the steps of the big hotel he whistled with an air of careless independence, intended to impress the well-fed pages of the establishment with a sense of their inferiority.

Number 100 was a recent recruit to that picturesque corps whose adventures are a part of the romance of London. In private life he was known as David David, and as his name showed, he was a little Welshman by birth, though ever since he could remember he had lived in Camberwell, where his father was an Inspector of the Metropolitan Police.

Like a true Celt, David had a strong vein of romance in his disposition. His ambition was to join the detective branch of the force to which his father belonged, but as the age limit at which constables are enlisted has been fixed so as to exclude boys of fourteen, David was obliged to look for some other opening when he left school.

It was thus that he decided to offer his services to the District Messenger Company. Two of his greatest friends, Larry Maloney and Elbert Inkson—some authorities wrote Albert Hinkson—had already been enrolled in the regiment of London's little couriers,

Copyright, 1903, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., in the United States of America.

Google

and their smart uniforms had struck envy into the heart of every Albany Road boy. A halo of romance surrounded them, the wildest legends being current about the exploits of the brigade.

The voice of rumour was confirmed by the testimony of Larry Maloney, whose handiness with his fists would have made it dangerous to question his accuracy. According to him, a day seldom passed without a boy messenger being sent by a millionaire to the Bank of England to cash a million pound banknote for gold; while it was quite a common thing for one to be engaged by a duke to convey a diamond tiara to some popular actress.

David had drunk in his friend's narratives with greedy ears, and when he first approached the head office of the Messenger Company in Saint Martin's Lane, he felt a thrill like Aladdin's when the wicked magician sent him down the subterranean staircase in search of the Wonderful Lamp. He was a boy who was firmly convinced of his own importance, and he quite expected to find himself already known to the General Manager by repute, as the only boy in the Albany Road School who had passed the sixth standard that quarter.

It was a severe shock to learn that the General Manager did not even want to see him, and that the gentleman who took down his name and address had never heard of his father, Inspector David, famous as the captor of the great Denmark Hill burglar.

However, when his application was successful, and he was engaged at the high salary of seven shillings a week, he consoled himself with the thought that the Company were entertaining an angel unawares, and that ere long, when the newspapers rang with his exploits, and the fame of Jaggers paled before his, the directors would feel ashamed of the indifference with which they had received him into their service.

The first day he put on his brand new uniform, and strutted out into the street, with his cap jauntily cocked over his right ear, he felt only less conspicuous than the Lord Mayor in his gilt coach. He fancied that everyone in the street was going to turn and stare at him, and it was a great disappointment to find that the public received his advent quite calmly, and that the only persons who really paid any attention to his appearance in their midst were some vulgar boys at the corner of Wardour Street, who insulted him by cries of "Jaggers!" and "Fourpence a mile!"

Fortunately, David's good opinion of himself was far too firmly based for him to treat this idle mockery as anything but the tribute which envy pays to greatness. In the same way, his strong faith in his destiny kept him from losing hope when the first weeks of his employment brought him no adventures more sensational than a ride to Ealing *via* the Underground with a mysterious brown paper parcel alleged to contain shirts, but suspected really to hold secret Masonic insignia: and a commission which a proud boy could ill stomach, to lead out an old lady's pug-dog for an hour in St. James's Park.

Every new call roused the Welsh boy's imagination afresh, and he never stepped out of the office without conjuring up a hundred romantic possibilities. It was in such a mood that he presented himself before the hall-porter of the Hotel Metropole, and asked, with a touch of condescension, what he was wanted for.

"Number 904 wants you," said the functionary, with severe indifference. "Go up in the lift, fourth floor, along the corridor to the right, and second turn to the left."

David repeated these directions to himself as he ascended in the lift, and by bearing them in mind arrived at length at the right door.

"Come in," a voice called out sharply in answer to his knock.

David threw open the door, and found himself facing a thin man with greyish hair and a drooping moustache, who was on his knees amid a pile of clothes and linen, while a large portmanteau, with a name stamped on the outside, rested on a luggage stand against the wall.

The kneeling gentleman, whose manner appeared rather flurried, threw a keen glance at the messenger who appeared in the doorway, and then rose to his feet with an expression of relief.

"What's your name, boy?" he said.

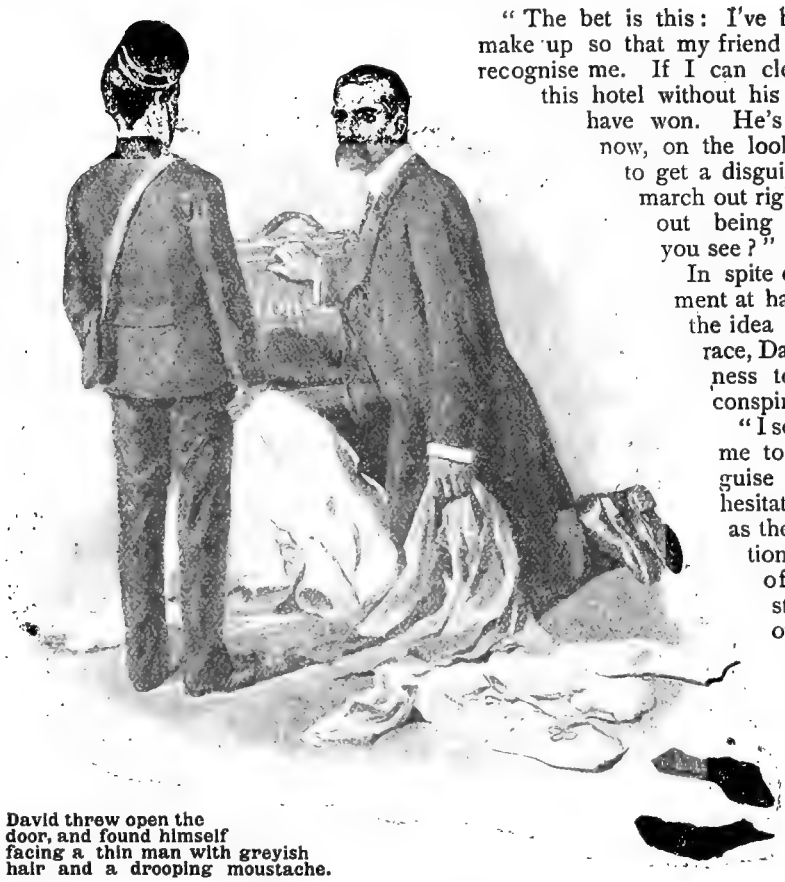
"David David, sir," answered that individual, already scenting some business of an out-of-the-way kind.

"Good," said the gentleman in a friendly tone of voice. "Now you look to me a smart boy, and I'm going to trust you. Can you keep a secret?"

"Yes, sir," David responded promptly, his heart swelling as he felt that his anticipations were coming true, and that he was at last on the brink of a real adventure.

"Right! Then I'll tell you all about it. I want you to help me win a bet. It's very important; I have a lot of money on it, and

Digitized by Google



David threw open the door, and found himself facing a thin man with greyish hair and a drooping moustache.

besides, I want to score off the gentleman I made it with—you understand? If you help me, and I succeed in winning the wager, you shall have half a sovereign for yourself. What do you say?"

David could only say "Thank you." Half a sovereign was a big sum to him; it meant unlimited fireworks and sweets and—this is in strict confidence—packets of Kitchener cigarettes, each packet containing six slender rolls of pale tobacco, and a portrait of the hero of Khartoum, all for the modest price of one penny. David's earnings as a district messenger had to be strictly accounted for to Inspector David, and the balance allowed him for luxuries was only sixpence a week, so that the bribe now dangled before him represented nearly six months' pocket money.

Needless to say, he was all curiosity to learn the terms of the wager. The idea that instantly presented itself to his active mind was that he was to be sent on a motor-car to race the mail to John o' Groats. When the explanation came it was a little disappointing.

"The bet is this: I've backed myself to make up so that my friend won't be able to recognise me. If I can clear away out of this hotel without his knowing, I shall have won. He's waiting outside now, on the look out, and I want to get a disguise so that I can march out right past him without being suspected. Do you see?"

In spite of his disappointment at having to abandon the idea of the motor-car race, David was all eagerness to enter into the conspiracy.

"I see, sir. You want me to help you to disguise yourself." He hesitated for an instant as the brilliant suggestion crossed his mind of offering the stranger the use of his own uniform. But the contrast between the gentleman's height, which was that of a fairly tall man, and his own four feet six inches seemed to constitute a fatal objection to the plan. "I tell you what, sir," he said, after a moment's reflection, "I'm not tall enough, quite, myself, but there's a boy round at our office who's nearly five foot six. Larry Maloney's his name, and if he's there now I might get him to come round and change clothes with you."

The gentleman smiled pleasantly.

"That's not half a bad idea," he replied. "But I don't want anyone else to know besides our two selves, and I'm afraid my friend outside is sharp enough to recognise my face, unless I wore a hat that sheltered me a bit more than that cap of yours."

"You could shave off your moustache, sir," David suggested.

"I'm going to do that, anyway. But I'm determined to have a thoroughly good disguise, one that my own mother wouldn't know me in, and I want you to go round to one of those theatrical costumiers in Bow Street, and bring it to me."

"What sort of disguise, sir?" asked David, whose parents had brought him up to

Digitized by Google

consider theatres as the forecourts of perdition, and whose knowledge of the drama consequently did not extend beyond the modicum of Shakespeare required for the sixth Standard, "Henry the Eighth" or "Julius Cæsar."

"Never mind," the gentleman answered with a mysterious smile. "You'll see when you bring it here. I've written what I want in this letter; and here's a ten pound note, out of which you can pay for it, and bring me the change. Make haste," he added as David thrust the letter and the note into his wallet, and turned to go. "Every moment is important. The sooner I get away the more likely I am to win the bet. Take a cab if you like, to come back."

The boy hurried off, and sprang down the stairs of the hotel without waiting for the lift. As he emerged from the building he glanced up and down Northumberland Avenue, and there on the pavement outside, sure enough, he saw a stoutly-built man, looking something like a country grazier, sauntering up and down and keeping one eye turned towards the steps of the Metropole. David felt a throb of excitement as he walked past, almost brushing against the watcher's elbow. The next moment he had crossed the road and was hurrying down the Strand.

It did not take him long to find a shop in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden whose display in the window of a varied assortment of wigs, swords, uniforms and other theatrical accessories assured him that he might do his errand inside. Passing through a glass-panelled door, he found himself in the presence of a handsome lady with dark features and an aquiline nose, to whom he delivered his letter.

The lady took it and glanced at the envelope with evident suspicion.

"There's no address," she observed. "How do I know this is for us? Who sent you here?"

"It says inside," the boy answered, determined not to risk his employer's secret.

"I ain't going to open a letter that's not addressed to me," the lady objected. "Take it back and tell whoever sent you to put some one's name on it."

David did not hesitate. Taking the missive from the lady's hands, he tore open the envelope himself, and took out the contents. As his eye fell on the letter he caught the words "Charley's Aunt," and the signature, "George Smith."

Somehow the signature struck him as strange. The next moment he recollected that the name he had seen stamped on the portmanteau in the hotel had not been Smith, though he could not call to mind what it was.

He handed the open letter back to the lady of the shop, who this time consented to read it. She did so half to herself, and half aloud, with a muttered commentary.

"Private theatricals. Wants a costume immediately, does he? Oh, Charley's Aunt. Send by the bearer. Well, and how on earth can I tell how to fit him, I should like to know? He doesn't even say what height he is!"

"The gentleman's a head and shoulders taller than me," put in the boy, who was all impatience to receive his burden and get back to the hotel.

"I daresay he is. He's not likely to be shorter," retorted the lady with ill-humour. "I must do the best I can, I suppose; but ten to one he'll send it back again, and want to change it. Why can't people have sense?" She was turning away towards the back of the shop, when a sudden thought seemed to strike her. "Has he sent the money?" she demanded sharply, facing David with a threatening mien.

"Oh yes, ma'am, he gave me a ten-pound note." The boy produced it triumphantly.

The sight had a softening effect on the mistress of the shop.

"I suppose it's a good one?" she grumbled, fingering it suspiciously.

"If you don't think so, I'll go somewhere else," returned David with spirit. "I haven't come here to be insulted."

"Nobody's insulting you. You keep your temper, my dear," advised the lady. But she made no further objections, and disappeared into the back premises, leaving David to investigate the contents of the front shop at his leisure.

The boy was fascinated by the rich display around him. Swords and spears, helmets and crowns, chain armour and robes trimmed with ermine, made him feel as if he had strayed into the wardrobe of one of those fine, old-fashioned kings who never used to take off their crowns day or night, and seldom sat down to dinner without having chopped off the heads of half-a-dozen rebels against their authority.

He was particularly taken by a magnificent gilt crown, with spikes like the petals of a sunflower, and studded with glowing rubies the size of walnuts. He first gazed earnestly at this sumptuous object, then approached it, fingered it, lifted it up, and finally, removing his cap, placed it on his own round head, where

Digitized by Google

it rested somewhere about the bridge of his nose.

A glance at an adjoining mirror suggested that his costume lacked completeness. He cautiously took down a purple velvet robe from its peg, and threw it over his shoulders, from whence it trailed in graceful folds along the ground. Next, grasping a two-handed blade as a sword of state, he strutted before the glass, exclaiming delightedly:

"I look like Henry the Eighth on his way to visit fair Rosamund!"

A very different person from fair Rosamund interrupted the coronation ceremony. This was the black-browed mistress of the shop, who inopportunely returned at this juncture.

"You young imp, how dare you! I'll make a complaint of you, I will!"

David wheeled rapidly round and faced the enraged lady in all his royal splendour.

"What's the matter now?" he returned with ready wit. "Can't I try on these things to see if they fit me. I'm going to buy them, aren't I? How much do you want for this lot?"

Fairly staggered by his coolness, the lady gasped for breath before answering.

"I don't believe as I ever did! How much? Why, that robe alone is two-pound fifteen, and that's a reduction for being soiled. And that crown is—let me see—these crowns are a cheap line—say twenty-five shillings. But the sword's real, and I couldn't do it a penny under four pound ten."

"That's too much. I won't have the sword," said David, laying it down with a fine air of deliberation. "But I'll take the other things. How long can you give me to pay?"

"How long?" The lady's suspicions revived at this question. "Not an hour. This is a cash place, and those things don't leave till they're paid for."

"Will you take ten shillings down, and sixpence a week after?" asked the boy, as he reluctantly prepared to lift off his glittering head-dress.

A snort of rage burst from the lady, as she perceived that she had been played with.

"Young impudence! You just take off those things, and clear out of this before I send the police after you. I'm going to write to the Company to-night."

David hastily doffed the crown and mantle of his borrowed dignity, took up the fat parcel which the lady had laid on the counter, and tendered the banknote in payment.

The lady's just wrath did not render her incapable of arithmetical calculation. She ran over the items concealed in the package in a husky whisper, and finally tendered the messenger the exact sum of £2 19*s.* 6*d.* change. As soon as he had clutched the money the boy darted out of the shop, without staying to listen to the lady's farewell remarks, which were neither friendly nor flattering.

No cab being in sight, he walked down at a brisk pace to the Strand. As he passed the office of the *Morning Post*, his eye was struck by something familiar in the contents of a *Star* placard displayed outside.

THE GREAT WILL CASE.

Sheldrake Cross-Examined.

Suddenly it flashed on the boy's mind that Sheldrake was the name he had seen stamped on the portmanteau in room No. 904. Evidently the owner of the portmanteau had not signed his own name to the letter just delivered. David wondered carelessly if he could be the same man whose cross-examination seemed to be exciting the interest of the readers of the *Star*. He was half tempted to buy a paper, and read the case, but remembering the injunction he had received to make haste, he turned away and sped back to the hotel.

He hardly recognised the gentleman in No. 904, when he again opened the door and found himself in his presence. Mr. Sheldrake, if that were indeed his name, had taken advantage of the interval to apply a razor to his upper lip, and the complete disappearance of the moustache had wrought a great change in his appearance. It was a change for the worse. With his moustache No. 904 had appeared a weak, distracted individual; without it he looked a rogue.

He welcomed the return of his messenger with ill-concealed impatience, and hardly stopped to count the change from the ten-pound note.

"That's right," he exclaimed, tearing at the string of the parcel. "Now you can help me on with the things."

The parcel, being opened, proved to contain a black bombazine dress, a poke bonnet to match, and, most important of all, a grey wig with weird ringlets on each side of the face. When Mr. Sheldrake slipped this last property over his head, David felt justified in assuring him that his success in the wager was absolutely assured.

First of all, however, he assisted the gentleman on with the bombazine skirt, in order to wear which he had to doff his frock coat.

Google

David wheeled rapidly round and faced the enraged lady in all his royal splendour.

Google

He was about to pack that garment into the portmanteau by the wall, when David ventured a suggestion.

"Aren't you afraid, sir, that your friend may see your name on the portmanteau?"

The gentleman started.

"You are right, my boy. I clean forgot that. What the deuce can I do? A new portmanteau would look suspicious, wouldn't it?"

"There's a shop in the Strand, sir, near the foot of Bedford Street, where they sell second-hand trunks and things."

"Good! The very thing! You're a smart boy, and I sha'n't forget you," said the gentleman with enthusiasm.

David fairly blushed beneath the praise.

"I'll go straight off and get a portmanteau for you, sir, while you finish dressing," he said.

Mr. Sheldrake handed him two sovereigns, and a shilling for a cab, and he departed on his mission.

It is needless to say that Mr. Sheldrake's friend was still patrolling the pavement outside the hotel. David glanced at him curiously as he passed, and was relieved to find that the watcher took no notice of his coming and going.

It did not take him long to reach the shop he had described, and to bargain for a portmanteau about the same size as the one he had left in No. 904. He was fortunate enough to secure it for thirty-five shillings, and placing it on a cab, returned to the Metropole in triumph.

He found a figure which fairly astonished him when he turned the door-handle of No. 904. Mr. Sheldrake had completely vanished, and in his stead there stood revealed an absurd old woman of the Mid-Victorian period, almost a caricature of the aunt of the last generation. The disguise was perfect, and David felt no doubt of his employer being able to elude the scrutiny of the rather obtuse-looking individual outside the hotel.

"You'll do, sir!" he exclaimed. "You're just perfect! I shouldn't have known you myself if I hadn't helped you to try on the things."

The pretended lady rewarded him by adding the promised half-sovereign to the change from the purchase of the portmanteau.

"Now," he said, "there's only one thing more I want you to do while I'm putting my things into this portmanteau. Go out and get me a cab. Make the man draw up outside the entrance, and tell him he is to take a lady to the General Steam Navigation Company's boat for Ostend, Saint Katherine's Wharf, London Bridge."

"I'd better get a four-wheeler, hadn't I?" David asked. "It'll look more in keeping."

"It won't go so fast," Mr. Sheldrake objected. "Still, I suppose you're right—it will look more natural. My friend isn't likely to look so closely at a four-wheeler, and once I'm clear away from the hotel I shall be secure."

"You'll have won the bet, then, won't you, sir?"

"Yes, of course. That's what I meant. I shall have won the bet. But, mind, you have got to explain to the cabman where he is to go. I don't want to have to speak to him when I'm getting into the cab."

"All right, sir. I'll see to that."

David went down again, delighted with the approaching success of the intrigue. He had to go as far as the Underground station before he found a four-wheel cab. He carefully explained to the driver where he was required to go.

"It's a nervous old lady," he added, by way of making the thing more real. "But she'll pay you well if you drive straight off and don't bother her. Saint Katherine's Wharf, remember."

"I know," growled the cabman. "'Tain't the first time I've driven to catch the Hosten' boat."

David got into the cab, and enjoyed the luxury of being driven up in state to the Hotel Metropole. A conceited hall-boy rushed down the steps to open the door of the cab, and was painfully disconcerted to find a boy messenger inside.

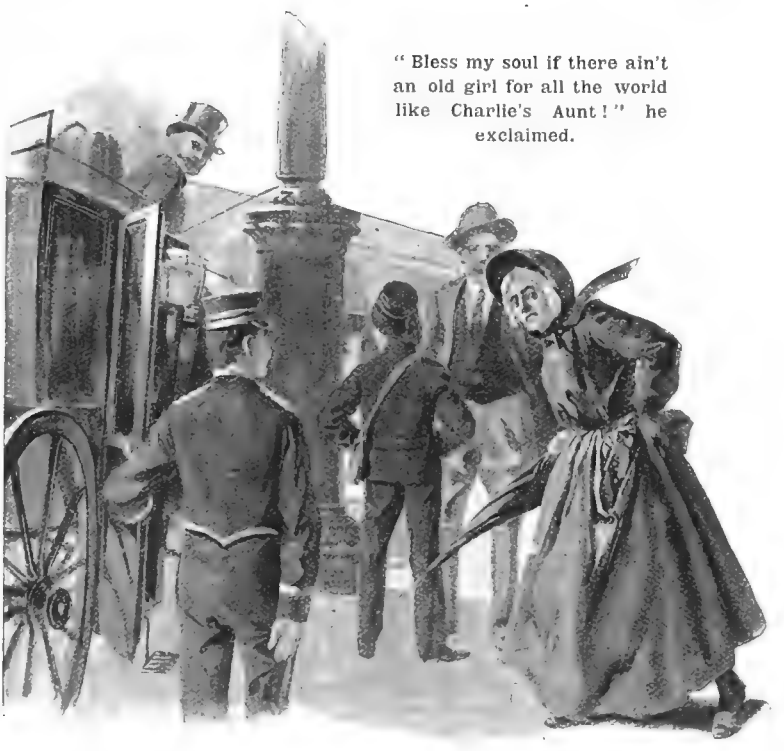
"Thank you, my lad," said David, in a tone of gracious condescension, which aggravated his rival almost to the point of frenzy. "You can stay here and see that nobody else goes off with the cab while I'm inside paying the bill."

He went up to No. 904, where the representative of Charley's Aunt was waiting impatiently.

"I've settled my account," said the gentleman, "and I think it will look better if one of the hotel porters carries out my portmanteau, and puts it on to the cab. But I tell you what I should like you to do. Go down again, and if you see my friend hanging about, go up to him and pretend to ask him the way to Clapham Junction or Olympia, or somewhere a good way off, so as to distract his attention while I'm getting in."

Lost in admiration of Mr. Sheldrake's powers of strategy, David willingly consented to play his part in this last manœuvre.

Digitized by Google



"Bless my soul if there ain't an old girl for all the world like Charlie's Aunt!" he exclaimed.

Sauntering slowly out on the steps of the hotel, he glanced up and down the Avenue, as if undecided which way to turn, and caught sight of the seeming grazier engaged in friendly conversation with the driver of the cab which was to convey the old lady to Saint Katherine's Wharf.

With his heart in his mouth at this ominous conjunction, the boy came down the steps and approached Mr. Sheldrake's friend.

"If you please, sir," he said, putting on a look of innocence which would have deceived a schoolmaster, "can you tell me the best way to get to Clapham Junction?"

"Clapham Junction!" exclaimed the man he addressed. "Blest if I know the way to get there from here! What do you say, cabby? How's this lad to get to Clapham Junction?"

As the question was put, the same hall-boy who had opened the cab-door five minutes earlier emerged from the hotel carrying the portmanteau which David had been instrumental in procuring.

"Here you are, cabby. Outside."

Distracted by this interruption, the cabman neglected to answer the inquiry about Clapham Junction. The other man turned again to David.

"A cab would be quickest, I expect," he began. "The South-Eastern don't run there, I think——" He broke off, and stared hard at the quaint figure which now appeared descending the steps of the hotel.

"Bless my soul if there ain't an old girl for all the world like Charley's Aunt!" he exclaimed.

David felt himself turning hot and cold by turns. He made an effort to draw off the attention of the enemy. "What railway does run there?" he said, moving so as to place himself between the man he was speaking to and the open door of the cab. "Must I go to Waterloo or Victoria?"

The man emitted a low whistle.

"Well, if I ever see such a guy in all my born days!—what do you say, youngster? Waterloo or Victoria? It don't matter which, I should say; it depends on whether a train happens to be starting when you get there. Why not go over Westminster Bridge, and take a tram?—Well, she's off, anyhow."

The door of the cab was slammed-to by the page, the cabman whipped up his horse, and the vehicle swiftly disappeared under the railway bridge spanning the Embankment.

David's strained nerves gave way in a deep sigh of relief and triumph.

"Why, what's the matter?" demanded Mr. Sheldrake's friend, remarking the boy's agitation.

"I can tell you now," the boy returned gleefully. "You've lost your bet!"

"Bet! What bet? What's the boy talking about?"

"Why, the bet that you made with your friend that he wouldn't be able to leave the hotel without you recognising him," David

Digitized by Google

answered, a slight feeling of uneasiness beginning to disturb his satisfaction.

"You must be dreaming!" the man exclaimed, staring at him in bewilderment. The next instant his manner underwent a sudden change, and he gripped the boy tight by the arm.

"What's the name of the man you're talking about?" And as he saw the boy hesitate, he added sternly: "Come, make a clean breast of it, or it'll be the worse for you."

"I thought you were his friend. Mr. Sheldrake," stammered the boy, thoroughly alarmed.

"By George!"—the man gave him a glance of infinite disgust. "You've been and gone and done it, my precious sonny! Was it Sheldrake that drove off in that cab, dressed up like a female scarecrow?"

"Suppose it was," muttered David in an aggrieved tone.

"Suppose it was! Why, you young ——. Tell me, do you know where he's gone?"

"What business is that of yours?" the boy returned pertly, recovering his spirit under the influence of indignation at the man's rough handling.

"What business? Why, where have you been buried the last five days that you haven't heard of the great will case? Don't you know that that man's Sheldrake, the fellow who's been trying to prove a forged will, and that there'll be a warrant out for his arrest the moment the jury have given their verdict. I'm Sergeant Blake, of Scotland Yard, that's who I am, and I've been shadowing this chap for two days, with instructions to arrest him the moment the case is over. Now, young man, in the King's name, will you tell me where that cab has drove off to?"

Stunned by this revelation, the conscience-stricken David faltered out the address. His captor released his arm, leaped into the nearest hansom, and dashed off in pursuit of the four-wheeler.

But the Sergeant was not destined to recover the lost trail. Mr. Sheldrake had evidently been shrewd enough to foresee that the case was going against him, and had decided not to wait for the verdict of the jury, pronouncing the will to be a forgery. Apparently it was only on returning to his hotel after being cross-examined that he had taken the decision to bolt; and something had evidently made him suspect that he was being shadowed by the police. Hence his ingenious plan to get away without attracting attention.

For the same reason he had evidently given his cabman fresh orders as soon as he was round the corner.

What became of the four-wheeler and its eccentric occupant, neither the Sergeant nor David ever learnt. When the Ostend boat paid out from Saint Katherine's Wharf there was no passenger on board bearing the smallest resemblance to the gentleman who had stayed in the Hotel Metropole, or to the elderly spinster associated with the fame of Mr. Penley.

Only, in the pleasant, far-off capital of Buenos Ayres there is rumoured to be living a very clever gentleman, who pronounces Spanish with a foreign accent, and wears a drooping moustache with a remarkably full beard, and is sometimes heard to speak in kindly praise of the smartness and fidelity of the boys of the London District Messenger Service.

A THOUGHT.

I.

Would I were a red-rose flower
Growing in my lady's bower,
That I might throughout the day
Watch her while at work and play;
Hear her as she moves along,
Humming low some favourite song.
This were life, since life to me
Lies wherever she may be.

II.

If she pluck me, what care I
If at her fair hands I die,
Since her soothing, soft caress
Robs death of its bitterness.
And when dying this I know,
That those dainty lips bestow
On my form one lingering kiss—
What more pleasant death than this!

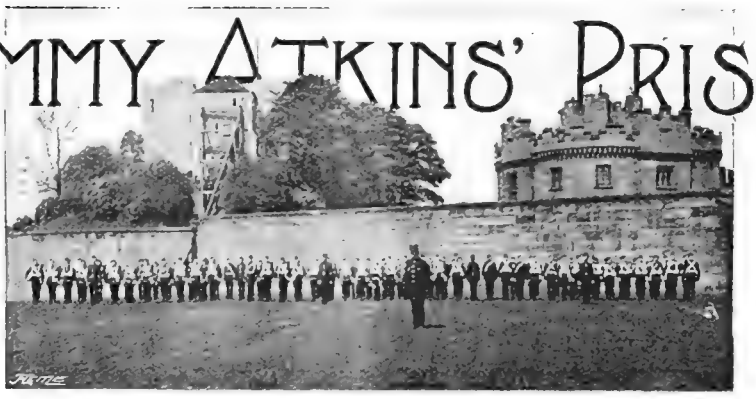
III.

But if not the scented rose,
Then the vilest weed that grows
On the pathway where she treads,
As she tends her flower-decked beds.
For thrice happy should I be
Even if she trod on me;
Since what death were half so sweet
As to die at her fair feet.

AUBREY NEWTON.

Google

TOMMY ATKINS' PRISON



Military Offenders are Subject to a Different Code of Punishment from an Ordinary Criminal. Care is taken that Imprisonment Should Make them not only Better Men, but Better Soldiers as well

By W. R. Willis

The British soldier has bulked very largely in the national life of late, and the military prison has been much in evidence consequent on the prolonged South African war. The life of a military offender is an aspect of military events with which the general public, however, is little familiar. An account of how he is treated in prison will probably be of interest.

Originally there were only two modes of punishment for the soldier—death or the lash. Any and every misdemeanour led him (according to the gravity of the offence) to either the gallows or the flogging-triangle. Public opinion revolted against such a barbarous method of punishing breaches of discipline, and flogging was abolished in the Army. Since then popular sentiment has been instrumental in the adoption of several important changes in the direction of the more humane treatment of the military prisoner.

There are fifteen military prisons, the largest being Aldershot, Dover, Woking, and York Castle, which can accommodate over two hundred prisoners. The men who are incarcerated therein are serving sentences for purely military offences, such as striking their superior officers, sleeping while on duty, insubordination, and so on. They are not criminals; all soldiers guilty of crime are handed over to the civil authorities. The longest term which a man serves in the military establishments is two years, all sentences of penal servitude being carried out in the penal establishments of the Home Office.

A prisoner in a military prison no longer—as in this photograph—has to wear prison clothes and be designated by a badge and number.

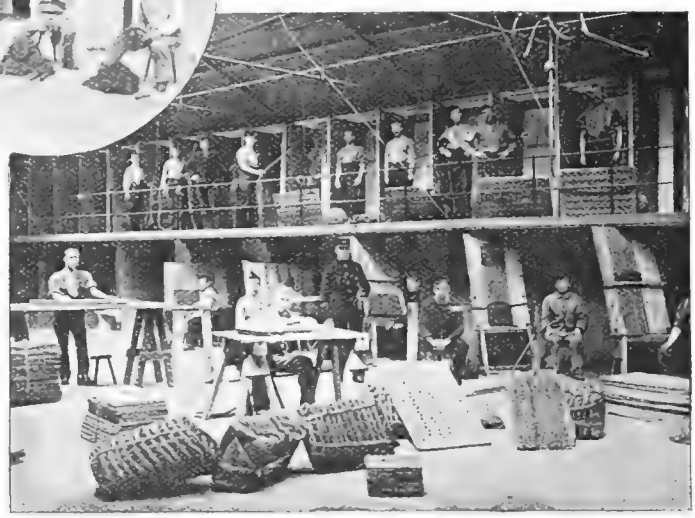
The keynote of the present-day treatment in military prisons is that the inmates are not criminals, but are military offenders. The prison garb, the number in substitution of a name, and all the degrading and demoralising associations of convict life are banished; it is to be hoped never to return.

Let us follow a man sentenced to undergo say twelve months' imprisonment through the various stages of his prison career, noting that the term of imprisonment to which he has been sentenced is intended not only in the nature of retribution for his offences, but to afford an opportunity for his reform. We will say he has been convicted by a court-martial at Lichfield or Preston, or any of the northern depôts. In that case he will be sent to H.M. Military Prison at York Castle, one of the largest establishments of the kind, and a thoroughly typical institution, administered by a Governor imbued with the progressive ideas which characterised Colonel Clare Garsia's administration as Inspector-General.

On entering the building the man's papers are viséd, and he is subjected to the customary searching, an inventory of his kit is taken, he is bathed, has the prison rules carefully read

Digitized by Google

and explained to him, is examined by the doctor, weighed and measured, and finally located in the cell, which will be his sleeping and living apartment when not out at work or drill, for the term of his stay in prison.



Mat-making is an industry carried on to a large extent at the military prison instead of the old-fashioned oakum picking.

The old degrading prison garb having been abolished, the prisoner brings his full kit and his rifle, for he has to be trained as well as punished, and his efficiency as a soldier maintained. He will wear his undress uniform and will realise by his drill, and the fact that the warder staff are also non-commissioned officers on the active list and wearing military uniform, that he continues to be a soldier.

After these stages are passed he is paraded again before the governor, and once more cautioned as to his behaviour in prison, and then proceeds to work and drill.

His first course of treatment is a fortnight devoted to stone-breaking, the lowest form of labour in the series. In this way the prisoners break large quantities of stones, which are utilised for military roads in the district and at the garrison. He also receives one hour a day at physical drill, and parades daily in marching order.

The useless shot drill has been abandoned. It was a most unfortunate form of exercise, imposing a severe strain upon the physical system. It also affected the men mentally, for there is nothing so depressing as to be engaged in ceaseless and profitless labour.

Having passed through the first stage the prisoner enters the second, which, among other provisions, entitles him to industrial labour in place of stone-breaking, to sleep on a mattress, and to a corresponding increase of drill and gymnastics; also to be allowed one library book per week, etc.

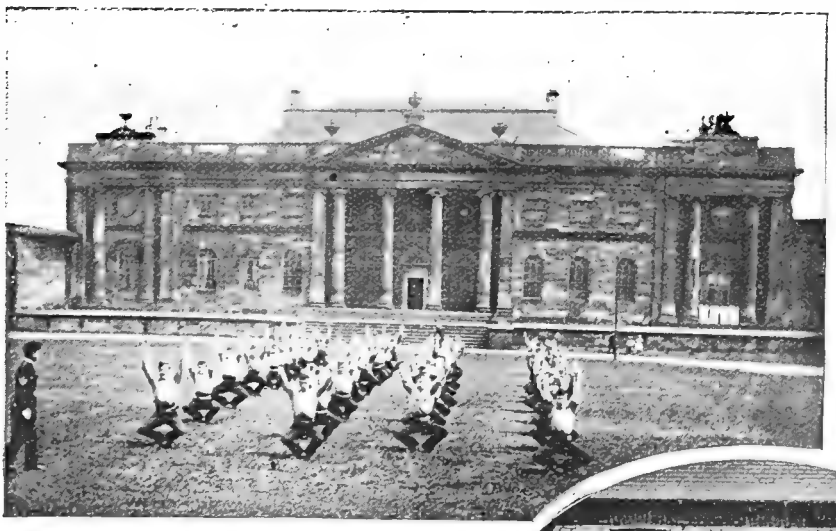
Recently the authorities have added the provision of gymnasia to the larger prisons. The old treadmill chamber at York Castle has been so converted. Incidentally it may be mentioned, that the treadmill was sold for old iron to an enterprising tradesman, who forthwith transferred it, at a good profit, to Madame Tussaud's Exhibition, where the curious visitor may still view this relic of the methods of refined cruelty which were adopted by the civil prison authorities of years ago.

Sacks are also sewn up from the cloth prepared in the prison.

Digitized by Google

The men thoroughly appreciate the daily drill and gymnastic exercises. They also serve to maintain a good standard of conduct, as the severest punishment to which a prisoner can be submitted is the loss of his drill and exercise, and he will not recklessly jeopardise this break in the monotony of his existence. The men acquire wonderful proficiency, and practically derive the advantages of a course of higher gymnastics, with results which are both apparent and demonstrable.

It must not be supposed, however, that prison life is made so attractive that the men are wishful to get in and loath to leave. It is still prison, but many of the useless and brutalising asperities have been removed, and now the object is to combine punitive with reformatory work. Various useful employments are carried on, such as wood chopping for the troops in the district, coir mat and brush-making, housemaids' kneelers, halters, tailoring, and the making of military tent beds, some 600 of which are turned out monthly.



Swedish drill is now allowed, and is a great improvement——

The tasks are hard labour, but the employment is profitable. There is the loss of personal freedom; the men are locked in cells each night, and take their meals in isolation. A certain task must be performed daily, and the men are required to keep their cells—often, in the old part of the prison, diminutive little apartments—thoroughly clean. It is a pleasure to inspect many of them. The men take such evident pride in scouring their tins to the brightness of silver, while the spotlessness of the cell and its appointments recalls the scrupulously clean little interiors one meets with in Holland.

Curiously enough, the men are not taught bread-making,* an employment which is carried on in civil prisons, and which would prove of the utmost utility when troops are campaigning, as the commissariat invariably suffers from a lack of good bakers.

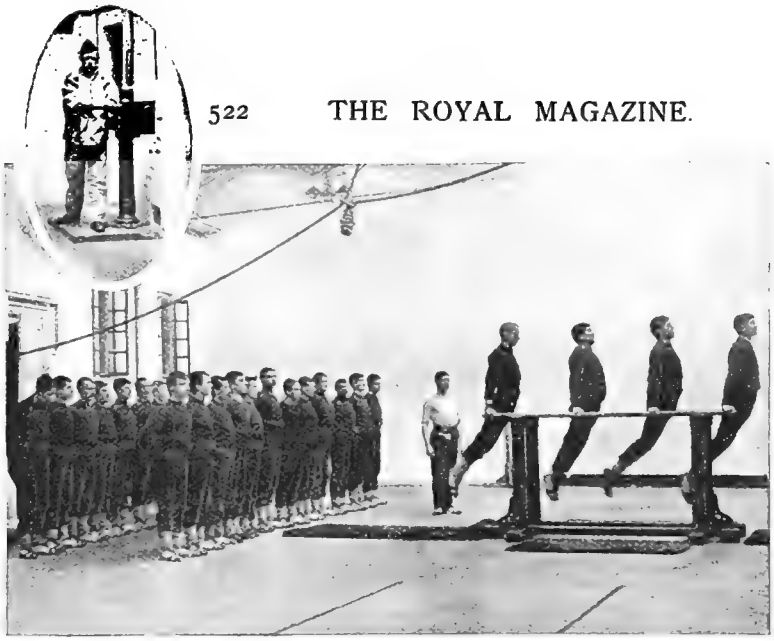
A certain amount of leisure each day is devoted to reading — there is an excellent library — and it was with delight that the writer found the literature most affected was that incomparable book, "Tom Brown's School-days," while Henty, Dickens, and Scott were in equally good demand.

——on the shot-drill in vogue till recently.

In one particular the military prisons compare unfavourably with the civil establishments. Remission of sentences are in the discretion of the authorities, and not automatic, as in the case of the civil prisons.

* Since writing the above bread-making for prison consumption has been approved, and has commenced at Dover and York Castle Military Prisons.

Digitized by Google



Gymnasia are now provided at military prisons, with the result that the men on discharge are in better condition to serve the country than when they entered. The only gymnastic exercise the men enjoyed in the old days was turning the crank.

However exemplary his conduct, the prisoner cannot claim a remission of sentence by right. A man may submit a petition through the Governor to the General Officer commanding the district, who refers it to the Commanding Officer of the prisoner's regiment, and it is entirely in the discretion of the latter whether any abatement takes place. The remission being thus dependent on the will of the Commanding Officer, it frequently happens that many indifferent prisoners receive a reduction, while those of a better and more industrious class from a gaoler's point of view are kept in prison when they might be doing good service in their regiments.

The prison day begins at 6 a.m., and with cleaning, meals, drill, and work, the time is taken up till 8 p.m. From eight to nine the prisoner is free to read, at which latter hour "lights out" goes. Industrious and skilful men who get through their labour tasks quickly have more time at their disposal. At intervals lantern lectures are given the men in the gymnasium—a reward of good conduct which is greatly appreciated.

Moral and religious instruction is well catered for, those of the Church of England persuasion having prayers daily and two services on Sundays. The Roman Catholics have bi-weekly prayers and service on Sundays. The chaplains also visit the cells, instil moral instruction, and see all men on admission and discharge. The prisoners enter most heartily into the Church services, with an organ to accompany the singing.

The body is equally well looked after. The Medical Officer in charge inspects the prisoners and their diets daily. The sick are usually treated in their cells.

The prisoners are daily inspected on parade and at drill by the Governor, with whom they can request an interview at all times, but to specially safeguard the prisoners' interests a visiting committee of three senior officers is detailed by the General commanding the district to visit the prison weekly, and they do so in turn. Altogether the prisoners' welfare is pretty well looked after, for in addition to the above visits, one of His Majesty's Prison Inspectors from the Home Office visits the gaol at uncertain periods. The Inspector-General of Military Prisons, who has supreme control over these institutions, also makes frequent and thorough inspections.

The diet is not luxurious, and though the majority of men put on weight while in prison, the drill being hard work the rations might be

The prison staff at York Military Prison.

Google

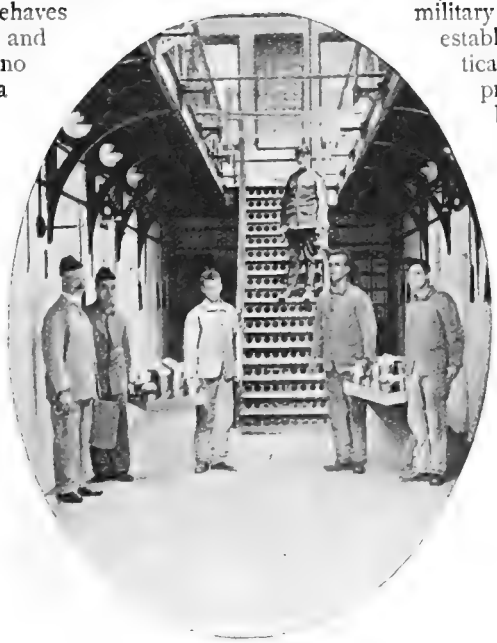
slightly increased, especially as they were based on the days when no drill was performed. Moroever, this is the more needful as the men are expected to be returned to the colours fit and strong. He is also returned "a shot," and for his musketry instruction there is an up-to-date "running-man" and moving-target apparatus, the clever invention of an officer of the district, fitted up at York Castle.

Breaking stones is the work detailed to new prisoners, but they are soon moved on to lighter and more congenial labour.

The idea of prison as a place for "breaking down" a man has, happily, given way to a better method, and now when a man leaves prison, instead of having to go into hospital as was usually the case, he returns frequently more fit than when he entered, his enforced abstinence from alcoholic drink and other doubtful luxuries having had a most beneficial effect.

Still, it goes hard with "Tommy" if he misbehaves in prison. Senseless and cruel punishments are no longer inflicted; but a course of deprivation of diet, commonly known as bread and water; loss of stage, by which a man returns to hard labour and little drill; deprivation of bed, restraints, close confinement in cell—are calculated to induce a reasonable frame of mind in even the most obstinate and insubordinate prisoner.

The Governors who have had experience of both systems are warm in their commendation of the new methods, under which the conduct of the prisoners has greatly improved, there being a reduction of fully forty per cent. in offences committed in prison during the last six years. The commanding officers heartily approve it, as it returns their men more efficient frequently than when they enter prison; while the reader can judge from the photographs of the vastly improved physique and bearing of the men in comparison with the old method.



Carrying round the rations.

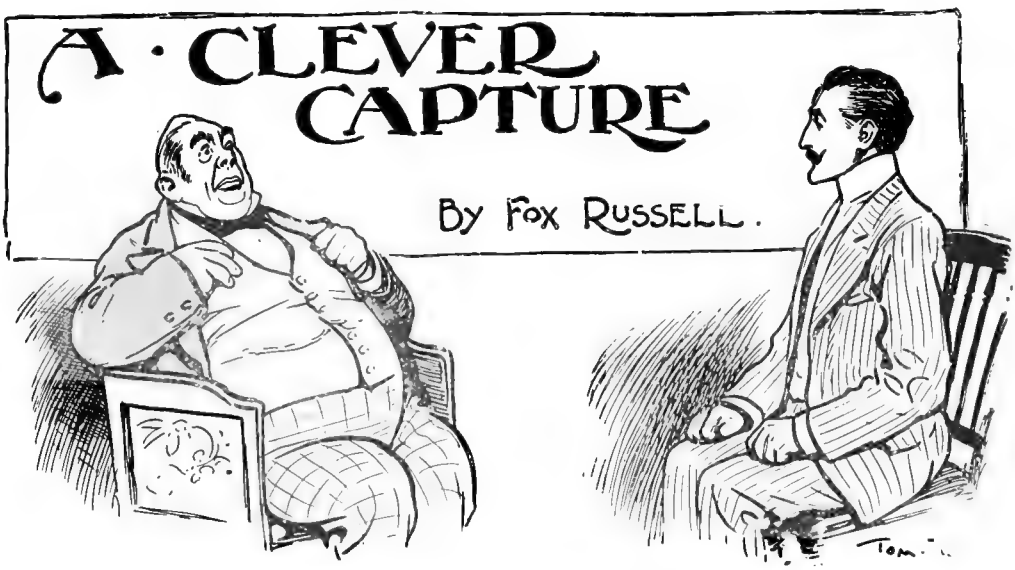
It may be finally mentioned that military prisons are not costly establishments, but are practically self-supporting. The prisoners receive no pay, but credit is taken for the same and allowances are made in the Army Estimates, amounting to some 1*s.* 11*d.* per man, while the feeding of the prisoner comes to less than 6*d.* per diem.

He suffers no degradation by or during his incarceration. He has merely been kept up to the collar with sufficient severity to make him the more fully appreciate the comforts of a free existence and wholesomely determined not to again risk losing them.

Digitized by Google

A · CLEVER CAPTURE

By Fox Russell.



A Story Proving that Desperate Ills can be Repaired by Desperate Remedies.

It was only a hotel flirtation, people said, but hotel flirtations sometimes result in serious cases of real love, and Dick Foster, who had been invalided home from South Africa after getting in the way of a Mauser bullet, and had come out to the Riviera to recruit, was terribly in earnest over his *affaire de cœur* with sweet Nellie Conyers, only daughter of Mr. Zachary Conyers, the millionaire ship-owner. The two young people had met for the first time at the hotel Beau Séjour, and their friendship had already ripened into love.

They were seated together on the moon-lit terrace, overlooking the blue waters of the Mediterranean, a gently-waving background of palms completing the picture. Papa Conyers was dining at the English club, preparatory to making one of a Bridge party, and, "when the cat's away——!"

"No, dear, I know it's of no use asking father's consent." poor Nellie was saying, with a little choke in her voice. "You don't know him. He is so hard, and he always will have his own way in everything." She sighed heavily. "No, Dick," she added, dabbing her eyes with a dainty piece of cambric, "I shall always love you, and I'll never marry anyone else—but we must part!"

"But why, my love? There's nothing against me. I am not a millionaire, but I am quite rich enough to keep a wife in comfort."

"Ah, Dick, father is so ambitious; he has always wanted me to marry someone with a title. It is all so ridiculous—I didn't mind falling in with his mood—until I met you, dear. No, Dick, you mustn't!—don't, don't! It's wrong, and—and someone might see us—well, just one, then! Now, listen to me. I hate the thought of a brave man like you—oh, yes, you are a brave man, I know, because you've got a D.S.O. and two medals—a brave man being insulted when he can't hit back, for father is—is rather trying, and always says rude things when he's put out of temper. And I know he's furious at the thought of our being in love with each other."

"Darling," said Dick softly, "I *must* ask his consent, you see. He can't eat me, and even if he refuses——"

"*If* he refuses! There is no chance of anything else. He has often said that he would give me a hundred thousand pounds on my wedding day if I married a man of title. You can guess by that what he intends me to do."

Dick was a right good fellow, and as straight as a line. He was desperately in love, and had money enough of his own to have gladly taken Nellie to wife without a penny of the immense wealth Mr. Zachary Conyers had amassed.

Like most self-made men, this gentleman was not inclined to underrate his own importance; and for the humble Captain in a marching regiment to seek his only child and heiress in marriage savoured largely, to him, of impertinence. In fact, his 'hackles' palpably

Copyright, 1906, in the United States of America, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

Google

rose as Dick Foster entered his private room next morning, and he did not even offer to shake hands.

This treatment made poor Dick rather nervous from the outset; and, after ten minutes of hesitating intreaty on his part, and bumptious self-assertion on the other's, the millionaire jerked out abruptly:

"You've no money, sir, and on that ground alone your proposition is ridiculous."

"Well, sir, I can hardly agree with you there," rejoined the disappointed lover; "I have two thousand a year——"

"Ha, ha! two thousand a year! really, you amuse me. My girl has not been accustomed to living upon any such sum as that!"

"Yet she is perfectly willing to do so now——"

"And I will not permit her to do anything of the kind," interrupted the millionaire brusquely. "I am the person responsible for her happiness, and when poverty falls out of the window—I mean when love comes in at the door, poverty flies out—oh, confound it, that's not right either. Never mind, I daresay you know what I mean. I have lived in poverty, sir. I've known what it is to work from morning to night on two pounds a week, sir. I'm proud of it. I walked into Liverpool forty-five years ago with half-a-crown in my pocket! Now, what, may I ask, have you ever done by way of earning a living?" and the great man stuck his thumbs into his waistcoat pockets, and stretched out his feet till only the edges of his heels rested on the floor.

Dick modestly replied that from the age of nineteen he had held H.M. Commission. And he added that he hoped he had done his duty as a soldier.

"Bah! so has that baggy-trousered, blue-coated chap across the way there. That's nothing!"

"I confess, sir, that I do not follow your reasoning. Do I understand you to mean that you wish your daughter to marry a working man?"

"A working man? Certainly not, sir! What on earth do you mean by suggesting a working man for *my* daughter? Do you wish to insult me, sir? *My* daughter should marry an Earl!"

"She *ought* to marry a King," said Dick, the love-light shining out of his frank, blue eyes; "but she wants to marry me."

"Then she won't. That's flat!" replied the fond parent, with brutal candour. "And now, sir, let us end this interview. You or we leave the hotel forthwith. I will have no sighings and oglings between you and my girl. Now, which shall it be?"

"I will leave, sir, to-day. Will you allow me to say a word to your daughter, first?"

"No, I won't!" replied Mr. Zachary bluntly.

"Then, sir, I shall do so, in spite of you!"

The two men looked at each other squarely, but the millionaire's eyes were the first to drop. Dick Foster was a long way from being beaten yet.

And, to make assurance doubly sure, the young man went straight off in quest of his inamorata directly he had left her father's room. He found her outside, and they walked slowly amid the palms and mimosa, whilst he told her the result of his interview with Mr. Conyers.

"Don't despair, darling. I shall get his consent yet," he said, with a cheery smile.

She shook her head sadly.

"Never, dear," she said, the tears swimming in her eyes. "Father prides himself on never changing his mind about anything."

Dick Foster stooped and kissed her, and just at that moment, Papa Conyers turned sharply round the corner of the avenue.

"You scoundrel!" he cried furiously. "How dare you, sir, how dare you? I expressly forbade you to speak to my daughter again."

"And I, sir, expressly informed you that I should."

"You did not say you were going to kiss her."

"No, but I've done it."

And again the two men looked straight into each other's eyes. Then they parted without another word.

True to his undertaking, Captain Foster left the hotel that afternoon; but for some time previous to his departure he was in close confab with four young men, fellow guests at the Beau Séjour, with whom he had been on very friendly terms during his stay there.

And Mr. Zachary Conyers, peeping from behind the curtains of his luxurious sitting-room, heaved a sigh of relief when he witnessed the young officer's departure.

The day following that which witnessed the departure and apparent defeat of Dick Foster, Mr. Zachary Conyers, as usual, started off, an hour after his *déjeuner*, and steadily clambered up the steep slope towards the woods.

Pausing now and then to get his breath,

Digitized by Google

"You scoundrel!" he cried furiously.

and admire the glorious views over the limpid waters of the Mediterranean, he gradually worked his way up through the forest to the remoter solitudes. Following a rough, sandy track, where a footfall hardly made any sound, he was rather startled, on turning a sharp corner, to see three swarthy, truculent-looking ruffians, standing in a picturesque group, about twenty yards ahead of him. Their black velvet jackets, broad red sashes, and tightly-fitting breeches gave them somewhat of the appearance of a comic opera chorus, but they were sufficiently alarming to induce Mr. Conyers first to hesitate, and then turn abruptly and begin to retrace his steps.

But a fresh surprise awaited him. Another fellow, similarly attired, was following silently on his heels, in the soft, yielding sand. The millionaire's retreat was effectually cut off.

The men, both "fore and aft," closed in, and, without a word being spoken on either side, Mr. Zachary Conyers found himself a prisoner.

"What do you want?" he asked, steadying his voice and endeavouring, not very successfully, to put a bold front on the situation. "Do any of you understand English?" he added.

They laughed, and one of them—a man with a big nose and fiercely-twisted moustache—said:

"Yessa, I spika Angleesh. We tako you to la cave at la Rocka."

"Not if I know it!" and the millionaire was off like a shot, down the path again, with an agility surprising for sixty years and sixteen stone.

Away he went, his coat tails flying out in a straight line behind him. Away went the brigand band in hot pursuit. The chase did not last long, for "youth will be served," and Mr. Conyers, panting and breathless, was quickly seized by one of the flying coat-tails, and "brought to an anchor."

Then, as a man on each side took him firmly by the arm, he recognised that money must be produced to get him out of the scrape.

Digitized by Google

"Now, look here, you fellow there—I mean you with the big nose. How much will you take to let me go?"

The man indicated shook his head and smiled.

"You writa chequa?"

"Write a cheque?" repeated Mr. Zachary, wonderingly. "What does the man mean by write a cheque? Now, look here, I'll give you—er—" and here he produced his purse and counted over its contents. "I'll give you—um—er—I'll give you five louis"—and he held up five fingers to indicate—"to let me go. And—and—I won't give you in charge," he added, magnanimously, as though "he could an' he would" summon a policeman at a moment's notice.

The brigand smiled again.

"Milor' Conyers is ver' rich" (the millionaire started as he heard his own name pronounced). "We keepa him to pay big ransom."

Mr. Zachary flared up at this.

"I'll see you d—destroyed first," he exclaimed angrily. "You seem to forget, sir, that you're dealing with an English subject."

"No. That justa what we remember," grinned his captor, "all English milor's ver' rich."

Mr. Conyers fumed. He'd show them that an Englishman would stand no extortion from Italian thieves; he'd have a question put in the House of Commons; he'd—yes, sir, he'd write to the *Times*; he'd have redress from the Italian consul and the French consul; he'd put the gendarmes on their track the moment he got back, and more, he declared he would.

"Perhaps you no getta back," replied the chief grimly.

And the great personage felt as if a sudden douche of cold water had been turned on to his spine.

With a man at each side holding his arm, he was at once marched off, and soon found himself much deeper in the forest than he had ever been before.

For over an hour they hurried him along, until at length they reached a tumble-down ruin, which looked as though it had once been a woodcutter's hut. Here they halted, and thrust their prisoner inside one of the two rooms of which it consisted.

Until darkness fell, he was left to his own reflections, and, to speak candidly, they were not pleasant ones. He would not be missed until eight o'clock—and even then his daughter would probably imagine that he was staying at the English club to dine and play Bridge. And these vast woods might be searched for days without finding any trace of him or his captors, for he fully expected this hut was merely a halting-place, and that, at dawn, their journey would be resumed towards the Italian border.

He thought it would be wiser to make the best of a bad business, and draw a cheque on

Away Mr. Zachary Conyers went his coat tails out behind him.

Google

a blank sheet of paper—he would not haggle over the amount — he would — well, he would make it for fifty pounds. And after coming to this resolution, he began to be aware that he was feeling desperately hungry.

An hour later the big-nosed man entered the wretched room in which he sat, bearing a loaf of brown bread and a bunch of grapes. Under his arm was a bottle of—alleged—wine.

Mr. Conyers's face fell visibly. He refused the "solids," gulped down a mouthful of the red wine, which more nearly resembled red ink, and turning to the brigand, began:

"Now listen to me. You've caught me, and I suppose I must pay to get out of your clutches. How much! Fifty?"

The chief smiled politely, and then—unaccountably forgetting his Italian accent for the moment—said:

"Thousands?"

Mr. Conyers almost fell off the inverted box he was seated on.

"Thousands!" he screamed. "Are you mad, you impudent scoundrel? Fifty thousand pounds!!!"

The other shrugged his shoulders.

"Milor' has so many thousands. Fifty will make no difference to him."

"I refuse utterly and entirely. I—I'd rather be cut to pieces than give it!" Mr. Conyers snorted defiantly.

"Good. Then to-morrow, when we come to la Rocka, we cut off just a little: one ear."

He smiled again, quite pleasantly, but with a meaning glance at the long knife stuck in his red silk girdle.

The chief bowed himself out, and then, with much ostentation, a guard was posted to do sentry duty outside, whilst the others—strangely enough for Italian brigands—settled down in the other apartment to play halfpenny Nap.

The unfortunate millionaire, tired and hungry, dozed off, awakening with a start about midnight to a realisation of his desperate position. A little later, the crazy old door of his room was opened, and a man—apparently another prisoner—entered. The moonlight, shining through a jagged gap in the roof, revealed the face of Dick Foster.

Mr. Zachary Conyers jumped at him like a trout at a fly.

"My dear fellow, I am rejoiced at this meeting—though," he added as an afterthought—"though, of course, I regret your capture. Still, together we might make an attempt to escape. We—we must forgive and forget our little differences, eh? Comrades in misfortune, what? Now, shake hands, my boy, shake hands."

"Certainly, Mr. Conyers. There should be no animosity between two Englishmen standing together on the brink of a common grave, should there?"

Mr. Conyers did not relish this last allusion. He thought it in bad taste. He coughed, and said in rather wavering tones:

"Oh, not so bad as all that, is it? Is there no chance of escape, eh?"

"Now that Nellie is lost to me, life holds so little that I do not even care to make any attempt to escape. Let us die, like men, together!"

"Oh, that be d—deferred—as long as possible," cried Mr. Conyers hastily. "We won't let ourselves be killed if we can help it. We *must* try to escape."

"Think so?" queried Foster, in indifferent tones. "Well, you have something to live for. I have not."

"My dear young friend, you really must not take such a gloomy view. Now, if you will aid me to escape—and in so doing you might escape yourself—I—I would make it well worth———"

"Sorry, dear sir," broke in Foster, "but I have made up my mind not to live without Nellie. I will inform these ruffians that no ransom will be offered for me, and that I elect to be shot to-morrow at daybreak."

"D-d-d-don't talk like that," stammered the millionaire in agonised tones. He had seen hope dawning brightly when Foster first appeared, but now all chance seemed to be dying out again. "You must think of others, you know."

"There are no 'others' for me," rejoined Dick, in sepulchral tones.

"But—well, the fact is I thought the two of us might stand a better chance of escape, and—and I am too young to die!"

"Oh, I don't think that, Mr. Conyers. You see, you've lived sixty years——"

"Fifty-nine," interrupted the millionaire, moistening his dry lips.

"And you've worked at two pounds a week, you know—which, I remember, is a thing you seemed to set considerable store by—and as you've one foot in the grave already——"

"Nothing of the sort, sir, nothing of the sort!" exclaimed Mr. Conyers indignantly. "I don't agree with you at all; there is much useful life in front of a man of my age."

"Well, you may be right as regards other men of your age, but—" with a glance around their temporary prison—"but not in your case, I fear."

Digitized by Google

He sprang upon the sentry.

Mr. Zachary swallowed a lump in his throat. Then, plucking up courage again, he said hopefully:

"But when they miss me—I'm rather an important man, you see—they'll send out troops in pursuit and——"

"Yes, that's the worst of it. The approach of the troops will be the signal for our execution."

The millionaire emitted a hollow groan, and dropped his head on his hands. That idea had not occurred to him.

Ten minutes passed in silence. Then Mr. Zachary Conyers resolved on a last effort. He shook Foster's arm and whispered hoarsely:

"Rouse yourself, man! We *must* escape! If—if I get safely back and you don't, I—I'll do something for your relatives, now."

"Haven't any," was the discouraging reply.

Mr. Conyers bit his nails with vexation.

"Well, try to escape with me. Together we could do it, I'm sure. You attack the sentry in the front, whilst I—er—I will skirmish round the rear!"

"No use, my dear sir. I will not move hand or foot. Let us die together. I have no object in life now, and ——"

"Foster," interrupted the millionaire, eagerly, "suppose there were an object in life? Suppose I—I gave you my Nellie and five thousand a year——?"

But Dick was already on his feet, and running his hands down the door to feel for the fastenings. Then turning to his companion, he said:

"You mean what you say about Nellie? Please yourself about the five thousand a year—but Nellie?"

"Honour!" and the great man grasped the hand extended to him. "I never go back on my word!"

Two minutes later the door yielded to Dick's persuasion, and as it broke off its crazy hinges he stepped out and sprang upon the sentry.

Mr. Zachary Conyers, forgetting all about the part he was to have played in "skirmishing round the rear," incontinently took to his heels and fled down the forest path. Seeing which, the Italian bravo shook Dick warmly by the hand and wished him luck. Together they then joined the "Nap" party and were greeted with triumphant cock-crowings and hunting shouts of "Gone away!"

"If you fellows make such an infernal row, the old boy will never cease running till he's pulled up by the Mediterranean itself," said Dick grinning. "Farewell, boys, I must hurry after him now. Don't forget you are all dining with me to-morrow night at the Pavillon to celebrate our great and notable victory. I've succeeded! thanks, mainly, to your good-natured help. *A demain!*"

* * * * *

Two hours later Mr. Zachary Conyers and Captain Dick Foster entered the garden of the Beau Séjour.

"We'll have these woods scoured by the police to-morrow," said the former. "We've had a narrow escape, by Gad! It's an experience, sir, that cannot fail to have it's influence on our future lives."

"I'm sure it will on mine," assented Dick drily.

Mr. Zachary Conyers absolutely declines to risk himself in the Sunny South again; but Captain and Mrs. Dick Foster generally revisit the Beau Séjour each winter. They do not appear to entertain the same dread of capture as does the millionaire.

Google

MR. —HIS PAGES.

Mr. X is very pleased with himself just now. He has been receiving most touching presents from admiring readers—a basket of strawberries from an Eton boy, a bunch of roses from two Surrey girls, an old puzzle book from a reader in the West of Ireland—and he takes this opportunity of publicly thanking the generous donors. Mr. X is naturally much gratified by such a pleasant form of appreciation of his pages.

Puzzle Penknives will be given as prizes to readers who forward *new* puzzles, problems and other tricks which are inserted in this feature. Any readers communicating with "Mr. X.," and wishing for a reply, should inclose a stamped addressed envelope. All letters should be addressed to "Mr. X." (care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE), 18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

TO MAKE A PERSON HEAR WITH HIS TEETH.

Get him to tightly close his ears with his index fingers. Hold a watch to his ear and he will be unable to hear the tick. Then let him catch the watch (the portion between the ring and the body of the watch) between his teeth, and the ticking will be distinctly audible.

A SURPRISE.

To give meaning to this weird set of figures, hold the page in front of a looking-glass.

A CATCHY PROBLEM.

A friend asks you to make one word from the letters which form the words "New Door." After much cogitation you give the problem up, to be told that nothing could be simpler. The two words "one word" are just what you *can* make out of the letters in "new door"!

"Have you heard what's on at the Albert Hall to-night?"

"No, what?"

"The roof."

Mr. X is indebted to numerous readers for a rather more elaborate poem bringing in seven words made up of the letters—E L R S T U.

A *sutler* sat in his *ulster* grey,
Watching the moonbeams' *lustre* play
On a keg that in the bushes lay.
And leaves with their *rustle* took up the song
And unto it did say:
"Thou *rulest* the weak, thou *lurest* the strong;
To thee the *result* of great battles belong,
John Barleycorn, my King."

Here are two other poems of the same kind, the letters in the one case being E I L V, and in the other A D I L O R T Y:

A *vile* old woman on *evil* bent,
Put on her *veil* and out she went.
She was tired and hungry, and unto *Levi* did say:
"What shall we do to *live* to-day?"

Off to the links I go with a cry,
For golf is my *idolatry;*
***Adroitly* hit, the ball will go,**
And be not *dilatory* or slow.

"What's the difference between a fool and a boot?"

"The one you are and the other you were" (wear).

THE ORGAN GRINDER'S EARNINGS.

"How much do you make a week?"

"Vour pounds sure."

"Eh, what? Four pounds for grinding an organ?"

"No sure; not for grinding—for shut up and go away."

Digitized by Google

Try This at Your Peril.

Fitz Smart: "What is it that stands on one leg and barks like a dog!"

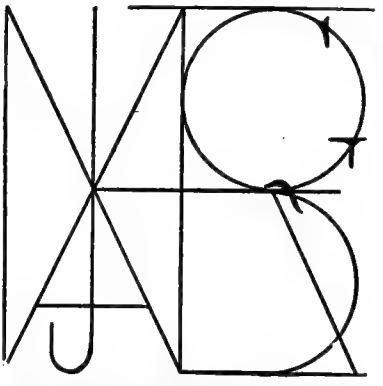
Fitz Noodle, after much cogitation, gives it up.

Fitz Smart: "A stork, of course."

Fitz Noodle: "But a stork doesn't bark like a dog?"

Fitz Smart: "Oh, I only put that in to make the question more difficult!"

Justifiable disgust of Fitz Noodle, who vows he'll never have anything to do with Fitz Smart again.



The simplest monogram yet devised containing *all* the letters of the alphabet.

Here's Another.

Jones: "I say, Smith, here's a puzzle for you. A donkey is in a yard bounded on one side by a river. He is very hungry and there is nothing to eat in the yard. But across the river there stands in a field a beautiful mound of hay. The donkey yearns to get across but he daren't swim—how does he manage to get over?"

Brown: "Easy enough; he jumps."

Jones: "No; river's too wide."

Brown: "Crosses by a bridge, then?"

Jones: "No; there wasn't a bridge."

Brown: "Ferry?"

Jones: "No; no ferry or boat."

Brown: "Well. I don't know."

Jones: "Give it up?"

Brown: "Yes."

Jones: "So did the other donkey. Ta-ta, old chap."

Three Questions.

What goes on two legs? A man.
What goes on four legs? A horse.
What goes on one leg? A stocking!

A Cypher.

The late Dr. Whewell was asked to write something in cypher in a lady's book. This is what he wrote:

You O a O, but I O thee,
O O no O, but O O me;
Then will your O no O be,
But give back O O I O thee.

Can you decipher this?

The Stranger's Dinner.

Two Arabians sat down to dinner; one had five loaves, the other three. A stranger passing by desired permission to eat with them, which they agreed to. The eight loaves were all consumed, and each of the three present had an equal part. After dinner, the stranger laid down eight pieces of money, and departed. The owner of the five loaves took up five pieces, and left three for the other, who objected and insisted on one-half. The case came before Ali, the magistrate, who gave the following judgment: Let the owner of the five loaves have seven pieces of money, and the owner of the three loaves one. The verdict of Ali was perfectly just. Readers may be interested to worry out this rather extraordinary result.

What is that which occurs once in a minute, twice in a moment, and not once in a hundred years?

The letter M.

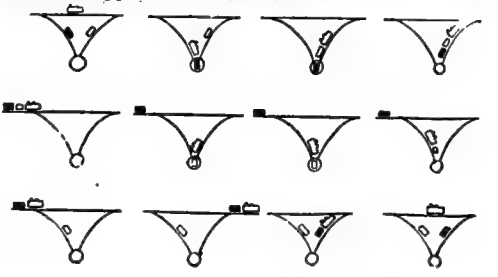
The Dotted "I."

This little catch seldom fails. Hand your victim a pencil and paper, and ask him to write a small "i" with a dot above it. He will be sure to write it with only one dot, thus: "i." But a small "i" with a dot above it ought, of course, to appear with an extra dot like this: "i."

RESULTS.

A Puzzling Sentence (page 420).—An instruction to the printers. Leave a little more space between "King" and "and" and "and" and "Queen."

A Shunting Problem (page 429).—The accompanying illustration shows the solution of one of the prettiest and (apparently) most simple shunting problems Mr. X has ever seen.



Google

A Complication in Ink

. . . . Told by a Fountain Pen. . . . .

By Gertie de S. Webster.

I was the first small present he made her after they became engaged, and I refuse to admit that I was in any way responsible for the ensuing complication. It was far more the fault of Miss Pearl-Handle, the pen in the ink-stand there, though she says she did her duty all right, and that we can't either of us be accountable for the doings of a careless young person like Carice.

I don't know, I'm sure, and I really can't help liking Carice; she's got such dear little soft hands, and, as I lie resting between her pretty pink manicured finger and thumb, I realise how different life would have been for me had I been sold to some grimy-nailed clerk, or fiercely-gripping literary lady instead! *Ugh!* I'm such a refined, gold-nibbed fountain pen!

I had been in my blue-eyed owner's possession quite a couple of days before I had to do any work—in fact, I was beginning to think I was going to have a very restful time of it, when one morning Carice picked me out of the box, took off my black cap—which always makes me feel like a judge—and spreading out some most frivolously scented paper before her, guided my footsteps across the ribbed violet surface.

Carice guided my footsteps across the ribbed violet surface.

I quite wondered whether I should have to say affectionately spiteful things to a girl friend, invent excuses to a boring hostess, or ask for some patterns of foulard from the "Surface Silk Co.," but was much delighted to find that I was to address myself to the person who had paid £1 1s. for me—Carice's sweetheart, James Berry. I decided to do my best and to run very smoothly, even when those beastly ruts in the paper got in my way. I soon found myself emitting the following sentiments:

My Jimmie!—

Yes, dear, two days when we don't meet *do* certainly seem as if they must comprise a lot more than twelve hours each! Never mind, Tuesday will soon be here, when, as you say, we will sit hand in hand all through the play, and talk about how we love each other between the acts. You say that though we have been engaged quite a fortnight I have never voluntarily told you that I love you. Can't you understand that a woman who cares very much, and who has not really cared before, finds it hard

Copyright, 1903, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., in the United States of America.

Digitized by Google

Carice dropped her pretty head on the blotting-pad, and sobbed as though her false little heart would break.

to turn her heart-throbs into mere words! Perhaps you can't—you are a man—so, as it is your wish that I should lay aside a certain shyness which I don't believe I'll ever quite get over, I'll write now, Jim, that I love you *absolutely*—Oh! I'm blushing horribly! What *must* my new pen think of me!

Now, as we shall meet so soon, and as I have something special I want to write, this sentence shall be the one before the last. Don't forget, dinner at 7 punctually on Tuesday; and I *am* looking forward to the theatre, as I believe one wants to cry all through the piece.

All that you so sweetly said to me, dear,
From, *quite* your own,
CARICE.

Being of rather a romantic turn of mind (as Miss Pearl-Handle has since discovered), I thoroughly enjoyed this task, and was quite sorry when Carice laid our combined efforts aside to dry, put me down, and skimmed through the columns of some silly lady's paper.

However, after a few moments, she picked me up again, and imagine my opinions concerning the feminine sex when I was forced to expend my life-blood on the following infamous effusion to *another* man! Heavens! how I scratched, stuck, and did all in my power to stop the course of events, but to no avail. This was what I had to say:

OH! MY DEAREST COSMO,—

Writing is so terribly inadequate when the heart overflows with love-beats, and the lips overflow with love-words, as do mine for you. But, dearest, I must, *must* tell you how you alone make the world for me. The words, glances, and even thoughts of other men are loathsome to me, when your image alone fills my waking and sleeping hours. Fate is cruel to me, my heart—obstacles cross the pathway of our happiness—but they shall be all cleared away, and our love-lane shall be but a bower of thornless roses!

Think of me eternally as I think of you.

C.

"Good gracious!" I spluttered to myself, as my owner, with actually a smile of satisfaction on her red little mouth, rose from her chair and put me down on the mantelpiece while she walked up and down, reading over this overdone, idiotic, treacherous effusion.

"The little bronze-haired minx! The—the——"

My flow of language was here arrested by seeing Carice select a couple of envelopes which, without thinking, she actually had the bad form to set Miss Pearl-Handle to direct for her, while I, who had done all the heavy work, was left unceremoniously neglected on the shelf, and consumed with curiosity as to the address of "Cosmo."

I then saw her quickly insert the letters in the envelopes, stamp them, and leave the room without even remembering to replace my black cap. I decided to dry up as soon

A highly-glazed twopenny weekly.

Google

as my internal arrangements would permit, and should have done so had not a considerate parlour-maid completed my toilet a short time later.

The next day again I had quite a restful time of it till about ten minutes after the last post had shaken the house, when Carice entered the room, carrying in her hand an open letter, while on her face there was an agonised, drawn expression, such as I should wear if Miss Pearl-Handle took up with that common, scratchy-voiced old quill lying in the pen-tray.

What could be the matter? Did she want refilling—I mean, was she hungry—or had something gone wrong with "Jim" or "Cosmo"? Whatever it was, the double-dealing little minx deserved it, I thought.

In a moment, however, I found out what it was all about, because Carice mechanically took me up and held me in her hand while she sat at the writing desk to once more scan the outcome of that very disturbing postman's knock, which ran:

This is the end. Discussion and argument are useless, and I decline to enter into either. I suppose it was all a mistake—anyhow, a mistake which I now hasten to remedy by saying a final good-bye. Please do not write to me on the subject, because, discourteous as it may sound I shall not feel capable of reading the letter.

Good-bye,
JAMES BARRY.

Though, of course, it quite served her right, I couldn't help feeling horribly sorry,

She rose for the purpose of getting a pin

"Good-night darling!"

and as Carice dropped her pretty, bright head on the blotting-pad, and sobbed as though her false little heart would break, I must confess I also let loose quite a lot of sympathetic ink-tears, traces of which are visible on my owner's violet *crêpe de chine* dinner gown to this day.

After that, Carice did nothing for a whole week, as far as I could see, beyond sit at her desk re-reading Jim's note, which seemed to me a waste of time, particularly as I stood very much in need of exercise.

However, one evening we got a little change in the shape of a hurried call from a girl friend who just "popped in" on her way to a local ambulance lecture.

"I'm in an awful hurry, dear," she gurgled, kissing Carice, who remained pathetically passive; "but I couldn't help just running in to congratulate you on winning the love-letter competition prize in the *Lady's Whirl*. See, it appears this week; and how funny to think of your addressing it to a 'Jim,' particularly now that it is all over between you and Mr. Barry," she concluded, handing my owner a highly-glazed twopenny weekly, on the last page of which I managed to read:

The first prize for the best love-letter has this week been awarded to Miss Carice Elynne, 14, Manby Mansions, S.W., who has sent us the following clever, fresh, and bright contribution:

MY JIMMIE,—
Yes, dear, two days when we d——

I couldn't see any more, because

Digitized by Google

Carice threw down the paper and started to her feet as if a second's further inaction were impossible to her; and, as I glanced towards her, I suddenly realised that she was something very much more than a particularly pretty, blue-eyed English girl.

"I hope it didn't matter," went on the gushing girl friend, "but I couldn't resist posting a copy to Mr. Barry—he will find it to-day when he gets home—you see, it struck me as being a romantic situation, and *so* amusing now that you and he have parted. I also asked him to come and dine next week, as we always got on rather well together, you know, darling. *Hope* you don't mind! Now I *must* be going. I wouldn't be late to-night for *anything*. We are doing the *cervicle vertebræ*, *so* interesting! *Good*-night, dear. You *clever* girl. You'll be bursting into a *real* spectacled authoress soon. *Good*-night, darling!"

Directly the gusher had gurgled herself away, I found that I was going to be allowed to get rid of some of my superfluous energy and blue-black blood, of which I was glad, because, having been left all night on my head, apoplexy seemed imminent. Carice gripped me as if I were an alpenstock instead of a fountain pen, and rushed me over the violet-scented course as if I had been a race-horse practising for a caligraphical Derby.

Then she turned round, and—ah! it's good to be young, human and beloved.

JIMMIE (I found myself smudgingly remarking),—I must explain—you will read it now, won't you? Isobel Gushere says she's sent you the *Lady's Whirl*, containing my letter which has won the love-letter competition. You see it's addressed to you?—it was meant for you, and not for the paper; and the one to the mythical "Cosmo," which you must have received, was intended for the competition! Surely you will now understand, and, oh! just a mistake of putting wrong letters in wrong envelopes, can't be al——

I hardly noticed what I was holding forth after this, because I had heard a faint click of the turning door-handle, and realised that a very tall, broad someone was looking over Carice's shoulder, and reading my blotty ebulition. He had a copy of the *Lady's Whirl* in his hand, and as he bent his head down very close I saw he was my original purchaser.

Then I made a supreme effort to attract Carice's attention—I managed to hold my breath so that not a drop of ink came out! She gave a pretty, impatient little stamp, put me down, and rosé for the purpose of getting a pin wherewith to remind me pointedly of my duties. Then she turned round and—ah! it's good to be young, human and beloved, with lips that can kiss, and arms that can fondly press towards that best earthly haven accorded to mortals—the haven of another heart which is all your own!

However, writing implements contrive to have a very good time of it, and finding myself reposing next to 'Miss Pearl-Handle,' I wooed her as ardently as any human being.

Our courtship was quite uninterrupted by my purchaser and my owner, who seemed to realise no existence outside a rose-glowing love-world of their own—a world specially fitted up with compartments for two.

Just at present, though, I am as hard-worked as any pen could desire. For a level two hours every day my mistress urges me over the paper in effusive thanks for wedding presents.

Google

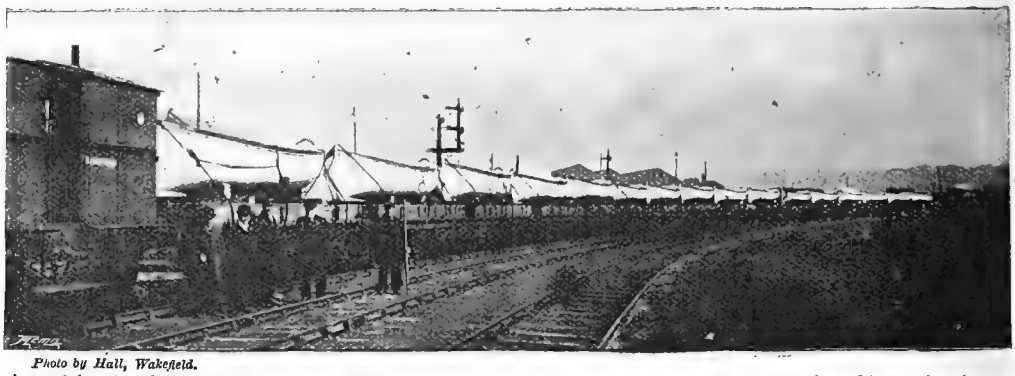


Photo by Hall, Wakefield.

A special train of sixteen trucks each carrying a 24ft lifeboat. They are here seen being conveyed to Liverpool, whence they were shipped to Manila.

PICTURE PARAGRAPHS.

About that Curious Photograph You've got, which Interests all Your Friends so much—there are Lots of Other People who would like to see it, so why don't You post it off to the Editor? He will pay You liberally for it, if suitable.

A TRAIN-LOAD OF LIFEBOATS.

THERE are numbers of people who have never seen a lifeboat at all. Well, here is a whole train-load of these invaluable craft—enough to rescue a fleet. The picture shows them just starting by special train from Kirkgate to Liverpool, whence they were to be shipped off to Manila. Each boat is 24ft. long, and for each one of the railway company's largest six-wheeled waggons had to be supplied.

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.

The long of it is a native of Cashmere and is 7ft. 9in. high, also he is twenty-two years of age. He asserts that he has "stopped growing," which really is rather fortunate, if he intends to live in an ordinary house. The man standing next to him is an Englishman, Professor Ricalton. He is 5ft. 7in., so feels rather small beside the giant. But still, he can crow over the dwarfs on his left, the smallest of whom would have to stand on tip-toe in order to look over a 29in. wall. Indian princes keep these "freaks" as personal retainers, in much the same way as was done by our own nobility of the Middle Ages. Both giant and dwarfs figured in the procession of native retainers at the Delhi Durbar.

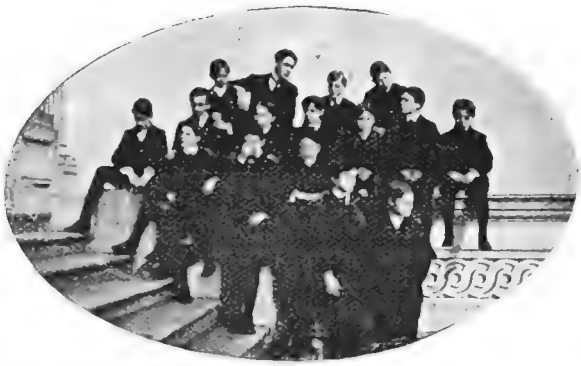
Photo by Underwood & Underwood.

The giant is 7ft. 9in., the smallest dwarf 28in. only. Both giant and dwarfs were in the Delhi Durbar procession.

THE BEST PAID BOYS IN THE WORLD.

That is what the young gentlemen in the accompanying picture are; unless, of course, there are any other boys between twelve and fourteen who receive more than £15 a month *and* tips. For that is what each member of this group receives. They are the pages of the United States Senate. During a debate they sit in a row on the steps of the President's rostrum and run messages for the senators, such as obtaining from the library any book of reference which a speaker may require. This they do at top speed and without the slightest delay. But, about their tips? Well, these they obtain by showing people over the Senate House, of which they know every nook and

Google

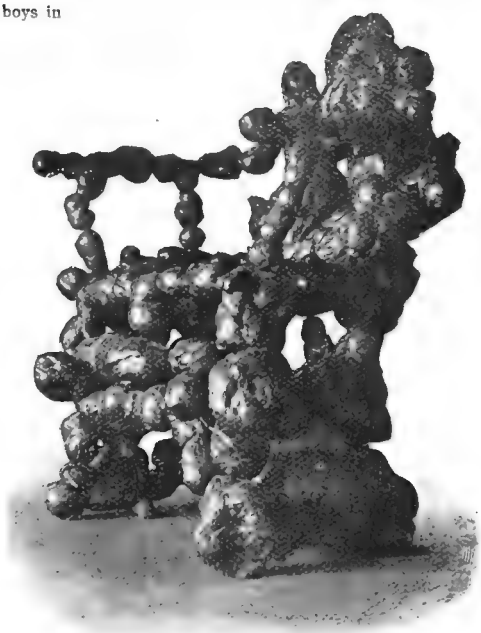


Pages of the United States Senate. They are the smartest boys in America and are well paid for their services.

cranny, and by obtaining and selling the autographs and original drafts of the speeches of the more famous politicians. In fact, they make a very good thing out of their position, one way and another. But you must not suppose that any American boy can become one of these pages. The positions are very much courted, as you can imagine, and it is only the very brightest and smartest boys in the States who have any chance of obtaining one. And even then they couldn't get it without a great deal of influence.

SMALL BEGINNINGS—BIG ENDINGS.

The enormous, knotty, bulging chair shown in the accompanying picture started life as a seed. It's not done badly, that little seed, has it? A native of Korea planted a seed of the gingko tree, and then attended to it for twenty years until it attained this extraordinary shape. It was done by tying the young, pliable branches into the required shape, and by pruning them as occasion arose—which must have been pretty often. The chair weighs 100lb., is 3ft. 4in. in height, and 25in. in width. The bark has been removed, and the wood polished to a beautiful golden-brown colour. Some of the lumps (caused by the constriction of the ropes during the shaping process) are 21in. in circumference—it is comforting to know that these are not in the seat or back, or the chair would not be of much use except to look at. It is said to be extremely comfortable to sit in. And yet it doesn't look very inviting, does it?



This extraordinary chair was grown from a seed, being shaped to its present form by pruning and bending its branches as the seed grew.

Recovered from the North Sea. This immense anchor is supposed to have belonged to a vessel of the Spanish Armada.

SOMETHING LIKE AN ANCHOR.

And it must have been something like a ship that was forced to use it! It was recovered from the bottom of the North Sea, where, for many years, it had been an obstacle to the fishing fleet—not that it stuck up so far as to knock holes in the smacks, of course, but it tore the nets and so forth. Eventually, the Hull owners removed it, and it is now in that town's West Park. It weighs three tons, and is supposed to have belonged to a vessel of the Spanish Armada.

Google

AT HEADQUARTERS

The Pater stood upon the hearth, and
shook his aged head;
"They've sent the lad with fifty men to
turn the flank," he said.
The Mater smiled a far-off smile as o'er
her work she bent,
And sigh'd: "I'm sure he'll do it!"
But she wondered what *it* meant!

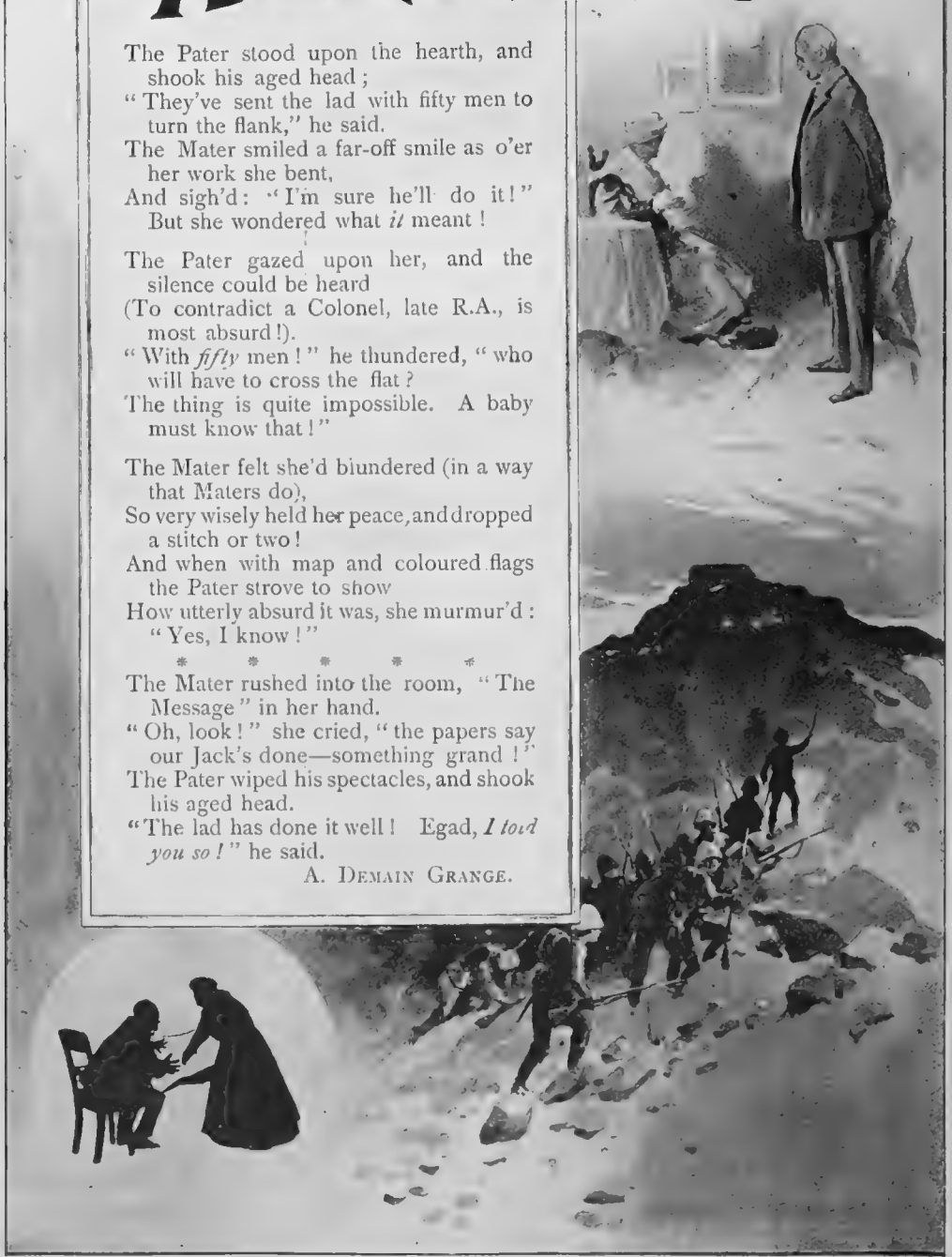
The Pater gazed upon her, and the
silence could be heard
(To contradict a Colonel, late R.A., is
most absurd!).
"With *fifty* men!" he thundered, "who
will have to cross the flat?
The thing is quite impossible. A baby
must know that!"

The Mater felt she'd blundered (in a way
that Maters do),
So very wisely held her peace, and dropped
a stitch or two!
And when with map and coloured flags
the Pater strove to show
How utterly absurd it was, she murmur'd:
"Yes, I know!"

* * * * *

The Mater rushed into the room, "The
Message" in her hand.
"Oh, look!" she cried, "the papers say
our Jack's done—something grand!"
The Pater wiped his spectacles, and shook
his aged head.
"The lad has done it well! Egad, *I told
you so!*" he said.

A. DEMAIN GRANGE.



Digitized by Google

THE THREE SUITORS.

Mr. Alfred Dimmock makes a Thorough Ass of the Hon. Fitzass.

Mr. Dimmock, his body in an easy chair before the fire, his feet resting gracefully upon the mantelpiece, smoked an extra large-sized pipe, and ruminated upon the mutability of human affairs in general, and his own unhappy lot in particular.

He had good cause for feeling unhappiness—at least, from his own peculiar point of view, for several weeks had elapsed since the playing of his last practical joke upon the Honourable Flambert Fitzass, and he was still without material for any fresh amusement.

"I am simply rusting," he murmured ruefully, "for want of some way in which to employ my surplus energy!"

And, just as he had reached this stage of his reflections, the owner of a pleasant, handsome face, and stalwart form, called "May I come in?" accompanying the query with a gentle rapping at the door.

The next moment Dimmock was shaking hands with his old college friend, Frank Boniface, whose pursuits as a conscientious landlord and ideal young country squire prevented him from seeing as much of London and his old comrades as he could wish.

Mr. Dimmock handed him a box of cigars, and, patting him gently on the shoulder, said:

"You dear old thing. How delightful it is to see you again! How are the turnips?" he added suddenly.

Boniface laughed good-humouredly, lit a cigar, and replied:

"Awfully glad to catch you in, old man. You always seem to be in good spirits. You act like a tonic on my nerves."

"Thought you hale countrymen hadn't any!" cried Dimmock laughingly. Then in more serious tones he continued: "You're not down on your luck, old boy, are you?"

Boniface took a long pull at his cigar, watched the smoke curl slowly upwards, and then replied:

"Well, seriously, my dear Alfred, I am. Fact is, I'm secretly engaged to the very sweetest, dearest, pretti——"

"Of course, of course. They all are, old chap. Never met one who wasn't, at *your* stage of the fever. But where's the hitch? Doesn't the lady care for you?"

"Oh, yes. That's all right. But her idiotic old ass of a father, although he has no objection to me personally, is mad upon her marrying an awfully rich fellow called Flambert Fitzass——"

"Fitzass!" almost shouted Dimmock, surprised for once out of his usual coolness. "Why, I know him well—know all about him!"

"Well, his thirty thousand a year makes my four thousand look pretty small, and that's

Copyright, 1903, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., in the United States of America.

Digitized by Google

probably at the root of the old fellow's preference. But my dear little Annie won't look at the man. Her father thinks that if he chokes me off, she will marry Fitzass. I *know* that if I can choke off Fitzass, old Hawley will consent to my marrying his daughter. Now, can't you help me? I know of old what a clever, unscrupulous——"

"Thanks, dear boy, thanks," interrupted Mr. Dimmock hastily. "You bring the blush of modesty to my damask cheek!"

"Well, I don't know so much about the 'damask' part of it, but your 'cheek' I would always guarantee! Now, do set your wits to work and help me."

Mr. Dimmock filled yet another pipe, lit it and puffed in silence. Then he suddenly lifted his head and answered:

"I think you are the man who has found 'mischief still for idle hands to do.' Yes, old chap, I *think* I see my way."

"No! You're a rare good fellow, and if it's a mere matter of adroitly—economising the truth, let us say—I'm sure you'll succeed! May I ask for your plan?"

"You may. But you won't get it. How can you manage to introduce me to the girl?"

"Miss Hawley will be at Lady Lestermine's dance to-night in Gloucester Square. Come with me and you shall meet her," responded Boniface.

And by midnight Mr. Alfred Dimmock had coolly monopolised pretty Annie Hawley, sitting with her in a dark corner beneath a large palm, whilst her disconsolate lover, Frank Boniface, hovered round the spot, hoping that his friend wouldn't carry realism too far.

As for Mr. Dimmock, he threw himself into the part of lover with such verve and well-simulated passion that the girl was almost swept off her feet in the tumult of his strenuous declarations.

After professing himself an ardent believer in love at first sight, he told her that he had never known what it was really to love before—his usual formula. He was proceeding to say that, up to that moment, his life had been an empty void, when Miss Hawley managed to speak a few words, and thus temporarily cut short the flood of his eloquence.

"Your love for me seems to have been a plant of very rapid growth, Mr. Dimmock!" she exclaimed laughingly.

"Think so?" returned he coolly. "I assure you this is nothing at all unusual."

"For *you*—no, so I have heard from Mr. Boniface!" The two looked at each other and laughed.

"So Frank's given me away, has he? The ungrateful villain, when I'm working entirely in his interests, too! And now I'll tell you just as much about my little scheme to bring about your marriage to Frank as I think will be good for you to know."

He spoke a few words to her in low, earnest tones, and then left her to find the unhappy young lover and send him to his inamorata's side again.

"Did he get jealous, then!" mocked Dimmock. "And did he think his artless little Alfred was trying to cut him out! Run along, Frank, and make the best use of your time. We shall be fired out of this in another half hour."

Sir Snapstone Hawley, as a comparatively poor man, had a very keen appreciation of the loaves and fishes, and was quite prepared to sacrifice his daughter's own wishes on the all-important subject of her marriage, in order to secure the wealthy Fitzass as a son-in-law.

"You find Fitzasses in every Government Department!" said Sir Snapstone pompously, when discussing the subject with his reluctant daughter.

"But I don't care for him, father," she persisted.

"Nonsense!" he retorted; "love will come after marriage. Do you think *I* loved your mother—" (cough) "—er—h'm—ah, I mean, do you think I don't know what is your proper course in life?" he ended feebly.

"And Frank? I love Frank!"

"Oh d—dash Frank!" shouted the baronet, as an extra twinge of gout twisted his mouth till it looked like that of a dog snarling.

Flambert Fitzass—either on account of Miss Hawley's beauty, or because she avoided him on every possible occasion and was obviously in love with another man—was quite determined to marry the girl. So enamoured of her was he that her image sufficed to drive that of every other girl he knew out of his empty head.

He bored everybody by talking incessantly about her beauty—which really was remarkable—and by hinting pretty plainly that, of the crowds of her admirers, he, Fitzass, alone found any favour. He secretly rejoiced in the knowledge that he had her father at his back, and coupling this with his ingrained belief that no girl could really resist such an Adonis as himself for any length of time, he looked upon his ultimate success as virtually assured.

Frank Boniface had gone to the baronet directly after he had been accepted by Annie, and told him of his love.

Google

And by midnight Mr. Alfred Dimmock had coolly monopolised pretty Annie Hawley. . . . whilst her disconsolate lover, Frank Boniface, hovered round the spot.

But Sir Snapstone had hummed and ha'd, and finally informed him that he had "other views" for his daughter, and—bowed him out of the room.

Things had gone on in this unsatisfactory way for some considerable time—Mr. Fitzass playing a waiting game—when the idea occurred to him to run down to Hurlingham one day "just to see what the fellahs were doin'."

And so, eminently pleased with himself, and dressed up to within an inch of his

Google

life, he drove down to the famous club, and then strolled languidly towards the polo ground to watch "the other fellahs makin' themselves beastly hot, and so forth, don't you know!"

Mincing along at as great a pace as a very tight-fitting pair of patent leather boots would allow him, and wondering whether any of "the girls" were admiring his Grecian beauty and faultless "get up," Mr. Fitzass was rather startled at finding himself touched sharply on the arm. Turning quickly he confronted Mr. Alfred Dimmock.

"Haugh-augh! how are you, dear boy? Goin' strong?" he queried, leaning lightly, as he spoke, on his stick.

But the "dear boy" did not seem to be in a responsive frame of mind. The solemn eyes looked even more serious than usual, and Mr. Dimmock refrained from accepting Mr. Fitzass's proffered two fingers. Mr. Fitzass noted this, and felt rather uneasy.

"Anythin' gone sideways?" asked Mr. Fitzass somewhat anxiously, and holding out his hand again as he spoke.

Dimmock ignored the hand, and folding his arms across his chest, said:

"You seem quite unaware, Mr. Fitzass, of the position in which you stand; and your levity is extremely ill-timed. I trust—— I still hope, for your own sake, that you will be able to deny the truth of a certain rumour which connects your name with that of a lady who is very dear to me. I mean, of course, Miss Hawley."

Mr. Fitzass fairly gasped with astonishment.

"Annie? Annie Hawley!" he exclaimed.

"I shall trouble you for the future, sir, not to refer to the lady in that familiar fashion. I, sir, allow no man to allude to Miss Hawley, in my presence, by her Christian name."

"You—*you* won't allow it!" said Fitz, in open-mouthed astonishment. "Why, what has it all to do with you?"

"*What* has it to do with me? Do you coolly ask that of *me?* Do you know, sir, that I intend to make Miss Hawley my wife?"

"The—the doose you do! Why, my dear fellah, the gal's enga——"

"The *what*, sir?" asked Mr. Dimmock in hectoring tones. "I must trouble you to speak in a more respectful manner of my future wife!"

"Your future wife! *My* future wife, I s'pose you mean. Her father has given his promise to me— --"

"And Miss Hawley has given *her* promise to me," cut in Dimmock, lying unblushingly.

For a full minute Fitzass stared blankly at Dimmock, then, dropping his eyes, he said lamely:

"This is all doosed annoyin', ain't it? When a fellah meets another fellah, and the other fellah says to the first fellah that he's engaged to marry that fellah's girl, don't you know, why—why, there you are, what?" he concluded feebly, digging the point of his crook-handled stick into the turf.

"It *is* annoying, as you say," replied Dimmock in more friendly tones. "But look here, Fitzass, we might come to some arrangement, I think, which would be for our mutual benefit. Suppose, now, that I marry the girl, whilst you——"

"Oh, dash it all! No!" interrupted the Honourable, with more vigour than usual. "I'm not goin' to give up the girl, whatever happens."

"Ah, that's unfortunate, isn't it?" said Mr. Dimmock, reflectively dry-shaving his chin. "Because I'm just of the same opinion as yourself. *I* don't intend to give up the girl, whatever happens!"

"Well, I shall marry her," repeated Fitzass with the curious obstinacy of weak-minded people.

"You *may*," replied Mr. Dimmock cautiously, "and then, again, you may not. Look here, Fitz, I have a plan which I feel sure you can take no objection to. We will get a chemist to make us up a couple of pills. One of those pills shall contain a fatal dose of prussic acid whilst the other shall be absolutely harmless. You shall take first choice——"

"My dear fellah," interrupted Fitz, pale and frightened, "I—I—I never could take pills—hate 'em. They—they don't agree with me!"

"Well, you could hardly expect the one containing the prussic acid to!" replied Dimmock grimly; "but don't you think it would be a very simple plan?"

"Oh, doosed simple, only——"

"And highly satisfactory?"

"Oh, yes, awf'ly, and so forth. But, as I said just now, my dear fellah, pills never did agree with me."

"Sorry. You see the survivor could then marry Miss Hawley, and everyone would be pleased."

Fitzass gave a sickly grin. "Except the—the fellah that——"

"Yes—exactly," broke in Dimmock, "he would *not* be pleased—unless he had an ultra-fine sense of humour!"

"Couldn't we arrange the thing without

Google

quarrellin'? Now, suppose *I* marry the girl and——"

But Dimmock was shaking his head in gentle negation, and Fitz "slowed down" until he came to a standstill, his eyes blinking stupidly and his mouth open.

"No," said Dimmock with decision; "but although duelling's rather out of date, there's really nothing to prevent our taking two tickets—one only need be a return"—Fitz palpably "squirmed" at this allusion—"to Calais and there disposing of the obstacle to your—or my—subsequent marriage with Miss Hawley. What do you say?"

The Honourable Flambert Fitzass moistened his dry lips with his tongue before replying to this cheerful invitation.

"My dear fellah, why—er—haugh-augh!"—with a dreary attempt at a laugh—"why should friends start quarrellin' and fightin' over a girl? By gad, I know lots of girls who'd jump at me if I only gave 'em half a chance, what? There's Lady Barbara Bluebottle, she's just dyin' for me; and that little Carlyon girl, don't you know, and there's—oh, there's half-a-dozen more of 'em who all want me, and so forth. So that, really, old chappie, don't you know, it isn't good enough, is it? And I couldn't very well get away from town just now, even to cross the Channel; couldn't spare the time, don't you know, without missin' quite a lot o' things."

"Then I understand you refuse my challenge?"

"Well, I—I don't exactly refuse it—don't want you to go sayin' I refused to fight, to the fellahs at the Senior, don't you know, but if it could be postponed, say for a yeah or two—what?"

"Fitz!" exclaimed Dimmock, as though a bright inspiration had suddenly come to him, "I've an idea. You and I both want to marry the same girl. Obviously, we can't. The girl herself

"You seem quite unaware, Mr. Fitzass, of the position in which you stand."

Google

might object—so I tell you what I'm prepared to do. If you'll give her up, I'll give her up!"

"It's a bargain, my dear fellah!" cried Fitz, his disappointment at losing the lady greatly mitigated by the idea of escaping from this cold-blooded ruffian's murderous suggestions. Better to lose his love than his life!

The twain shook hands on the arrangement, Mr. Dimmock, who had, of course, worked throughout to achieve this end, smiling pleasantly, with his tongue in his cheek.

Then a sudden chill struck the unfortunate Fitzass, as the thought of the Baronet's probable anger flashed into his mind.

"B—b—but what about old Sir Snapstone?" he asked nervously. "He—he'll be furious at my breaking off the engagement!"

"There never was an engagement," said Dimmock stolidly.

"No. But the old man has set his heart on my marryin' his daughter," responded Fitzass ruefully.

"This is what we'll do, Fitz. You and I will go down to Sir Snapstone's place at Seaford, and tell him of the resolution we've come to together."

"Couldn't you go down alone?" began Fitzass, who had no fancy for facing the irascible old gentleman, even when accompanied by Dimmock.

"Quite impossible. You must come, but if you like, I'll do all the talking."

And so it was agreed, before they parted, that on the morrow they should journey down to Seaford together, to beard the lion in his den.

And the lion in question—*alias* Sir Snapstone Hawley—took a certain amount of bearding; for what with gout, dyspepsia, and other of the ills which flesh is heir to, the Baronet was distinctly afflicted—so were those around him, on the occasions when the waves of his wrath swept over the breakwater of his common sense. The subject of his daughter's marriage to Flambert Fitzass was one which had caused great dissension in the house of Hawley, Sir Snapstone strongly favouring the union, though quite aware that Annie was in love with Frank Boniface, whilst Lady Hawley was equally resolute that her only child should marry the man of her choice and no other.

"Frank Boniface is a man—Fitzass is a monkey!" exclaimed her very outspoken ladyship.

"Bah! All men are alike after a year or two of married life," retorted the Baronet; "and one has thirty thousand a year, and will also have a title—the other has four thousand, without any other recommendation at all!"

"Annie will never look at that insipid oaf!"

"Yes, she will, in time, if you don't poison her mind against him!"

And so matters remained between this excellent couple for some time—armed neutrality eventually taking the place of open warfare. But neither side meant to give in, the Baronet arguing to himself that he surely knew much better what was good for his daughter than she did herself—"a mere chit of a girl!" he said contemptuously.

When Mr. Alfred Dimmock and Mr. Flambert Fitzass had got as far as sending in their cards, and asking for an interview with Sir Snapstone Hawley, the Honourable felt an almost irresistible desire to run away.

Courage was not his strong point, and had it not been for the "stiffening" effect of his companion's presence, he most undoubtedly would have yielded to the weak, but not wholly unnatural, desire.

Mr. Dimmock himself was perfectly happy, and thoroughly in his element—for was he not, after the weary interval of three long weeks, once more revelling in the delights of a practical joke?

The Baronet received them with a puzzled expression on his face, and bade them be seated. Dimmock he had never met before, though he had been told that that mercurial gentleman had paid marked attention to Miss Hawley at Lady Lestermine's ball, the previous week; in fact, that he had tried to take the citadel by storm. So Sir Snapstone pursed up his lips and prepared to act hostilely towards the young man, as soon as he should open fire.

What bothered the Baronet most of all was why these two rivals for Annie's hand should make a joint call upon him.

"My dear sir," began Mr. Dimmock, "I'm sorry to announce to you that we are here to-day on a most unpleasant business. My excellent friend Fitzass and I are thoroughly agreed on the subject. Fitzass and I are as one man, I may mention. Compared to us, David and Jonathan were distinctly overrated people; they were 'pals,' perhaps—nothing more. Now *we* positively have but one mind between us!"

"And I know whose that is," thought the Baronet, as his eyes wandered from the clean-cut, clever face of the speaker to the

Google

Fitzass murmured a hurried "Good-day," and shot out of the room; whilst Mr. Dimmock bowed in light, airy fashion.

vacuous, open-mouthed countenance of Mr. Fitzass. Sir Snapstone was not without a sense of humour.

"We both love your daughter," continued Dimmock, without the flicker of an eyelash. "Merely another proof of that one-mindedness, you see, which exists between us. To be brief, sir, Mr. Fitzass and I put our heads together, and very soon came to a certain conclusion."

"You did? And what was that?"

"The conclusion at which we arrived was this: That we could not both marry her."

"Bless my soul, how very astonishing!" exclaimed the Baronet sarcastically.

Dimmock assumed an injured air.

"I hope, sir, you are not preparing to treat this subject in any spirit of levity. It is a most serious matter both for my friend and me. To resume: I made several alternative propositions to Mr. Fitzass for a settlement of this all-important matter, such as taking poisoned pills, duelling, and other little ways which would remove the superfluous suitor, but he found there were objections to all, until we hit upon 'the only way,' as Martin Harvey might call it. It is this: In consideration of my withdrawing all pretensions to your daughter's hand, my very dear friend Fitzass agrees to do the same. There you

Google

have the whole case in an eggshell—I mean a nutshell!"

The Baronet stared in a mystified manner, first at one and then at the other, on the conclusion of Mr. Dimmock's wholly unexpected announcement.

"Do you mean to say that you, Mr. Fitzass, do not intend to marry my daughter?"

Fitzass, who had been industriously sucking the top of his gold-headed malacca cane, nodded in silence.

"And you, sir, after singling her out for such marked attention at a ball, that half the people she knows in town are talking about it, *you* say you mean nothing, and——"

"On the contrary, I mean so much that I make this awful sacrifice. 'Leaving yet loving'—see? Perhaps you haven't heard of that very beautiful song, Sir Snapstone? Ah, I must send you a copy when I get back to town!"

"Confound you and your song, too!" shouted the now thoroughly enraged old gentleman. "You miserable apologies for men! You—you monkeys!" And just then his train of thought carried him back to those quarrels with his wife on the subject of Fitzass when she also had alluded to the latter as a member of the Simian race, and this, in its turn, reminded him of Frank Boniface, of whose cause Lady Hawley had always been such a sturdy champion. An idea flashed across Sir Snapstone.

"You think I shall allow you to leave my daughter like 'the maiden all forlorn' of the old story-book, eh—to make me the laughing stock of the neighbourhood, do you? Then let me tell you both that I have only to raise a finger in order to bring to her feet a most excellent young man—pah! a fellow worth twenty of such men as you—you—you David and Jonathans!"

Dimmock gravely shook his head and sighed:

"I wish, for your sake and the lady's, that that could be, Sir Snapstone. But I'm afraid—I am very much afraid—that any such convenient person would only be an adventurer!"

"How dare you, sir, how *dare* you suggest such a thing!" spluttered the angry old man, thumping the table violently with his fist. "An adventurer, indeed! He is a man of large private means; a most estimable young fellow, who, I'll be sworn, wouldn't be seen in the society of such nincompoops as you!"

Mr. Dimmock still shook his head dubiously.

"I doubt if you'd get him, my dear sir; I doubt it very much indeed."

"Oh, do you, sir, do you; then I shall have much pleasure in undeceiving you, that's all. I shall immediately send for him to call upon both of you in town, and horsewhip you both soundly! And he can then announce his engagement to my daughter as soon as he likes! His name, sir, is Frank Boniface, and if you want to preserve whole skins, I should advise you both to keep out of his way. And now perhaps you will kindly leave this house and never let me see your faces any more!"

The two young men rose to go. Fitzass murmured a hurried "Good day" below his breath, and shot out of the room; whilst Mr. Dimmock, in light, airy fashion, bowed and said:

"Good day, Sir Snapstone—so glad to have made your acquaintance. Hope you'll look me up any time you happen to pass my rooms. To have met one of the old school, to have been received as you have received us to-day, with Grandisonian courtliness, will always be a pleasant memory for me. I won't forget to send you that song!"

At which last sally the old gentleman nearly had a choking fit, so great was his rage. He shouted out "Impudent puppy!" and fell back in his chair, coughing violently, and almost purple in the face with indignation.

That evening Mr. Boniface entertained Mr. Dimmock at dinner, and the sounds of merriment during the meal certainly did not savour of horsewhipping. But neither the Baronet nor Mr. Fitzass ever suspected the trick which had been played at their expense, and Mr. Dimmock remains to this day the most valued friend of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Boniface.

Next month

MR. DIMMOCK TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO DIPLOMACY

with the most wildly funny results.

He humbugs two foreign diplomatists and nearly brings about international complications.

Google

Handing a report to the Chief Station Officer.

THE EYES OF BRITAIN'S COAST

All about our Coastguards – their Life, their Duties, and their Adventures. Showing that Jack is a Handy-man Ashore as well as Afloat.

By H. J. Holmes.

Photographs by Horace Mew.

A foggy July evening eleven years ago. A huge Atlantic liner ploughing her way through a choppy sea. Suddenly a tremendous crash. Then shrieks of women and the frightened crying of children.

The *City of Chicago*, full of passengers, had run upon a shelf of rocks, far out of her course, on the ugliest part of the southern Irish coast, about half a mile west of the Old Head of Kinsale.

Many of the passengers had been hurled to the deck by the shock. As they rose to their feet, they heard the voices of officers shouting "There is no danger."

But what the passengers saw for themselves was hardly reassuring. Through the murky gloom the sea, dark and turbulent, was seen to port and starboard. Right ahead, the bow of the giant vessel seemed driven into a perpendicular cliff which rose abruptly from the sea to a height beyond the reach of eye-sight in the fog that prevailed.

Orders were given to lower the boats. The crew, under splendid discipline, carried out their officers' directions. In a moment or two, rockets soared into the air, proclaiming that a ship was in distress.

Almost simultaneously with the skyward flight of the signals, voices were heard high above, apparently in the air. Then a rocket was seen to dart outwards and downwards, and a rope fell across the deck of the helpless liner.

The coastguards had arrived with the rocket apparatus in good time. The sailors who hauled in the rocket-borne line found a rope ladder attached. This had hardly been made fast when a couple of the coastguards stepped from it on to the deck.

The situation was explained. The ladder would have to be climbed by those passengers who wished to get ashore at once. Perhaps it was just as well that the fog hid the top of the cliff from view. Otherwise many would not have risked that long and dangerous climb.

The bow of the *Chicago* was not close enough to the cliff to permit the escape to take place from the deck. A couple of planks were quickly placed in position, and from these, resting on the rocks, close upon two hundred persons climbed upwards to safety. Several fainted when they reached the summit, some had to be carried up bodily. But the stupendous task could never have been accomplished in many cases had it not been for the guidance and assistance of the coastguards, who toiled throughout the night like the true heroes they were.

During the strange rescue of the shipwrecked, there occurred an incident of the most thrilling nature.

An infant was being carried up the rope ladder, when by some mischance it fell from the arm of the man who held it. The child would have been dashed to pieces had it fallen on the rocks. Providentially, a smart young coastguard, Fred Mathers by name, happened to be close at hand when the child slipped from its horror-stricken protector's arm. Mathers darted forward and caught the poor little baby just in the nick of time. Words fail to express the joy of the mother when her child was restored safely to her arms.

All the rescued passengers were made as comfortable as possible at the coastguard station, which was certainly a bit over-crowded on that particular occasion.

The promptitude and intelligence shown by the coastguards on that memorable night

Google

Practising the Morse code of signalling, in which only one flag is used —

are only characteristic of the 4200 officers and men who form the eyes of Britain's coasts.

"The Coastguard is the first and most highly trained Reserve force for the Navy in case of War."

Thus it is written at the head of the long list of duties which adorns the watch-house of every coastguard station on the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland; and the flattering statement is indorsed by the Admiralty.

Most people who, by force or inclination, move seaward on occasion, gain a rather odd opinion of the duties of a coastguard. Based on what they see of him, they form the conclusion that his only occupation is that of lounging in an easy attitude against the heel of a flag-staff, gazing at irregular intervals through a telescope out to sea, scanning the horizon for smugglers who never appear.

That is the coastguard as the seaside pilgrim's fancy sees him. To those, however, who know the watcher of the coast a little more intimately, he "is quite another different kind of person altogether."

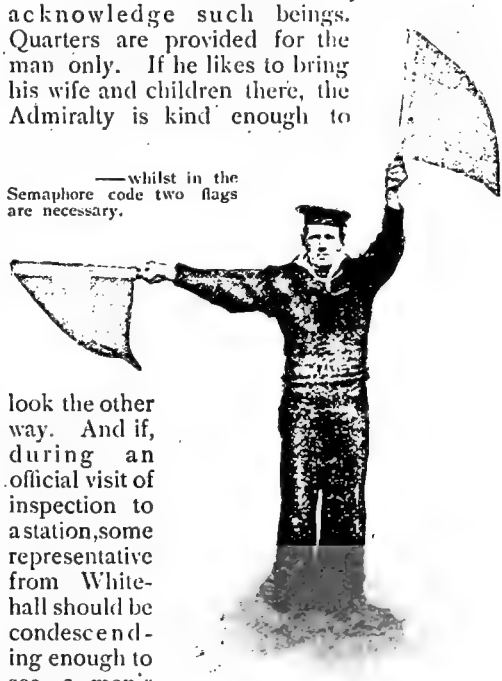
Last month's ROYAL contained a very interesting article descriptive of the multitudinous duties of a London policeman. The present writer avers that so far as number and variety are concerned, the coastguards' duties are hard to beat, even by so versatile an individual as a Metropolitan policeman. Jack does not lose his handiness when he leaves ship to take his place as boatman at a coast station. On the contrary, he must start afresh and exercise his handiness at many new things.

Come to think of it, the life of a coastguard is not the bed of roses most people imagine it to be. Still, it enables a man who is married to know more of home life than active service aboard a warship permits. So, when Jack has completed nine years at sea, becoming "spliced" in the meantime, he often takes advantage of the regulations to apply at once for a berth as coastguard ashore.

He doesn't improve his worldly position when he is transferred to a station. He may be a P.O. on board, but he must start as a "boatman" ashore. An A.B.'s screw, one shilling and sevenpence a day, is generously allowed, with a shilling extra in lieu of his "grub"; to this magnificent daily income is added the sum of fourpence, which is considered by the Admiralty sufficient to compensate the A.B. at a station for the warmth and artificial light which were his just due when afloat.

Accordingly, on two and elevenpence per diem, Jack begins his sojourn ashore. Out of this sum he is expected to keep himself in all his needs, and, if he is married, those of his wife and family. And small though the means undoubtedly are, you will always find a coastguard's family well-clothed and neat in personal appearance; if the furnishing of the little quarters be poor, they are invariably models of cleanliness and brightness.

Officially, the coastguard's wife and family do not exist. The Admiralty refuses to acknowledge such beings. Quarters are provided for the man only. If he likes to bring his wife and children there, the Admiralty is kind enough to look the other way. And if, during an official visit of inspection to a station, some representative from Whitehall should be condescending enough to see a man's wife and

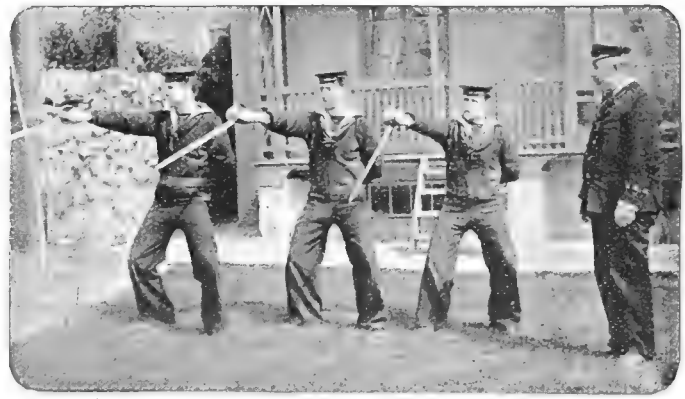


— whilst in the Semaphore code two flags are necessary.

Digitized by Google

children snugly occupying quarters, he never says a word about them when he gets back.

But woe betide the family that proves troublesome while at the station! Out that family goes, neck and crop. The Admiralty stands no nonsense, even from people whom it officially regards as non-existent.



The cutlass is a terribly effective weapon at close quarters, and the coastguards are regularly drilled in its use.

But besides having to provide ordinary necessities out of his small pay, every man at a station, from the new boatman to the officer in charge, has to purchase his own clothing—not even a bootlace is granted to the men by the powers that be—and he must always turn out smartly dressed.

The captain of a district visits a station. The men are paraded for inspection.

"Are those the best trousers you've got?" the captain demands, pointing to a slightly darkened spot on the knee of one of the men's nether garments.

"Yes, sir!" is the instant reply.

"Get a new pair at once!"

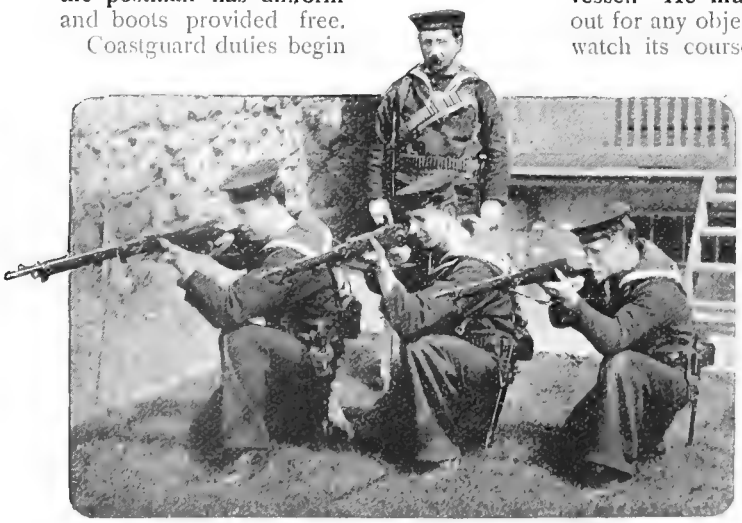
That's all. The trousers are obtained, and, as the Admiralty doesn't give credit, the amount is stopped in full from Jack's next month's pay.

This is a very real grievance, for other Government services are more favoured. Even the postman has uniform and boots provided free.

Coastguard duties begin very early in the morning, and finish very late at night. At stations with a full complement of men each goes "on watch" for six hours every day. That is, he takes up his position in the watch-house or upon the sea-wall. His particular duty is to keep a sharp look-out for passing ships, to insure that nobody and nothing is landed on the coast in contravention of the Customs laws.

Even excursion steamers running between an English seaside resort and French or Belgian ports are not permitted to land passengers until a coastguard—where there are no revenue officers—is present at the landing-stage to search suspicious persons and examine luggage.

The man on watch is held responsible for any failure to report the coming of such a vessel. He must always keep a keen look-out for any object floating in the sea, and must watch its course, reporting his discovery if there is any likelihood of the object being thrown up on the foreshore.



Constant instruction in musketry makes the coastguard a first-rate marksman.

It is the duty of the coastguard to take charge of anything thrown up by the sea. In the case of human bodies, information and descriptions must be circulated, and the coroner informed. When carcases of animals are washed up, it is the duty of the coastguard to bury them, or cause them to be buried.

The latter few words were added to the standing regulations owing to some friction with the public of a coast town. Some

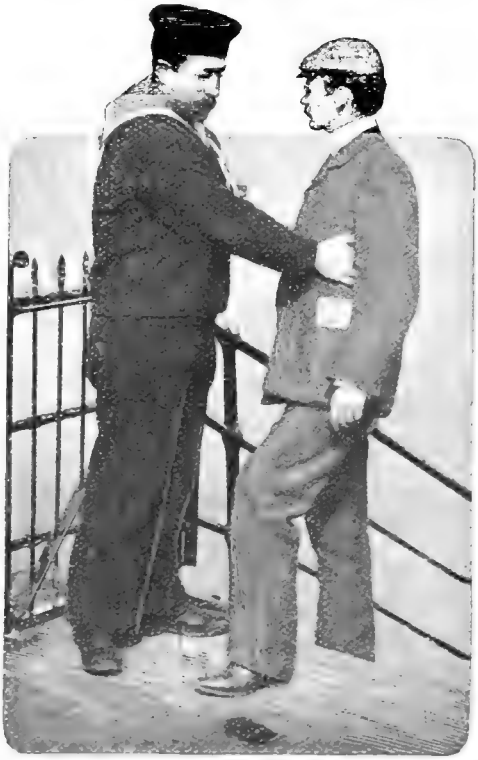
Digitized by Google

carcases, after a storm, had been washed up, and the coastguard, as usual, disposed of them in the quickest manner by putting them under the nearest sod.

The inhabitants resented this, declaring that it was taking the bread and butter out of local mouths. There were men, they stated, who would have been glad to take on the job for a fair rate of pay.

The Admiralty was approached and solemnly requested to fall in with the view of local agitators. The latter got their way. The coastguards had had to do the disagreeable jobs as part of their duty—without fee or reward. Thereafter, whenever local labour was procurable, it was employed. But the cost is charged to the town or district, and the ratepayers are mulcted. The town that started the agitation is now sorry it spoke.

The man on watch has further responsibilities. For instance, he must be constantly on the look-out, day and night, for signals from lightships and lighthouses as to wrecks or vessels in distress, and it is imperative that the local life-boat captain shall be immediately informed and instructed as to the whereabouts of the ship requiring assistance.



Cross-Channel excursion steamers are not permitted to land passengers until a coastguard—when there are no revenue officers—is present at the landing-stage to search suspicious persons.

The man on watch is bound to see that all buoys, beacons and lights, visible by telescope from the station, remain in position. Should it be otherwise discovered that any of these are disturbed and out of their proper places, unpleasant questions are sure to be put to the officer in charge of the station as to why the fact was not reported by the coastguard on duty at the time. Of course the precautions are vital. Many a vessel has gone to the bottom through a light not being where it ought to have been.

Another duty of the man on watch is to make and record weather observations for the use, if required, of the Meteorological Society.

It will be seen that the six hours on watch are not spent altogether so easily as many seaside visitors suppose when they see a coastguard on a fine summer's day basking in the sunshine. The sky is not always fair. During stormy weather in summer, and at all times throughout the winter, there is much anxiety and worry for the man on watch—especially at night. Should anything go wrong he is in for a bad time.

The man on night-watch sometimes meets with strange experiences. At a station on the south coast, some little time ago, a curious incident occurred. It was winter. The night was intensely dark, and heavy snow was falling.

Clad from head to heels in oilskins, a coastguard, whom we will call Brown, stood under a rough shelter opposite the watch-house. It was past midnight, and he had not long relieved his mate, who had turned in. Gazing seaward, Brown thought he saw something moving close to or amongst the white foam as it advanced and receded on the slanting shingle.

Suddenly a shrill cry came up from the beach a few yards to the eastward of the spot where the coastguard stood. Brown jumped down from his shelter to the shingle, and, as he did so, he saw the figure of a man, stark naked, running towards him out of the darkness, and groaning as he advanced.

"What's up?" shouted Brown, somewhat startled by the apparition.

The figure stopped.

"Is this the coastguard station?" came a sepulchral voice.

"Yes."

"I need shelter and food badly," groaned the naked man.

Digitized by Google

"All right. Come this way."

Brown ran for the watch-house, followed by the other.

The stove was alight, and the stranger at once rushed towards it. The coastguard gave him a towel with which to rub himself down, as he was dripping with sea-water, and an old overcoat. The poor wretch was shivering like an aspen leaf.

Whilst the stranger cowered over the stove with the greatcoat wrapped about him, Brown prepared some hot cocoa, which, with some slices of bread, the poor fellow greedily partook of. By this time, he had related, as fast as his chattering teeth would allow him, a most remarkable story.

Two hours previously he was snugly tucked up in his berth aboard a coasting steamer in which he was travelling as a passenger between London and Falmouth. After falling asleep in his bunk he remembered nothing more until he found himself struggling in the sea in the dark. He had struck out, and, being a powerful swimmer, kept afloat. Tide and current were in his favour. After what seemed a lifetime in the cold water, he found fresh strength when his feet touched bottom a few yards off from where Brown had been standing.

A regular handy-man, you see. Here he is house-painting like one born to it.

The extraordinary adventure was explained by the fact that the poor fellow was subject to walking in his sleep. In this state, he said, he had evidently reached the deck and tumbled overboard, probably through a lurch of the vessel. His utter nakedness was owing to the fact that his nightshirt had impeded his swimming powers, and he had torn it off.

A man of powerful physique, he soon revived, and asked permission to lie down for a while. The coastguard made him as comfortable as possible on the bench beside the stove, and saying he would look in again in half-an-hour, left the stranger to fall asleep, and returned to his post in the dreary shelter on the sea wall.

He looked into the watch-house in half-an-hour. The strange guest had departed. Along with him had disappeared the coastguard's change of clothes, the overcoat, a pair of boots, and a cap, from which the ribbon had been torn by the thief.

The mystery was fully explained next day. In the morning a report was circulated from P——prison, six miles away, that a convict, answering to the visitor's personal appearance, had escaped late on the previous evening. Then came the news that a fisherman had picked up, behind some rocks on the shore, a suit of clothes of yellowish material, with undergarments and boots, all plentifully besprinkled with broad-arrows. Later in the afternoon the capture of the missing convict was chronicled, and he was described as wearing the clothes stolen from the watch-house.

There was no doubt that the man, knowing how impossible it was to escape whilst wearing convict dress, planned out the proceedings of the previous night, discarded the undesirable garments, took a dip in the sea, approached the coastguard station, and invented the somnambulatory yarn as an excuse for his nakedness. Afterwards, taking advantage of the situation, he had got out of the back door with sundry wearing apparel!

Google

The coastguard takes charge of everything thrown up by the sea.

Brown now gets as mad as a hatter when anyone asks him, after his spell of night-watch, if he has seen any more swimming somnambulists!

Six hours' watch does not, of course, constitute the day's work of a coastguard. There is always plenty to do at a station. Idleness is practically unknown.

The Admiralty dictum quoted at the opening of this article is quite true. The coastguard is undoubtedly the first and most highly-trained reserve force for the Navy in case of war. And this efficiency cannot be maintained without continuous and strenuous practice.

So, many a time and oft, Jack and his mates have to turn out at the bidding of the Chief Station Officer to drill. And, at unexpected intervals, the captain of the district puts in an appearance and summons the men to drill in his presence. If there be any slackness, the C.S.O. is sure to hear of it afterwards, and what he hears in such instances does not improve his temper.

Rifle drill, cutlass drill, pistol drill, signalling drill, Morse and semaphore, boat drill, in fact, all the routine of a warship is maintained at a coastguard station. Inspections are frequent, and visits from the Admiral of the District help to lessen any monotony with which a station may be threatened.

There is a record of a boatman—as the coastguard "private" is classed—who made a slight mistake owing to a testy Admiral's indistinctness of verbal delivery. The culprit excused himself by stating that he hadn't heard the order.

"What are your ears for, sir?" demanded the irate officer.

"To keep my straw hat on, sir!" was the ready response.

The nature of the Admiral's remarks on this view is, unhappily, not recorded.

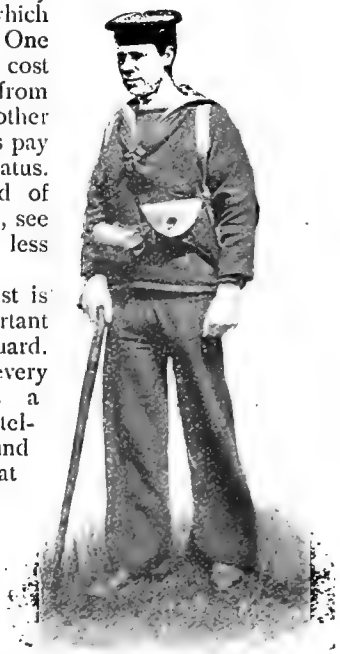
Rifle firing and marksmanship is sustained by regular visits to the nearest range. Some of the best shots in the service are amongst the blue-jackets ashore.

The rocket apparatus and other life-saving paraphernalia are under the care of the coastguard. It will come as a surprise to many to learn that all stations are not supplied. In many instances one rocket apparatus has to be shared by four or five neighbouring stations. Some day, or night, proof will be given that the system is wrong. A rocket apparatus that must be brought a distance of ten miles when needed might often be too late to be of use.

The men at a station not supplied with an apparatus have to journey for practice to that which is so provided. One would think that the cost of transporting men from one station to another would in a few years pay for a new apparatus. No doubt, the Board of Trade will, in time, see the matter in a less penurious light.

Patrolling the coast is one of the most important duties of the coastguard. By this means, every twenty-four hours a chain of useful intelligence is forged around the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland.

Arrayed in special night-gear, which includes a heavy revolver with plenty of ammunition, a sword stick, a blue light



Here you see him in his night-duty kit—that stick in his hand contains a sword, and he carries a revolver at his belt.

Google

for signalling purposes, and a pouch for official correspondence, two sturdy men start away every evening from every coastguard station in the United Kingdom. They depart in opposite directions. Their objective is a point along the coast half-way between their own and the next station, from which a man is setting out at the same moment. The two meet at a rendezvous. They compare notes, exchange news of the coast, relate any incidents that may have occurred during their respective walks, and hand over and receive official letters for transmission to various stations—for the coastguard has its own postal delivery.

The nightly patrol of the coast is not without its risks even in these modern times. Smugglers and their accomplices are creatures of the past, but the cliff paths are often dangerous, and on dark nights each step has to be carefully picked.

Many an exciting adventure has fallen to the lot of the night patrol. There recently died at Newport, I.W., an ex-coastguardsman who, many years ago, succeeded in arresting, single-handed, a whole gang consisting of eleven smugglers.

He was patrolling the coast when he suddenly came upon the men busy landing a cargo of spirits from the coast of France. Dashing, revolver in hand, into their midst, the brave fellow sang out that he would shoot the first man who tried to get away. He so frightened the lot that he succeeded in marching every one of them to the next town, where he gave them into custody, much to the amazement of the authorities.

Transmitting messages from Lloyd's to passing ships.

Besides the daily routine of station life, there are many duties, which, although of somewhat irregular occurrence, must still be carried out carefully when the occasion arises.

For instance, to the coastguard falls the work of enforcing the quarantine laws in districts where they are not looked after by the local authorities. Boarding any ship flying a fever signal, the coastguard is bound to risk contagion in seeing that the laws are carried out.

When a wreck is thrown up on the beach or on rocks in proximity thereto, the coastguards must take charge of and protect the property, acting on behalf of the Receiver of Wrecks, until freed officially from the responsibility. If human lives have been lost by the wrecking of a vessel, it is the coastguards' duty to prepare casualty returns for the Board of Trade.

Infringements of sea fishery laws must be followed up, and the culprits arrested; every coastguard must be prepared to act as a pilot, when necessary; and the bye-laws as to vessels carrying explosives must be enforced.

Under all these conditions and circumstances it must be admitted that the coastguard is a very hard-working man, executing very important and difficult duties at a small wage. Still, you will always find him a jovial, hearty, fair-spoken fellow, enjoying, no doubt, the knowledge that, by good conduct and willing work, he is sure to advance by stages until he finds himself in the proud position of Chief Station Officer.

Google

The Man With Wings

The Strange and Thrilling Story of a Great Invention and a Great Inventor.

By W. J. Alexander.

IT WAS only after Eustace Devine had thought out his wonderful invention that his real difficulties began. Unluckily, he was not an artisan; he was at present a clerk in the office of a shipbroker, who happened to be his maternal uncle. Thus he had to put his design into the hands of an ironmaster, who undertook to mould the delicate steel ribs of his wings, but who, unfortunately, had to be intrusted with the secret of the pulleys, the galvanic battery, the pneumatic bladders, and the rest of it. The ironmaster's bill mounted high above the estimate, and all Eustace's available cash only covered about half of it. And the ironmaster declined to part with an article like a pair of wings except for cash down.

Eustace found himself in a dilemma. Friends as poor as himself believed enthusiastically in his idea; the capitalists he had access to, including his uncle, were sceptical. Naturally the inventor foresaw a golden future, but lay awake o' nights with the fear of finding another man before him. Another besetting temptation of youth drove him on, and he fell.

Some highly unskilled juggling with figures in his uncle's ledger placed the amount in his hands—for twenty-four hours. At the expiration of that time his injured relative was talking loudly of the police.

Being of a nervous temperament, Eustace went promptly into hiding. Only now he had the wings, piled up in sections on the roof of his lodgings in Kentish Town, where the blank wall of a warehouse behind gave cover for his movements.

During that winter a legend, rather like that of the sea-serpent, began to circulate through London. A gigantic winged form, strangely refracted through the fog, would occasionally become visible, flitting above some particularly well-lighted thoroughfare, and filling the most respectable members of the public with horrid doubts.

A natural explanation of the portent was, of course, advanced—to say, "Smith saw the flying man last night," came to be considered the delicate way of describing the condition of a man after he had dined not wisely but too well. Meanwhile, the inventor crouched in his top-floor, prepared for flight to the leads at the first alarm.

In such a case a man could hardly be expected to pay afternoon calls, but with the rashness natural to youth, Eustace did so. In addition to his other troubles he had fallen in love. He had met the lady in question some fifteen months before—after various conversational fumblings he had somehow been led to talk of flying, and Margaret Haxell, who had brains of her own, had been delighted with the inventor's enthusiasm. He was, in fact, the first inventor she had met. "How nice if you could fly down into our garden," she had remarked on that memorable occasion.

One foggy afternoon in his distressful period the thing came about. He had, indeed, flown into several wrong gardens first, in spite of careful reconnoitring of that

Copyright, 1903, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., in the United States of America.

Digitized by Google

region of the West End. He knew his way better with each successive visit, and happily Mr. Haxell, who was something big in the City, was invariably out.

It is possible that Miss Margaret was flattered at being wooed in a fashion that certainly no other woman had been wooed in before. But Eustace did not feel called on at their charming *tête-à-têtes* to allude to the difficulties in which he found himself. Had he not more or less got into them on account of her?

His courage rose to the point of self-advertisement. One evening a gigantic winged figure was seen whirling round the light on the clock tower of the House of Commons, now descending in strange gyrations to the level of the house fronts, now soaring out of sight. Policemen and loafers alike saw it, the people on the 'busses saw it, even M.P.'s were among the witnesses A universal murmur rose from the space before Palace Yard—"The Flying Man" was the shout, while a sceptic remarked: "Get aht, it's a albatross." A seaman present asserted in language of the deepest dye that it was like no albatross he had met, and the next day's papers found space for a judiciously edited version of his evidence.

From cautious inquiries Eustace learned that his uncle had inserted an advertisement connected with himself in the agony column of the *Daily Advertiser*. He bought a copy and learned that the old man would "feel it his duty to communicate with the police," if he (Eustace) did not report himself at the office within twenty-four hours. The paper was already three days old.

From a Photog'ap't.

One evening a gigantic winged figure was seen whirling round the clock tower of the House of Commons.

Google

Things were indeed looking black. His extreme desire to remain invisible to the police was now only tempered by occasional outbursts of his ambition to exhibit himself to the public, and by the temptation to call upon Margaret. And from the next of these delightful interviews he returned with yet another burden on his mind — Margaret insisted that he should teach her to fly. What was he to do?

Fortunately, she consented, after he had muttered something about patents, to limit her performances to days of fog. It was stiff work, of course, conveying the reserve pair of wings piece by piece on to the roof of the unconscious Mr. Haxell's dwelling, but the fun of buckling all the apparatus on Margaret's person—dressing his ladybird, as he called it—and then the sight of her undaunted courage in the air, fluttering at the end of the towline he held so tightly, was reward enough.

But the situation was becoming more unbearable every day. He had little money left, and his uncle might any day set the police in real earnest on his track. There was nothing for it but reckless self-advertisement. Accordingly, one evening, near dusk, there was a sensation in Fleet Street, everybody standing still to stare at a winged monster that went heavily buzzing with a metallic clang between the house fronts, skimming over the heads of astounded passengers on 'buses, and taking the telegraph wires in its flight, with a sharp up and down, like a hunter taking fences.

For a minute the noisiest street in the world was silent but for those amazing wing-beats, then came a thickening murmur—for one wing had caught in the wires, and the inventor hung there beating the air with the other, wriggling strangely to get loose, while the police were pushing through the crowd beneath him. Then a tinkle of falling metal, and the apparition soared dizzily aloft over the Law Courts, to vanish shortly in the evening mist.

* * * * *

A few days later Margaret discovered that the ambition of her life was an extensive fly above London. Eustace found denial too hard for him. He only insisted on a foggy day being chosen for the expedition the delight of flying above a fog was, he assured her, the main point. And in this Margaret, to his great satisfaction, quite acquiesced. Perhaps it was because he also insisted on the towline.

"Oh!" exclaimed the girl breathlessly, "it's like being buried and then getting out!"

They had flapped up in a spiral course and emerged through the dank wreaths of the lower mist. Above them the blue sky, beneath them the top of the fog lay like a sparkling floor.

They flew exultantly through the clear air, circling, on the whole, northward. Eustace had a preconceived route, with resting-places for Margaret's benefit, mapped out in his head, and presently he began to drop a little.

"Not yet," she pleaded, as the chilly wreathes of fog began to float round them again.

"Only for five minutes," he said authoritatively, wheeling about like a bird groping its way, till suddenly a huge mass of building loomed up beside them, a dim, formidable shape that presently resolved itself into the Midland Hotel. "Easy right wing," he commanded; "now easy left—cock your tail," and with a very elegant swoop they alighted plumb on the centre of the arched roof of St. Pancras station.

After a short rest they whirred upwards out of the darkness and chill into the keen, blithe air; the sun shone for them again, and the green country beckoned them on.

"I am a seagull," Margaret cried, sparkling with delight. "No, not a seagull, an eagle. Can you hear me? these wings clack so. I'd sooner be an eagle than an angel, wouldn't you?"

Eustace replied that her angelic qualities were beyond question.

"Oh, bother, you don't want poetry when you have flying," she said lightly.

Just then a hawk, that presumably had lost its way, wheeled and fled in terror from their path. They laughed joyously. "Faster, faster," cried Margaret, and their wings whirred on with a great volume of sound.

Their course now was southward over central London. The fog seemed to have risen and thickened; the slopes about Sydenham were covered with it, and only the big towers of the Crystal Palace loomed obscurely through.

"Let's fly there," Margaret suggested.

Her companion surveyed the horizon with an anxiety which she naturally did not share. It was dark everywhere, only far westward a dim patch of light fell on some suburban region marked by the smoke of a great railway, and there stood out a heavy mass of building, in the neighbourhood, perhaps, of Wormwood Scrubs. "Come on," Eustace called recklessly.

Digitized by Google

Their speed was now great, and from time to time Eustace felt the towline go taut with a jerk.

"Are you getting fagged?" he called down to his companion.

"Not a bit—eagles don't, you know," she called back pluckily.

Then came another jerk. "Better go slower," he said.

"No, faster, faster." She was intoxicated with the whirl of it, with the strong air rushing against her clear-cut young face that looked so charming, half turned up to him from below. For the rest of that flight the jerks entirely ceased.

They dropped on the wide-arched roof of the Crystal Palace to find a chilly gleam of sunshine doing its best to draw a sparkle from the glass. But Eustace's eyes noticed that Margaret was sitting with her wings drooping heavily, an appealing picture of fatigue. There was nothing for it but to unbuckle her shoulder straps to give her arms a little rest from the weight—an operation to which she breathlessly submitted.

From a Photograph.

There was a sensation in Fleet Street, everybody standing still to stare at a winged monster that went buzzing between the house fronts.

"It's the pace that kills—I warned you," he said, taking the opportunity of scolding her.

"I didn't feel it, not till just the end—I'll obey the inventor another time," she panted charmingly.

"You'd better."

"And I turned on the power as you told me—I got so excited."

"But you shouldn't have—it's not for that. Let me look at your battery," he said, rather gravely.

He knelt before her and consulted the indicator of the little box hanging at her waist. "Good Heavens, you've nearly used it all."

The alarm in his voice startled her. "I didn't know it mattered," she said penitently, "and I was afraid I couldn't go quick enough and would be a drag on you—and besides it was heavenly."

Google

"I've got all mine, anyhow," Eustace said, with sombre calculation in his eye. "We must get back."

"But, you silly boy, can't we just get down here and take a train if we want to?"

But before he answered the change had come.

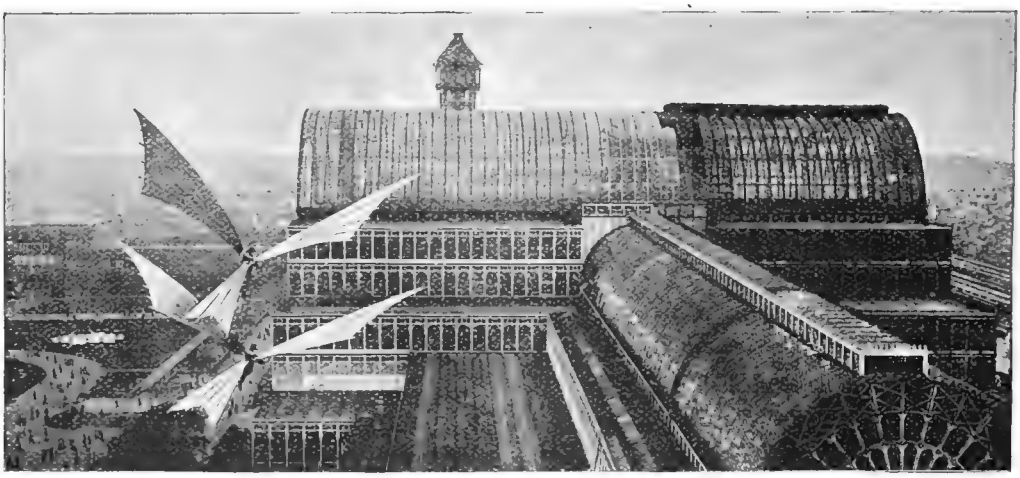
A light steady wind was pushing the fog aside as a hand moves a curtain, till the upper half of one tower stood clearly visible. Then a dusky patch of light far below showed up some trees and a fountain, then a house stood out, and suddenly all the solid, comfortable, protecting fog was seething away in steam, vanishing into nothingness. Eustace jumped to his feet.

"Can you stand your wings now?" he asked, with hurry in his voice.

country beyond lay already in vivid sunshine. Only northward along the river there rose the brown, murky wall that promised security, since it veiled the City from sight, and might, by luck, extend indefinitely over the suburbs beyond. Still Eustace wavered, scanning the horizon all round, attempting to calculate the chances, and with every fatal moment of delay the light grew stronger.

"Country's no good; we aren't fast enough," he explained in broken phrases. "They'd chase us with motors and catch us in time. The power only lasts a comparatively short while. No, there's only the City left."

Suddenly Margaret clapped her hands triumphantly. "Let me get down right below here," she suggested; "help me down



Photo, Russell & Sons.

They dropped on the wide-arched roof of the Crystal Palace.

"Oh, bother, and we're just going to have a jolly view," Margaret said lazily.

"But I must follow the fog," he burst out.

The blank want of comprehension in her eyes staggered him—to her it must have seemed like insanity. Breathlessly, in a miserable flutter of nerves, he blurted out the whole story of his temptations and blunders, and the trouble he was in—then waited with a downcast face for her judgment.

"Poor boy"—she possessed herself of one of his hands and stroked it—"poor boy, and what a silly world it is. Here, put my wings on for me—quick." She started up with every appearance of energy.

"If I only knew where to make for," Eustace muttered as he buckled the straps.

The fog was driving rapidly away from the high ground round Sydenham, and the open

there—you're the master—fly away and laugh at them."

Eustace glanced beneath. "Ugh! only look at them," he said with violent disgust.

On the terrace below, a compact little crowd stood waiting. It was constantly swelled by fresh arrivals; they could see people beckoning to each other, people running up, some dragging children behind them, all agape at the weird figures outlined on the familiar Palace roof, and evidently congratulating themselves on being in time for the performance. Faces appeared on the balconies of the towers.

"You can't possibly light there," he went on, turning to Margaret; "they'd question you—want your address. Heaven knows what those imbecile police think, most likely that I invented flying as a means to commit

Digitized by Google

crime "—and in this possibly the inventor was not so wide of the mark—"anyhow they'd bother you no end, and go to your father, of course."

Margaret heaved a tremulous little sigh. "Oh, let's start," she said faintly.

A whisper that had started from below as a cheer reached them as they took the air. Eustace shaped a course due north, straight for the friendly fog bank above the City, that lay at its thickest about the shadowy dome of St. Paul's.

The great elevation they started from would have allowed of an easy dropping flight, but by rising he hoped to escape observation from below. Only the strain on the towline was now not jerky, but continuous, for Margaret's wings were flapping feebly. His anxious inquiries elicited the statement that she was enjoying herself immensely. The strain went on; still, the splendid sweep of his own wings had already left the Palace far behind, and the atmosphere beneath them was growing dimmer.

"Perhaps we can get away north of London and take a train," Eustace shouted down to his companion. Her answer was inaudible. "Worst come to the worst," he went on, "we can lie down on a roof till dusk. Could you invent some tale when you get home?"

"Rather." Margaret's voice, if cheerful, was faint.

They were above London streets again, with a swimming, vaporous world beneath, but the strain on the towline was growing momentarily worse.

"Put on all your power," he called out, heard a little "yes," in answer, and their flight grew easier. But in less than a mile the strain returned, it was fast becoming intolerable, and a sense of giddiness came over him. He remembered with horror a speculation of his as to the possibility, if the arms grew too fatigued for movement, that they might simply act as brakes to the wings, and so tend to check the power.

Things were certainly going hard with him, but what he presently saw below was worse. For the fog was thinning. First one steeple, then another, stuck up through its attenuated folds, then the great arteries made a patchwork in the brown jumble of mean streets—and, turning his head, Eustace saw his enemy close behind him.

The enemy was a broad belt of sunlight driving up from the south-west, and scattering the fog in grotesque chunks and masses of quickly dissolving vapour. Eustace put on his power to escape—once more he gathered speed, and the fog seemed to cling close about the City.

But the flying man was over-handicapped for this race. Line by line the ugly panorama below came out with horrid distinctness, till, passing 700 feet above the Walworth Road, he made out black dots which were vehicles, and tinier dots which were men, and fancied he could see those pigmies standing still and gathering in clumps to stare—no doubt enjoying the exhibition like those idiots at the Palace.

Eustace felt bitter towards them, for he was cruelly tired. For a long time, a time that seemed like hours, he had had no breath for a word to Margaret. And the poor girl, trailing below there, was just as dumb.

But by this the fog had left St. Paul's. Eustace's sight travelled wildly over London to see those once friendly columns of murk retreating far away, the main body hanging dark over the East End and the region of docks, while flying columns skirmished on the horizon somewhere towards Stamford Hill. Below him the streets of the City lay in clear-cut patterns, small, like some elaborate model. And the limits of the great invention had been unexpectedly reached—he could simply fly no more—the nearest solid object in the abyss of space must be reached, if it could be reached, as soon as possible.

That nearest solid thing was the starkly outlined lantern above the dome of St. Paul's. But how to reach it? Crossing dizzily above Cannon Street Eustace felt his muscles springless, he was drifting like a dead weight, tending each instant to sink. To be sure, there was the momentum. But not enough—the course was too low—they were aiming straight for the sheer slope of the dome. With a horrible effort Eustace rose a little, steering for the lantern.

The next moments were like the hundred years of a nightmare. The solid thing in front with its columns and secure ledges seemed to come no nearer as he flapped heavily through empty space, drawing out, it seemed to him, for ever.

Then, suddenly, it was close on him, and he was struggling not to be dashed against it, backing his wings to check that violent momentum. Next he was clinging to something, his feet were on a stone step, the solid at last. But Margaret hung below—he had to rise from his perch, with wings grinding against the stone-work, and haul desperately till she got to the level of safety.

Google

From a Photograph.

He was conscious only of a desperate battle against gravitation.

He was holding her fast on a stone cornice of scarcely a foot's width, their faces were to the wall of the lantern and they were unable, which was perhaps as well, to glance behind them. Their wings, broken into jagged ends as they were, were disastrously cramping on that delusive perch—and Margaret was in wild hysterics. "Don't let me drop, don't let me drop," she kept saying as she clung to him.

To creep into the interior of the ball was, of course, impossible. And, even if the wings had not been damaged, further flight was equally so. Margaret was all but incapable of motion. "Let me drop and get it over and you fly away," she said over and over again, crying bitterly while she clutched him for support. Eustace had wholly forgotten the world below in the deadly pass they had come to; no possible course presented itself except to stand by her till by some unimaginable means he pulled her through.

"You must do exactly what I tell you," he

Digitized by Google

said sternly, and tried to soothe her while he meditated a plan. For the critical moment she must be a child in his hands.

"Now try to fly," he told her suddenly, and fluttered himself away from the lantern, literally jerking her off the edge of the cornice. She sank, his flight breaking her fall, till her body lay face downward on the surface of the dome.

"Crikey, there's acrobats for yer!" exclaimed a voice from the ball above, now crowded with gazing faces. Very slowly, and with infinite trouble, he lowered her along the curve of the dome, hovering above her with a trembling sense of what depended on the soundness of the rope. The descent became precipitous, and he was conscious only of a desperate battle against gravitation and the effort to keep the wings outspread to check the downward rush. They grated along the stonework—then suddenly the two lay in a heap, bruised and shaken, on the lower gallery.

It was then, after setting Margaret, who was dazed, but conscious, on her feet, and assuring her of her safety, that Eustace first glanced down and beheld the spectacle of his life.

The whole churchyard below was paved with faces, turned upward, white and expectant, in absolute silence. Omnibuses, wedged in among the people, were entirely incapable of movement, and the whole congested multitude was intent like one man in watching for the end of this unheard-of adventure above.

Then, as the two stood at the balcony, a great hoarse cheer came rolling up, and was repeated time after time, seemingly in the hope that the performance would be continued.

Eustace gazed gloomily down at them, then took out his handkerchief and waved it, meaning this as a sign of surrender. Instantly the space below was alive with the waving of hats and other signals, no doubt in honour of the inventor. Margaret implored him to fly and leave her. But he mournfully inspected the battered wings, and then silently set about taking them off and laying the pieces by in order.

Soon a queer little procession composed of vergers and policemen found its way aloft. "You'll put the lady in a cab, of course," Eustace said when he found himself in custody, and was answered with more respect than he looked for.

It was the vergers, in fact, who took charge of Margaret, while the police closed round the inventor. "If you damage those wings you'll have to pay thousands," he broke out with sudden passion, and a constable, who had shown symptoms of an inquiring mind, retreated nervously. The little procession solemnly filed downstairs.

Eustace passed his first hours in the cells in a state of apathy due to extraordinary fatigue. He was aroused by the visit of an official civilly anxious as to the disposal of the wings. This seemed remarkable, and he began to meditate on his paradoxical position—at once an inventor and a convict, or next door to it, and wondered which he would sooner not be. He meditated on many things, but most about what might be happening at the Haxell's, and that seemed obscurer than the rest. Presently he was roused by an official voice remarking: "Someone to bail yer out."

It was his uncle, brim full of cordiality.

"My dear boy, all an absurd mistake—bail you out, of course I will—didn't know you had such a good thing. Well, never mind that little matter, I'll float it for you and give you ten per cent."

"Give me what?" Eustace asked dumfounded.

"Well, call it twenty per cent.," his uncle beamed with benignity.

Just then a sensation was caused in that police-station by the arrival of a second person designing to bail out the culprit, and this person was that highly respected member of the Stock Exchange, Mr. Haxell himself.

"Stuff and nonsense," said that bluff and sensible person, "I'm here to do the bailing out. Look here, Mr. Eustace, I'll float the thing and give you fifty per cent., the remainder to be settled on another person."

"You forget I'm in a position to dictate terms. I can prosecute," put in the uncle with acerbity.

"Practically you can't," said the other. "On the whole this gentleman behaved well to my daughter—mind you," with an admonitory finger to Eustace, "I only say on the whole. So I offer you your money down—see. You can't prosecute. Why, man, you'd live in history for it."

"Who is the other person?" Eustace asked, when his uncle had glumly retired.

"Margaret, I suggest," said Mr. Haxell. "But," making play with his finger, "we won't talk of pooling the shares till we see how you behave."

"I think I've learnt some wisdom, sir," Eustace submitted. And as he marched out of the station he felt as though he had really learned a good deal.

Digitized by Google

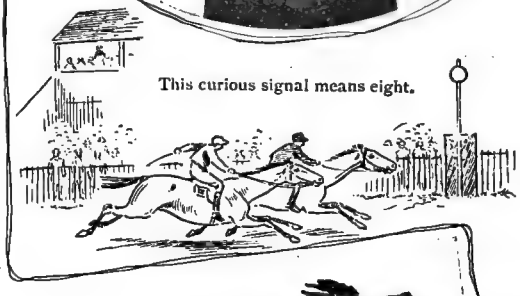
"TICK-TACK"

A New System of Wireless Telegraphy on the Race Course.

By Phil Lander.

Specimen of a signalled "tick-tack" message. Two—the number of the horse in the starting list.

This curious signal means eight.



This is the sign for the figure one.

The word "against" in the "tick-tack" code.

One of the most curious of human signalling systems is that in vogue on the race course. It is used for the purpose of conveying from one "ring," or inclosure, to another valuable information as to the odds in betting.

The smaller, ready money bookie employs an agent to enter the first class rings, to watch the prices, and, by hanging about the paddock and jockeys' inclosures, to pick up any information that may be going, for transmission, in due course, to his employer.

Frequently this pair of sporting individuals are separated by a space of several hundred yards. Each of necessity must remain in his particular sphere of work. As communications of a private nature cannot otherwise take place, a code of signals has been prepared, and, as necessity demands, the searcher after knowledge conveys his messages by what is known among the fraternity as the "tick-tack" system.

It is a rather curious sight to see half-a-dozen of these agents at work conveying their messages by signs to their employers. Perched up on a portable stool, or balanced on the rails of the inclosure, the "tick-tack" men go through a series of vigorous exercises.

Digitized by Google

The signal for "on" in "tick-tack" telegraphy.

"Price falling."

"Price going up."

"A stiff 'un," in the tipster's code.

which many observers would imagine were intended as a means towards gaining physical perfection.

Hundreds of yards away their employers have focussed their glasses upon the gesticulating figures, and are eagerly reading and whispering to their "clerks" the information obtained.

First signalling, according to the prepared code, the number of a horse, the "tick-tack" man gives the price "against" or "on," as the case may be, thus going through the whole list of starters. There are various signs as to how betting is going on this horse and that.

Numerals are indicated by various signs from 1 to 9 and 0. These suffice singly, or by combinations, for the number of the horse and the odds. "On" is a special sign, and "against" another. Other signs and combinations of signs indicate such sporting phrases as "straight tip," "dead cert," "stiff 'un," "cert for a place," and many others expressive of useful information to guide the recipient in making up his book and regulating "prices" or odds.

In this way the smaller fry of bookmakers are able to gain quite as good information as their swell brethren in the big inclosures are in possession of.

Digitized by Google

THE EVIL EYE

AN ABSORBING STORY OF AN ARTIST, A FLOWER-GIRL, AND HER LOVER.

By Huan Mee.

I.

Lawrence Barton, American, bachelor, artist, and globe trotter stood with a travelling companion he had picked up in Italy, on the deck of the little vessel that plunged erratically across the Bay of Naples towards the enchanting Island of Capri.

The setting sun, too brilliantly audacious and barbaric in its colouring for any man to portray, for sapient critics would sneer if he painted Nature with such fidelity, flung its vivid, ever-changing glow from one spot to another, and the two who watched it closely stood spellbound, gazing first at the flaming glory of the sky and then at the deepening blue of the water, and the island which seemed to rest as a bird upon it.

"It is wonderful," said Edward Denby enthusiastically, "glorious. If only a painter could put this scene upon canvas, the world would be at his feet. Doing any work in Capri, Barton?"

"Yes, I've a large canvas I've been working upon in the island, but unluckily I've come to a dead stop."

"Why, lost your inspiration?"

"Not exactly. I want a model for the central figure, and I don't believe there's a girl in the whole of Capri will fit it, or if there is I've not seen her yet."

"What's the subject?"

"'Declined with thanks,' is what I call the picture. The scene is that lovely bit of coast just below the Continental grounds. One of the picturesque vagabonds of the island has proposed to the girl and she declines."

"But, my dear Barton, surely there must be scores—hundreds of pretty girls there, who would suit the part."

"My dear Denby, I don't believe there's one. I want a girl whose eyes will flash with a dash of merriment and a little scorn, a girl who laughs at the insolence of this peasant in thinking that she would marry him, not a brainless coquette, mind you, but a girl who has thoughts of her own future and looks as if she were clever enough to carry them out."

And thus they chatted until, as the purple shades of evening fell, they landed at the Marina of Capri.

It was betimes next morning that Lawrence Barton started forth towards Ana-Capri in renewed quest of a model for his picture.

Tessa was seated upon a rock, her

Note.—This story has been dramatised by the author.

Digitized by Google

flower-basket, filled with semi-tropical, blazing blossoms, was by her side, and around her were half-a-dozen girls, who laughed as she read a letter to them; but none laughed so loudly, none so mockingly as she.

She was a beautiful girl, her black hair tossing in unruly waves around a face that was almost classical in its outlines, her whole body an incarnation of sinuous grace and imperial impudence.

Lawrence Barton gasped as he looked at her, for she seemed to him the creation of his own brain.

Then he walked slowly towards the group. It was a scene that the gods who read the future might have wept in pity for, as this man, with elation in his heart, took his first step upon the grim and ghastly path that Fate had chosen for him.

The girls stopped laughing as the sound of Lawrence Barton's footsteps fell upon their ears, and, with many a sly glance at the approaching stranger, they set to arranging the flowers and fruit in their baskets—all except the central figure, who still sat there reading her letter softly to herself with a contemptuous smile breaking through the sparkle of her teeth.

Lawrence stopped and shook his head good temperedly at the importunate pleading of the girls to buy their fruit.

"I do not want any, really," he said with a laugh. "I want a bunch of flowers—some roses."

There were no roses save those in the basket of the girl who still sat reading.

"Some flowers, Tessa," one of the girls cried, with a glance at her companion. "The signore wants some roses."

"Flowers," she said without raising her eyes from the letter, and speaking, to his surprise, in English. "My roses are not for sale, signore."

"A few, signorina, I want them particularly."

"Many people want many things, signore," she answered with a glance of amusement and a flash of her dazzling eyes, "and many people are disappointed. You are one, for these are not for sale. Why do you stand staring?" she cried with a flash of temper glowing beneath her skin. "Do you not understand? They are not for sale. I never sell my flowers to the dandy Englishmen who think because I'm handsome they've only got to spend a few lire and it buys them the right to pay me insolent compliments. They are not for sale, so don't wait."

"Perhaps if you will not sell to an Englishman you will give to an American, eh?" Lawrence exclaimed, and he raised his hat and looked into her face.

"Bah! What's the difference! An American is only an Englishman with more money. No, I won't sell and I won't give you a bunch. Go away, go on walking and look for someone else."

He turned half aside and she, with a mocking laugh, stopped him.

"I'll give you one," she said, "not a bunch; one, just for your coat."

She caught a glorious rose from her basket, and touched it coquettishly with her lips.

"See," she said, "you shall wear this, the best of all, and more than the best now, for I have kissed it, and the girls sitting around will tell Marco, because they are my friends, and all want what I don't. A fig for Marco! Come, signore, wear this for me. There's no one else in Capri can say I placed a flower in his coat."

He bent towards her, and she deftly fixed the rose in his buttonhole and then turned away.

"Now go," she said—"you hear me, go. I don't want your thanks or your compliments, and I don't want to be bored with your conversation. Talk to these girls here; they boast of it for a week if a good-looking foreigner says 'good-morning' to them."

"But we don't give our kisses away," one of the girls spitefully interjected.

"I know you don't, my dear," Tessa answered as she nonchalantly arranged the roses in her basket. "They cost half a lire each, don't they?"

"Look here," broke in Barton, "I am an artist. I'm painting a picture of Capri. I've searched everywhere for a girl like the one who is to be in my picture must be, and I have not found her until to-day. Will you sit for me? It shall be when you like, and I will pay you for the time I take."

"No," she answered quietly, "I will not."

"Why?"

"Because," she answered, with a deepening intensity in her tones, "because I shall not be always what I am now. I have planned a future for myself, and in the years to come I should not desire the world to know I was a flower-girl of Capri. That is the only reason, signore. I thank you for your offer. In years to come, when you may meet me again in Paris or Berlin, you may think I showed wisdom to-day."

There was a certain dignity in the girl's voice that held Lawrence silent for a few

Digitized by Google

seconds, and then he awakened to the fact that, whatever dignity there was in the assembly, he was not a part of it.

Somehow Lawrence Barton felt he'd made a bit of a fool of himself, and he returned to the hotel, hurried over his lunch, and strode savagely upstairs to his own room.

A note lay upon his dressing-table, and he carelessly opened it, and then stood gazing at it in blank amazement.

There were only a few scribbled words, but they held him spellbound with amazement.

"If you value your life," he read, "leave Capri at once."

He read it again and again, and yet found no solution to the mysterious warning and could form no idea as to whom it came from or what its meaning was.

"If you value your life, leave Capri at once."

Lawrence Barton had knocked about the world too much and had held his life too often in his own hands to be troubled by such a threat from one whom he did not know. Maybe, he thought, it was genuine, maybe it was a joke upon the part of some brainless idiot in the hotel, and whichever it was it did not matter.

He dropped the letter carelessly into his pocket, and went downstairs out into the grounds and so on to the Marina where he suddenly found his path obstructed by a picturesque looking ruffian.

"May I have a word with the signore in private?" the man asked somewhat brusquely.

"You may speak here," Lawrence answered. "What is it you wish to say?"

"What I have to say, signore, concerns myself only, and it is in the nature of a warning for you."

"A warning?"

"Yes, a warning, signore," the man answered, with a blaze of passion coming into his eyes. "It is a warning to you not to meddle with other people's affairs, and to cease your efforts to cultivate the company of girls who sell flowers in Capri."

"Is that all you have to say?" Lawrence answered with a slight smile upon his lips.

"No, more than that, signore," the man answered, his eyes growing into a flame of rage. "I would tell you that that girl, Tessa, is mine, and is to be my wife; and if it is you, with your smooth looks and scornful tongue, who comes between us, I will kill you, as surely as I stand here and look upon you now."

He pressed his hand upon something which hung around his neck beneath his shirt.

"I swear it, I swear it here, signore; if you take her from me, I will kill you, if my life has to be given in hunting you down! Wherever you go I will find you and take my vengeance."

"Is that all you have to say?" Lawrence remarked quietly as he lighted his cigarette.

"That is all, signore; do not deceive yourself because you think me a poor peasant ——"

"I think nothing of the kind, my friend. You don't look the character."

With a muttered "Addio," the fellow moved to walk away, but Lawrence stopped him with a gesture.

"See here, my man," he said slowly, "I'm not going to argue with you on your melodramatic threats, but forewarned is forearmed. I thank you for your hint, and I'll give you one in return. That hint is this! an American revolver is just as good as an Italian stiletto, and a mighty sight quicker in its action. Don't play any tricks with me, my friend. I'm used to looking after myself, and if you go too far you might get hurt."

"Threats are cheap, signore."

"Well, it's threats for threats," Lawrence answered with a shadow of rising temper; "and I may as well tell you this: I, too, am a man of my word. I'm anxious for this girl to sit as a model for a picture I am painting, and neither you nor your rubbishy threats will prevent it if she be willing."

"To sit as a model, eh?" Marco Panuletti cried excitedly. "I know what that means; to come to you and you will talk of love and romance; win her from me, the woman who is promised to me; tempt her by cunning lies——"

"That's enough!"

"I swear by Saint——"

"I don't care what you swear by. I'm sick of your oaths. Keep your tongue civil or I'll knock you down."

The man advanced with a look of rage in his face, and for a second that look was returned by Lawrence Barton with one of absolute contempt, then he turned upon his heel and walked away.

He had not climbed a couple of hundred yards of the steep path before he heard a voice calling after him:

"Signore!"

The cry came from behind, and Lawrence Barton turned and saw the girl of whom they had just been talking hastening after him.

Google

"Do you wish to see me?" he said, as, panting, she reached him.

"Yes, signore, that man, Marco, has been talking to you."

"Yes."

"What did he say?" she asked, her breast heaving as she but badly suppressed her rising passion. "He was talking of me. What did he say?"

"Why trouble about it?"

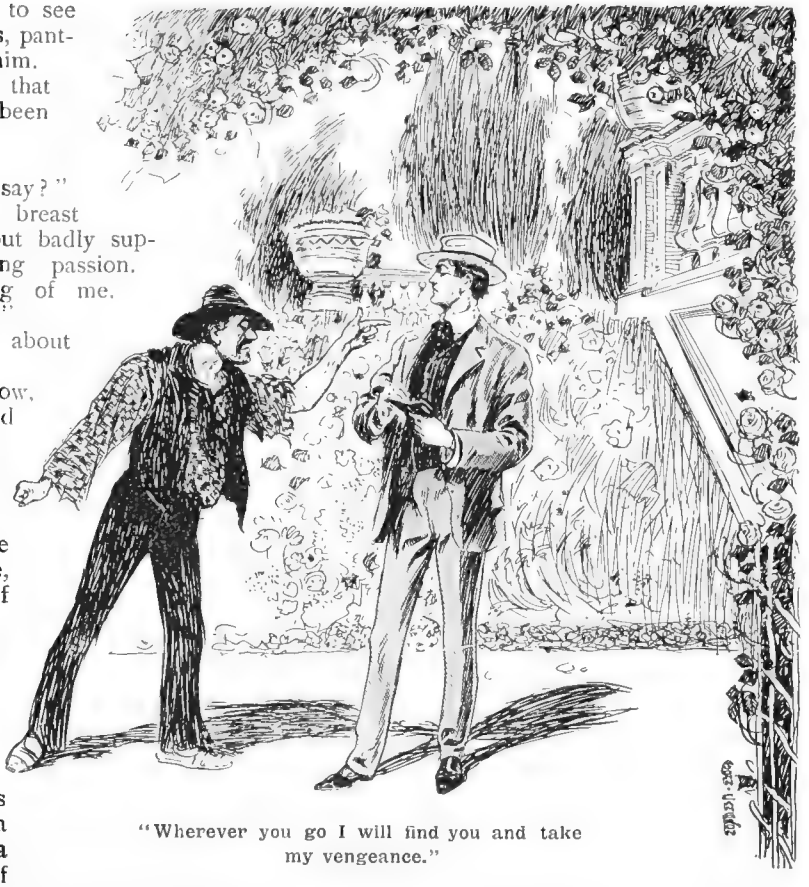
"I wish to know, signore. He told you not to dare to speak to me?"

"Yes, I think that was the drift."

"And what excuse did he give, signore, for speaking of me?"

"He said you were his promised wife."

"I thought as much," she exclaimed with a jeering laugh. "His promised wife, a brigand, a bandit, a low common thief of the highway. He flatters himself greatly, signore, does he not?" and she broke into a peal of mocking laughter which somehow grated unpleasantly on the ears of the man who listened.



"Wherever you go I will find you and take my vengeance."

"I have altered my mind about the picture, signore," she said after a moment. "I will sit as your model."

"You will," he answered with a glow of enthusiasm. "When?"

"At once, to-morrow, it will at least show this fool that my actions are my own now. Where do you paint?"

"At the Albergo di Barbarossa, Ana-Capri. My canvas is too large for the open air."

"Then I will be there to-morrow morning at ten, signore, and you shall have the figure that you wished. Until then, addio!"

II.

Lawrence Barton's work was completed. A month had passed since the morning when his ideal model consented to become the foremost figure in his picture, and now he sat looking at the finished work; and, impartially judging it, he counted it was all that his ambition desired.

"I'm glad it's finished," he said, as he lighted his pipe, and then he walked to the window and looked out into the road, and towards the hills beyond, where the tip of the setting sun was almost resting.

"I'm glad it's over," he said again, "and I can get on to Paris. But should I? What is my duty?"

The month had brought a strange dealing of the cards of fate, and it was of this that Lawrence thought.

He had passed the age when a man feels it almost beyond belief that a woman should love him, and he knew, as truly as though Tessa had spoken the words, that she would lay down her life for him, that she adored him with all the strength of her passionate nature; and he knew, too, that he thought no more of her than he did upon the day when he saw her upon the mountain road. He still thought of her as he thought of her then—

Google

a handsome girl, an ideal model for his picture.

And she had changed.

Her contempt and pride had been softened by the love that had grown up in her heart for this man, her laugh was less mocking and impudent, her audacity had departed, she blushed at his words of praise and would not meet his eyes. Sometimes, by chance, he caught the deep glow in them as she, thinking he was absorbed in his work, had her whole soul concentrated upon him, and it was in these glances that the truth was made manifest to him.

She no longer laughed at Marco and his threats, for her courage had passed away, and she grew pale at the mention of his name and trembled if she saw him in the streets.

Lawrence did not love her, but she loved him and he had come into her life and altered it all. He could not leave her to the mercy of the man whose hatred of him, and of her too now, was apparent in every scowl. Before she became the model for his picture her life was happy in her own way; she enjoyed it, but he had altered that, and it seemed to his heart that if he had done the wrong he must repair it.

"But is it the deed of a man of honour, after all?" he said softly as he gazed before him. "I do not love her, I think nothing of her; would it not be better to leave her to forget?"

"You, Tessa?" He turned, as a light footfall sounded in the room. "Why, what's the matter, child?"

"It's nothing," she answered with a smile upon her white face, "only Marco is back in Capri, and I fear him: there seems to be death in his eyes. I dream at night that he has killed me. I dreamed it again last night, and it seemed that death was near to me. I have shivered the whole day through, even in the heat of the sun."

Lawrence Barton's mind was made up at last, and he smiled at her frightened face.

"There, there," he said, as one soothing a child, "you must not be silly. Look at the picture, finished at last."

They stood there gazing at it, and from below came the sound of those in the inn singing over their wine. "Are you glad it is finished, Tessa?"

"Not glad, signore; I wish—you are not leaving us yet, signore?"

"Yes, very soon."

"In a month?"

She stretched out her hand and almost caught at his coat sleeve.

"Sooner than that, Tessa, in a week or less, in a day or two, and I have not paid you for all your trouble."

"Don't, signore," she cried, "don't. It has been no trouble to me, only happiness so great that now it has passed all the world is dark and can never be the same again. Don't talk of payment, signore, let me think when you are gone that I was of service to you, it will be so much to me when you are far away."

She spoke in a voice that trembled and one that touched Lawrence's heart to the quick, so that he took her hand in his and looked down into her face with such sympathy in his mind that for the second it became almost love.

"Listen to me, Tessa," he said softly, "you will not need anything to remember me by, you will not need to stay behind unless you wish to, for I want you to come with me, to come home with me and be my wife."

"To be your wife," she whispered, and her passionate blood stung her cheeks for a second and then passed and left her face whiter than before.

"Yes, my wife, Tessa, if you will."

"Your wife?" she said again as though she could not yet believe it, and then suddenly she dropped upon her knees by his feet and pressed her lips upon his hands.

"My beloved," she cried, "my beloved, my life shall be yours, my soul is yours already, I will slave for you, dearest, I will die for you."

"Don't," Lawrence exclaimed with a quiet smile and just a little huskiness in his throat, as he drew her to her feet beside him.

"It is true," she said, clasping his arm, "you do not jest with me?"

"Men do not jest in such things, Tessa."

"Then kiss me, my dearest, kiss me," she answered and flung her arms around him. "My heart would have broken if you had left me," she whispered with her lips almost touching his ear, and then—and then she stopped suddenly and gazed with a terrified look into his face. "There's a sound upon the stairs. It is Marco."

"Well, what of that?"

"He is coming up, he will come in here. He will harm you, my beloved."

"I can look after myself, Tessa, don't be so frightened."

"But I must not look upon him, dearest. My soul is in paradise, and he must not be the first I gaze upon. He has the evil eye, it would throw a blight upon our lives. When

Google

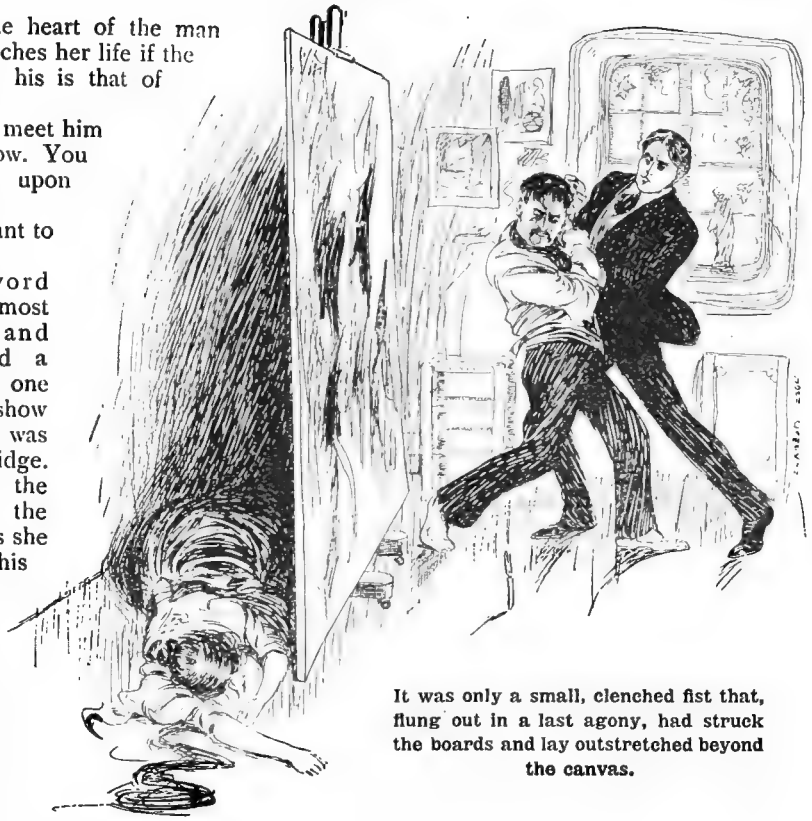
a woman wins the heart of the man she adores, it witches her life if the first glance after his is that of the evil eye."

"But you will meet him if you leave me now. You will pass him upon the staircase."

"I do not want to leave, signore."

The last word dropped out almost unconsciously, and Lawrence winced a little, for that one word seemed to show him the gulf he was attempting to bridge. It was as though the servant spoke to the master, and it was she who was to be his wife.

"I will hide here," she said, "behind thy picture of myself—rid yourself speedily of him, beloved. I want to be with you alone for a few short moments. I want to tell you how you have turned my heart that was dying, to life and youth again."



It was only a small, clenched fist that, flung out in a last agony, had struck the boards and lay outstretched beyond the canvas.

"Hush! he is coming."

"You will guard yourself well, dearest?"

"I shall look after myself well enough, Tessa."

"Oh, Holy Saints, guard you, my life," she said, and would have kissed his hands again; but he drew her to him and touched her cheek with his lips.

The canvas stood at an angle against the wall, and she stepped into the shadows behind it as the sun flung almost his departing rays upon the picture, and a knocking sounded upon the door.

Lawrence Barton returned to the chair that stood beside the window, and lighted his pipe before he replied.

"Come in," he said quietly, and, in the gloom of the gathering night, he saw the door open, as the man whom he awaited entered and closed it behind him.

Marco Panuletti had been drinking, as he had been drinking for weeks past, and he rolled unsteadily across the room towards the man who sat awaiting him.

"So you're there, curse you, are you, eh?"

"Yes, I'm here. What do you want?"

"What do I want? You ask me, what do I want?" he cried, as he flung his arms upwards with a gesture of despair.

"The woman you've robbed me of, Tessa."

"You are drunk. Come to see me to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" he answered. "There will be no to-morrow for you. I told you what I would do if you robbed me of the woman who was promised to me. I told you I would kill you, and I will keep my word."

The man's right hand was behind him, and, in the shadows of the eventide, he moved forward, while a girl's white face seemed to shine in the gloom by the side of the picture, and a hand was outstretched, as though she was about to throw herself between them.

"And I told you, too, that I should not be unprepared," a cool voice answered without a tremor. "If you move another step towards me, I'll drop you in your tracks. Put your knife on the mantelpiece. It's no good against a revolver. Light the candles, the matches are there. Don't try to rush at

Digitized by Google

me, my finger is too nervous. I've watched quicker game than you."

The Italian walked unsteadily across the room, and like one scarcely knowing what his actions were, did as he was bid, and the flickering candles spluttered as though they resented the kiss of the vile and evil smelling match.

Then the yellow light shimmered upon the canvas, and Marco stepped back as one appalled.

"Sancta Maria!" he whispered, as he gazed upon the picture. "It is she."

For what seemed eternity there was silence, broken only by the deep breathing of him who stood like one entranced.

With a gesture of something akin to awe, Marco placed his hand upon his eyes as he still gazed upon the picture.

Then, like a veil that is rent, the look of adoration passed from his face, leaving it pale and twitching in the pale light of the candles.

"You are a devil, a fiend," he cried, and caught the knife from the shelf where he had placed it.

"Keep back; as sure as Heaven's above I'll shoot you if you move a step."

"You have painted this to mock me," the Italian cried, standing with the knife in his hand. "The one she is laughing at is Marco, the same Marco as the one you have laughed and jeered at as she has sat before you. You have talked of love until you have witched her and torn her soul from mine. You've robbed me of her, and your life shall pay the penalty of my vengeance, for I told you long ago that that should be the price. And here, in your own room, you shall see how you shall die. This is your work, this picture, it is the work of months of your life, as it was the work of months and years, of eternities of hopes and dreads of mine to win the love of the woman you have taken from me. In a few short days, with a few lying words, you won her, and now a curse upon you and your work, for it ends to-night for ever. A curse upon her as she mocks me now from her painted, lying face. To-night is the end of all things, and as I strike now at cunning art, so will I strike in time to come at the heart that beats, and then at you."

Like a flash the man turned towards the picture, the stiletto glinted a second in the light and then pierced the bosom of the painted girl. Again and again he stabbed, with his weight thrown in rage upon the canvas, until the blade was dyed as though the painting truly lived and a moaning came from the darkness behind it, as if the girl who still laughed mockingly upon him had been stricken to death.

"What have you done?"

It was Lawrence Barton who caught his wrist as again he slashed at the canvas, and then, as the two men looked into one another's eyes, the knife dropped from Marco's hand.

The blade entered the floor, and the handle shivered for a second backwards and forwards, and all was still.

Then there was the sound of something behind the picture gradually easing down against the wall, and then a blow upon the floor that sounded, to the two who stood there, like the final call to judgment.

It was only a small, clenched fist that, flung out in a last agony, had struck the boards and lay outstretched beyond the canvas.

While from below came the chorus of those who sang over their wine.

Terrible, Fascinating, Unscrupulous, Proud, Dauntless, Generous, Grasping, and . . . Merciless, ...

SUCH IS DON Q., THE WONDERFUL HERO OF K. & HESKETH PRICHARD'S THRILLING SERIES OF . . STORIES NOW RUNNING IN . .

PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

Digitized by Google

CAP AND BELLS

A HURRY CALL.

A head adorned with shaggy and unmanageable whiskers was thrust out of the window, and a voice that filled the beard inquired:

"What is it?"

"Oh, is that Mr. Higgins?" came a shrill voice from the shade of the doorway below. "Please come to No. 414, High Street, as quickly as you can, and bring your instruments."

"I ain't no doctor; I'm a carpenter. Dr. Higgins lives in the next street," and the window came down a slam that told of former experiences of the same kind on the part of the humble artisan.

But Mr. Higgins had not got comfortably back into bed before the bell rang again, and, uttering some forcible remarks, he rose once more and went to the window.

"Well, what do you want now?" he ejaculated.

"Please sir," said the little voice, "it's you we want; pa and ma is shut up in the foldin' bed an' we can't get 'em out."

* * * * *

A woman will spend the whole day getting ready to go to the theatre, and then at the last minute ask her husband what dress she shall wear.

THE ALPHABETICAL TRAMP.

I think a chap must B A J
In K C cannot C,
A life like mine's the best—that is,
Unless U M T B.

I sets an' smokes amongst the A,
Around me 'ums the B,
I sniffs the wind quite R T like,
What's comin' from the C.

In D D is a 'appy man
As takes 'is fun like me—
The air is free to N E man,
Whatever A G B.

I never do S A a job,
I think an E C life
Is what a fellow ought to lead—
Away from toil and strife.

For labour is an awful thing,
It makes me A K lot
I get quite C D, and I shake
With I C fits and hot.

A. S. M. Hutchinson.

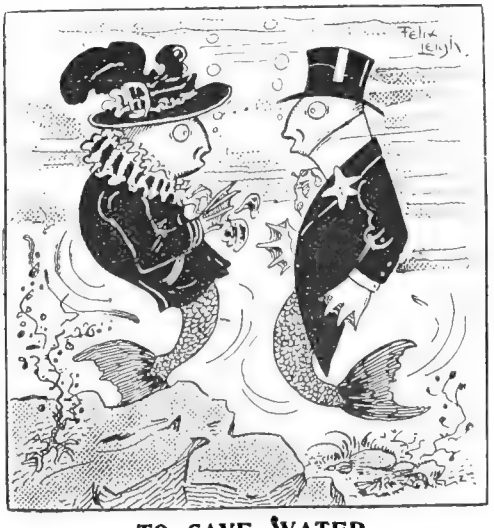
* * * * *

TOO HELPFUL.

Mainchantz: "I started to propose to Miss Goldrox last night, but I lost courage."

Ascum: "Didn't she help you out?"

Mainchantz: "No; but her father did. That's why I lost courage."

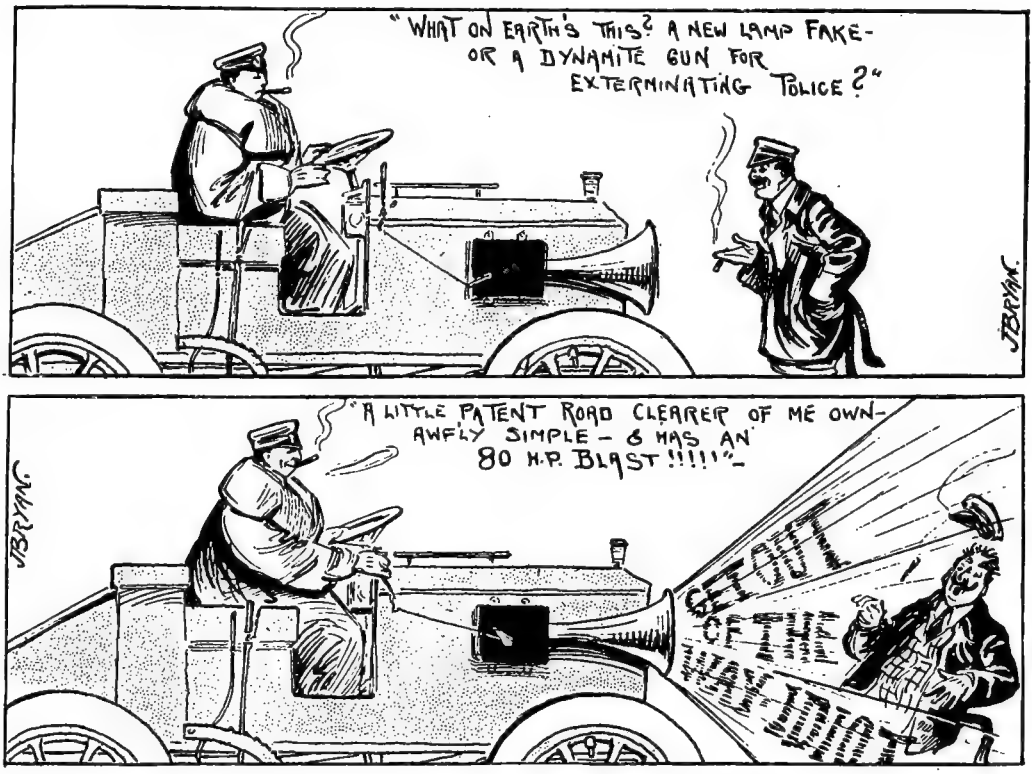


TO SAVE WATER.

Mr. Gills: "They say this pond is drying up rapidly."

Mrs. Gills: "Well, dear, couldn't we economise a little, by—er—breathing less?"

Digitized by Google


"WHAT ON EARTH'S THIS? A NEW LAMP FAKE- OR A DYNAMITE GUN FOR EXTERMINATING POLICE?"
J BRYAN
"A LITTLE PATENT ROAD CLEARER OF ME OWN- AWFLY SIMPLE - 6 HAS AN 80 H.P. BLAST!!!!!"-
J BRYAN
GET THE HAY FEND

JENKINS: "Well, sir, I gave it to that man straight, I can tell you, sir. He's twice as big as I am, too, but I told him exactly what I thought of his rascally conduct right to his face; and I called him all the names in the dictionary."

SPUDDS: "And didn't he try to hit you, Jenkins?"

JENKINS: "No, sir, he didn't. And when he tried to answer back, I just hung up the telephone and walked away."

* * * *

"Well, have you found a stage career all that you hoped? Has Dame Fortune smiled on you?"

"I haven't met the old lady yet. But I know her daughter; we have travelled together for several years."

"Her daughter?"

"Yes—Miss Fortune."

* * * *

It is the ambition of every woman to live up to her photographs.

"You said that you sold genuine milk, and yet I have unmistakable evidence that there is water mixed with it."

"Yes, that may be; but there is genuine milk there all the same. I know it is because I put it there myself."

A GENTLEMAN.

He was such a weak and humble little man that when he came into the grocery shop to make complaint, the assistant was disposed to be haughty and imperious.

"May I inquire," he said in a small voice, "if any gentleman here sold my wife some butter yesterday?"

"I'm the man," responded a big, brawny fellow.

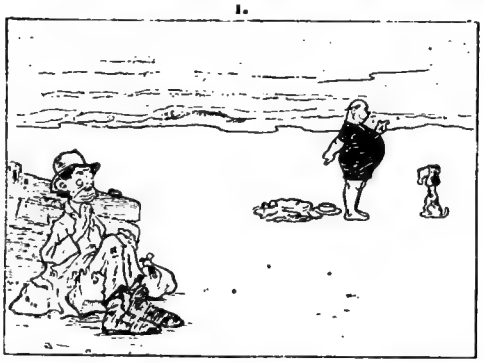
"Oh, excuse me," exclaimed the customer shrinkingly, "I mean no offence. The butter is all right, but I wanted to say three colours of hair in one roll is somewhat incongruous.

"And I just thought I might add also a request that if you could send up a brush and comb with the next lot we should be ever so much obliged. Of course, it was an oversight on your part, and I am not complaining, you understand—not complaining, merely suggesting."

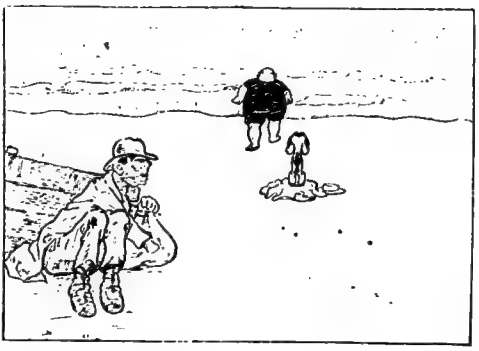
Digitized by Google

HOW THE DOG FIDO WAS TEMPTED AND FELL.

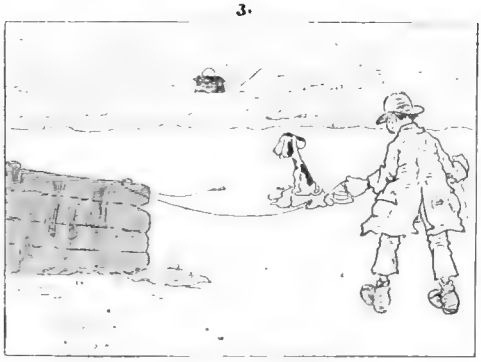
1.



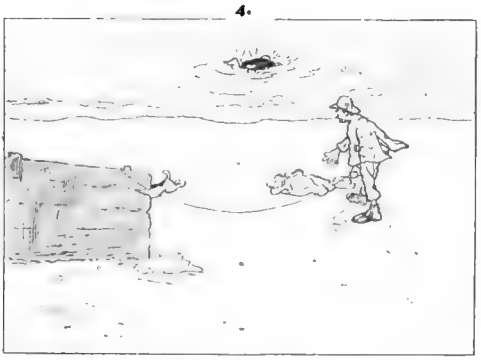
2.



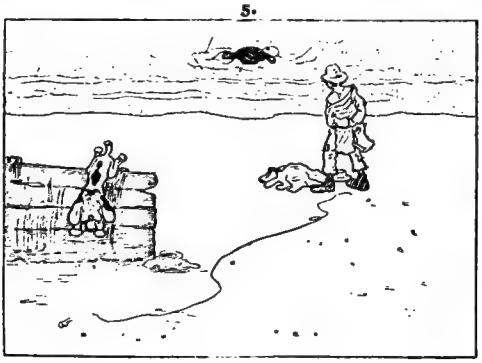
3.



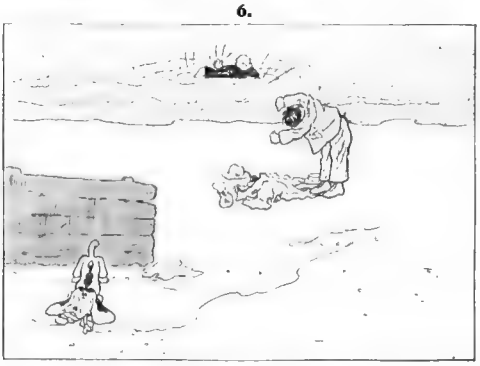
4.



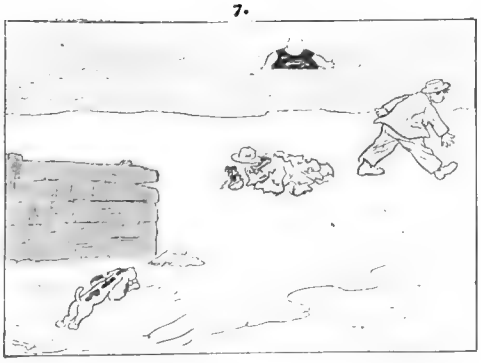
5.



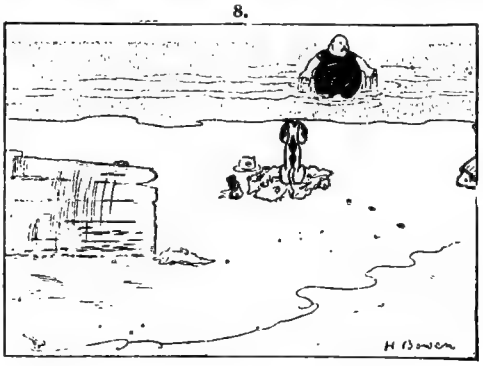
6.



7.



8.



Digitized by Google

The assistant's face was a study.

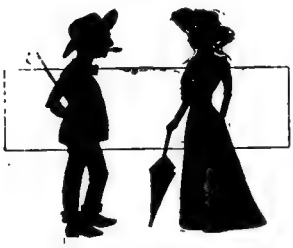
"And," went on the little man, "I don't think it is quite fair to put tacks at sixpence a pound in butter at sixteenpence, unless you make a discount for difference in weight and price, or throw in a hammer, so that we can draw the tacks upon getting the butter on the table."

The assistant was gasping, and the little man was going along.

"Referring again to the hair, mentioned previously," he said, "permit me to say that I find no fault because of its quantity or its length. The incongruity of colour was the only objection. In the old times we read that Samson had long hair and a great deal of it, and your butter has rights my entire family is bound to respect. Our only regret is that you did not send it up in a cage."

By this time the assistant had fallen against the counter, but the little man paid no heed.

"I might possibly," he continued mildly and weakly, "touch upon its age, but I have some reason to suspect that this butter is made from milk, and that the milk came from a cow, and that the cow is a female, and have been taught from my youth up to abstain from any and all references to age in relation to female kind, either remotely or contiguously.



SERVANTS AGAIN.

He: "So you and Mrs. Nextdoor are not on speaking terms? I thought you were bosom friends."

She: "So we were until we exchanged servants."

"Therefore, I shall not animadvert upon that subject, except to remark incidentally that the phrase 'feeble old age' does not in the very remotest degree apply to this case.

"I wish you'd send up to the house a pound of soda, four bars of soap, a package of starch, a bushel of apples, and twelve pounds of sugar. My wife asked me to leave the order, and she said she'd come round herself and see about the butter. Good morning," and the little man walked meekly out.

* * * * *

QUAINT ADVERTISEMENTS.

BULLDOG for sale, will eat anything; especially fond of children.

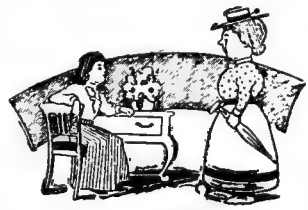
Good pianofor sale, has the properties of a musician with beautifully carved legs.

* * *

A toper's nose is never painted in water-colours.

* * *

Always hit a man before he has time to hit you back.



"What experience have you had as a cook?" asked Mrs. Dinsmore of the applicant for the situation. "Twinty places in three mont's, Mum," replied Bridget, proudly.

* * * * *

GRACE: "Why, Ethel, how could you tell all the news in Mary's letter so soon? You haven't even read it."

ETHEL: "Well, you see, dear, I read the postscript first."

* * * * *

EXPERIENCED.

HE (after being promptly accepted): "Why didn't you say 'no' at first and keep me in suspense for a while? I understand that is the way women generally do."

SHE: "Well, I tried that once—and—and——"

HE: "And what?"

SHE: "He didn't ask me the second time."

* * *

EVENS UP.

"I grow tired of providing for the inner man."

"And I grow tired of providing for the outer woman."

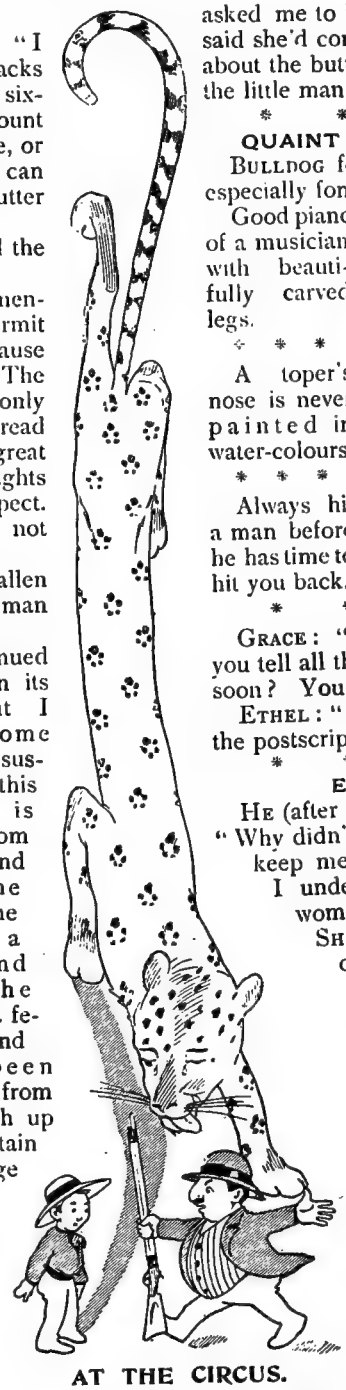
* * *

FOLLOWED INSTRUCTIONS.

WEARY: "The doctor told me to take champagne for my appetite."

WALKER: "Well, what of it?"

WEARY: "Well, I took it, and the man made me put it back again."



AT THE CIRCUS.

"Here, take this rifle," cried the excited showman. "The leopard has escaped. If you find him, shoot him on the spot."

"What s-spot, sir?" gasped the boy.

Digitized by Google

MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGES.

Some Announcements, Gossip, and Anecdotes that Everyone should Read.

FIVE SHILLINGS A DAY FOR LIFE.

I HAD hoped to be able to announce the result of the 5s. a day Competition in this issue, but unfortunately at the time of going to press the final stage of the checking was not quite complete. However, I can definitely promise that

the result will be published in these pages next month,

that is to say, in the November ROYAL, on sale Thursday, October 22nd.

MUSTARD AND CRESS AGAIN

Do you remember some months ago, when announcing the results of the "Mustard and Cress Competition," I deplored the fact that not one of all the children who had entered the lists had thought of sending some of the mustard and cress to the Editor of the ROYAL? Of course, I was merely jesting—though I do like mustard and cress—that's true enough. One of the prize-winners, however, took me in dead earnest, and directly she read my complaint, set about rearing a fresh crop. And in due course this crop arrived at my office in a pretty little box and accompanied by a prettier little letter. Was it not nice of the child?

MISTRESS JOSEPHINE WILLOUGHBY, SIR NICHOLAS VYSE, AND MESSRS. ALFRED DIMMOCK AND DAVID DAVID.

After many adventures and stirring vicissitudes by land and sea, our gallant friend Sir Nick Vyse (known as "Captain Contraband" and "The King of Smugglers") has at last won bride and fortune, and looks like settling down to a righteous and sober life. And yet—I almost regret to say it!—the unlawful delights of smuggling have taken such a hold on him that he and his beloved Josephine tempt long-suffering Providence with yet another escapade—an escapade madder and more perilous than any which have preceded it. They have befooled their worthy friend and enemy, Gauger Ralph, many a time; next month they hatch a plot against him that—but never mind! You'll hear all about it in good season. Poor Gauger Ralph!

And then there's Mr. Alfred Dimmock. Now, I don't mind confessing that I'm a conscientious man ("What! and you an editor?" Yes. And I'll trouble you to keep all such cheap sneers to yourselves), and as such I am often vexed in soul by the thought that I have been gaining the sympathy of thousands in the outrageous doings of this engaging rascal. Nick Vyse and Alfred Dimmock—a pretty pair! And here am I, not only asking you to condone their sins, but to applaud them. And applaud them you do. It's no use denying it—Dimmock's sins especially. Oh, we're a sorry set of humbugs, you and I!

Well, Nick Vyse, as I have said, is soon to retire into respectable oblivion. Not so Alfred Dimmock. He'll be at large for many months yet. It's no fault of mine. I'd have locked him up long ago. The blame is entirely yours, who insist on encouraging him. I float with the stream. I am powerless to resist. Next month Dimmock humbugs and sets by the ears two important foreign diplomatists. If we find ourselves involved in a European war you have only yourselves to thank. I wash my hands of all responsibility.

And now for David David. Let me make the formal introduction:

MASTER DAVID DAVID—THE "ROYAL" READERS.

You'll find his portrait on page 510. An intelligent, nice-looking youth, isn't he? But don't run away with the idea that the portrait is a fictitious one, because it isn't. When Mr.

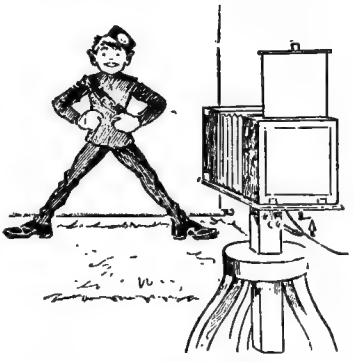
Google

Allen Upward commenced this series of stories he had several interviews with the manager of the District Messenger Bureau in Trafalgar Square, in order to get together as many facts and anecdotes as possible, to be incorporated in his adventures of David David.

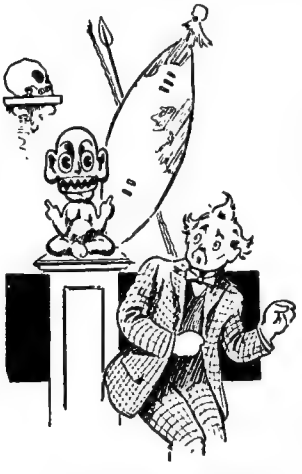
It was after one of these interviews that Mr. Upward caught sight of a particularly smart-looking boy among the many awaiting errands. Hastily Mr. Upward scribbled a note, and dispatched it by the "smart-looking boy." The note was addressed to the Editor of the ROYAL, and before long the boy stood in my presence. The note ran as follows:

"My idea of David David. Don't you think the artist who illustrates the series ought to have a look at him?—Allen Upward."

I had a better idea. I dispatched the boy with another note to my photographer, and there he was photographed in every imaginable position. He must have been considerably mystified, poor chap, though something circular and metallic in his pocket set at rest any serious objections on his part as to the liberties we had been taking with him.



He was photographed in every imagi able position.



Many alarming trophies.

MR. ALLEN UPWARD.

I suppose there are very few people who have not read Mr. Upward's "Historic Mysteries," which caused such a sensation when they appeared a year or two ago in the pages of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE. By profession he is a barrister: by inclination a man of action; and personally a most courteous gentleman and clever conversationalist and *raconteur*.

His chambers in the Temple are decorated with many alarming trophies — assegais, poisoned arrows, clubs, etc. — which he brought back with him from Central Africa, where, until quite lately, he held an official position which gave him ample opportunity for indulging his love of adventure. A short while ago I passed a very pleasant afternoon with Mr. Upward, smoking his cigars and listening open-mouthed to his stories. A certain native chief who had a reprehensible weakness for cutting off heads in his spare moments—but I've no space to tell you the story now.

I hope to spend a day or two with Mr. Upward under canvas before the summer ends, and then, no doubt, he will furnish me with enough anecdotes to fill these pages for months to come.

I'M NOT THE ONLY SINNER!

No, indeed! There's the Editor of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE, who, without any qualms of conscience (I know him well!), enlists your (and my!) sympathy month by month in the unscrupulous doings of a fine pair of rogues—Don Q. and—forgive the ungallantry!—Mistress Kitty Bellairs. I remember well when Captain Kettle was up and kicking—literally so, wooden leg and all—how eagerly we devoured his sayings and doings. He was, no doubt, a rogue (by James! I'm glad he's not looking over my shoulder! Can't you hear him?—"That word comes out, sir, or, by James! sir, you'll lunch on your front teeth!")—but what a respectable rogue—with his chapel, his wife, and his children. Now Don Q.'s a rogue pure and simple, horribly fascinating, perhaps, but a rogue of rogues; and as for Kitty Bellairs, she's the greatest rogue of all—sweet, heartless, heart-breaking, heart-thieving Kitty Bellairs.

"By James! sir, you'll lunch on your front teeth!"

No, my friends, I'm not the only editor who introduces you into the company of rogues—though it appears that I am the only one who has the decency to apologise for it.

Google

INDEX.

	PAGE
ACTRESSES AND THEIR PETS	98
Adventure of the Persian Prince, The (Fiction)	80
Amazons Afloat	313
Artful Starfish, The	327
At Headquarters (Poem)	538
Aunt Tom's Derby (Fiction)	147
BAKER'S LANE TRAM, THE (Fiction)	407
Birth of the Pipe, The	428
CAP AND BELLS	91, 187, 283, 379, 475, 571
Clever Capture, A (Fiction)	524
Clicks (Fiction)	133
Coach and Four Adventure, The (Fiction)	317
Colonial Bishop, The (Fiction)	34
Complication in Ink, A (Fiction)	532
Cool Ten Thousand, A (Fiction)	444
Cruising on Tin Cans	450
Curate and the Parrot, The (Fiction)	72
Curio Sale, The (Fiction)	297
DEFEAT OF AMOS, THE (Fiction)	9
Delights of a Dip, The	374
Deputy Recorder, The (Fiction)	107
Doll's Toilet, The	2
Duet, A (Play)	505
EARS	30
Evil Eye, The (Fiction)	564
Eyes of Britain's Coast, The	547
FIGHT IN GHOSTLY HOLLOW, THE (Fiction)	237
From the Stalls	3, 290, 387, 483
GARDEN COMEDY, A (Fiction)	469
Girl Commands the Ship, A (Fiction)	20
Girl with the Curls, The (Fiction)	183
Group of Dancers, A	195
HEARTS AND HEADS (Fiction)	347
How a Circus is Run	64
How I Stoked an Atlantic Liner	217
How Sir Nicholas Came to Vyse House, (Fiction)	489
How to be Graceful	75
How to Keep Fit	360
How to Walk	233
Human Lightning Conductors	442
Humours of Burglary, The	14
INA AND THE BROTHERS (Fiction)	52
In the Realm of Topsy-Turvy	338
KING AND QUEEN OF SMUGGLERS, THE (Fiction)	117
LADY OF HIGH DEGREE, A	1
Last Cook, The (Poem)	126
Little Folk in the Studio	500
Little Water Sprites	303
Luerth (Fiction)	211
MAKER OF CHAMPIONS, A	178
Man in the Grey Cloak, The (Fiction)	392
Man with Wings, The	554
Market Rigger, A (Fiction)	365
Masonry on the Move	271
Master of Crocodiles, A	208
Military Imposter, A (Fiction)	202
Miscue, A (Fiction)	164
Mishap on the Underground, The (Fiction)	340
Mr. Editor—His Pages	95, 192, 287, 383, 479, 575
Mr. X.— His Pages	50, 140, 246, 336, 426, 530
Mrs. Martin's Missing Hat (Fiction)	452
Musical Home, The (Poem)	401
My First Suit (Poem)	174
My Nephew Max (Fiction)	331, 457
My Week-End with the Duke (Fiction)	166
PARTED (Poem)	373
Perilous Passage, A (Fiction)	267
Picture Paragraphs	42, 152, 248, 358, 440, 536
Poisoned Cigar, The (Fiction)	175
Presentation to Lamb, The (Fiction)	421
Pretty Miss Bright-Eyes	462
Puzzling Points of Etiquette	137
QUEER CONVEYANCES	127
REMEMBER TO FORGET (Poem)	425
Royal Visit, A (Fiction)	260
"SAFE" TRANSACTION, A (Fiction)	142
Ships and their Saviours	152
Somebody's Luggage (Fiction)	280
Squire's Ride, The (Fiction)	84
Sunshine (Poem)	424
Sweethearts (Poem)	236
Swimming School for Horses, A	277
TABLE CRICKET	56
Thought, A (Poem)	518
Three Suitors, The (Fiction)	539
Tick-Tack	562
Timbury's Little Mill (Fiction)	251
To Amount of Account Rendered (Poem)	346

Digitized by Google

	PAGE
Tommy at the Telephone (Fiction)	44
Tommy Atkins's Prison	514
Toning-Down of Flambert Fitzass, The (Fiction)	432
Training of a Policeman, The	414
Triumph of Craft, A (Fiction)	224
Truthful Lyre, A (Fiction)	310
UNORTHODOX (Poem)	456
VERE ARDAGH AND HER TROUBLES	352
WAGER AT THE HOTEL METROPOLE, THE (Fiction)	510
Washerwoman, The (Poem)	250
Wasted Shaft, A (Poem)	132
Way of the World, The (Poem)	351
What to Wear and When to Wear It	402
Woman Who Can't, The	87
Wonderful Wooing of Wo, The (Fiction)	59
Wright, Mr. Whitaker	113
AUTHORS:	
Alexander, W. T.	554
Andom, R.	72, 142
Barbour, H.	78
Barrett, S. J.	14
Bell, J. J.	132
Bridge-Worth, S.	59
Broad, Edgar F.	233
Carter, Vivian	217
Clifden, Frances	166, 260, 352
Colman, Richard	152
Connell, John A.	133
Crouch, Harry	44
Deakin, Dorothea	469
Dickenson, Mary A.	267
Doyle, John E.	414
Duncan, F. Martin	327
Farrah, Mary	174
Fitzgerald, W. G.	277
Flower, Elliott	9
Gallon, Tom	251
Grange, A. Demain	505, 538
Gregory, Simon	30
Hallam, Margaret H.	360, 402
Hay, T.	401
Henderson, Arthur	351
Holmes, H. J.	547
Huan Mee	564
Hubi-Newcombe, G.	236
Hutchinson, A. S. M.	303, 462
Hyde, C.	442
J. J. B.	346
Jefferson, Arthur	271
Jones, John	178
Kilroy, Kilda	425
Lander, Phil	562
Leigh, F.	373
Maingay, Reginald	374

	PAGE
AUTHORS (*continued*):	
Marks, F. Godrie	456
Middleton, J. A.	313
Moberley, L. G.	211
Muir, Ward	52
Newton, Aubrey	424, 518
Noel, Margaret	75, 137
Oliver, Owen	280, 421
Oliver, Roland	147
Osborne, W. Hamilton	407
Perry, James Raymond	452
Raphael, John N.	175
Ross, E. D.	84
Rufus, William	127
Russell, Fox	331, 457, 524
Spencer, Albert	310
Stout, E. Almaz	87
Sutcliffe, Halliwell	20, 117, 237, 317, 392, 489
Upward, Allen	510
Van der Veer, Lenore	500
Vernède, R. E.	80
Waddington, Quintin	340
Walshe, Douglas	250
Webster, Gertie de S.	183, 347, 532
Western, George	64, 208, 428
Whishaw, Fred	444
White, Stanley	56, 450
Williams, George	164
Williams, Sidney	126
Willis, A. R.	519
Wood, Walter	224, 305
Wyndham, Horace	347
ARTISTS:	
Bell, P.	469
Browne, Tom	14, 142, 421, 524
Cameron, J. J.	34, 84, 107, 166, 202, 260, 297, 432, 539, 564
Copping, Harold	211, 352
Cowham, Hilda	137
Cuneo, Cyrus	20, 117, 237, 317, 392, 489
Davis, J. Barnard	80, 347, 444
Dean, N.	78, 327, 532
Fanjeur	2
Finberg, A. J.	133
Goble, Warwick	340
Gossop, R. Percy	132, 456
Gough, A. J.	164
Granger	407
Hickling, P. B.	52, 175, 331, 414, 457, 510
Justin, M.	9
Lillie, R.	365
Lucas, Mrs. Seymour	500
Mills, A. Wallis	452
Pocock, R. N.	251, 505
Robinson, J. H.	72, 147
Shuter, N. York	183, 425
Wood, Lawson	44, 174, 217, 267, 280, 346, 401, 424, 538
Wood, Stanley	224

Digitized by Google

Odol

The Best for Mouth and Teeth.

HIGH-CLASS AND SUBSTANTIAL

THE REGENT SIDEBOARD.

(Reg. Design No. 406691.)

Carriage Paid to any Railway Station in the United Kingdom.

CASH £12 12s., or CREDIT:

£1. 1. 0 down and **12** monthly payments of **£1.1. 0** or **25** monthly payments of **10/6.**

DESCRIPTION.—5 ft. Sideboard. Top full 60 inches by 21 inches, height from floor to top of pediment 7 ft. 5 ins. Bevelled Edge, British Plate, Mirror 33 inches by 21 inches. Heavy pediment and long cornice. Moulded and carved panels, solid inch brackets, shelves and top with heavy Mouldings, drawer fronts moulded, 5 large size drawers Cupboard with Cellarette and shelf, made in solid Oak or Walnut. A useful and ornamental, and well-made piece of furniture at the very reasonable price of 12 guineas.

FREE Whether you are furnishing or not, it will pay you to write for our fully Illustrative Descriptive Catalogue, Price Lists, etc., sent post free. **It costs you nothing and will save you pounds.**

South African, Colonial and Foreign Orders will receive Special Attention.

Money returned in full if not perfectly satisfactory.

GLOBE FURNISHING COMPANY (Dept D)

PEMBROKE PLACE, LIVERPOOL,

Please mention this Magazine

BANKERS: London City and Midland Bank, Limited, Islington Branch, Liverpool.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making, use less quantity, it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

CYCLES — Singer MOTORS

PRICES REDUCED. LISTS FREE.

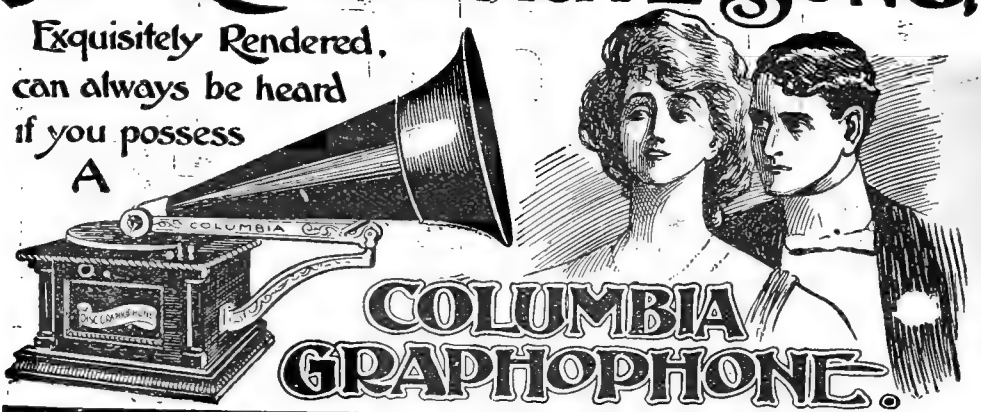
London Depots: 17, Holborn Viaduct, and Park Mansions, 10, Brompton Road, Albert Gate, S.W.

Works: COVENTRY.

Digitized by Google

YOUR FAVOURITE SONG,

Exquisitely Rendered,
can always be heard
if you possess
A



COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE.

Graphophones are such honestly and intelligently constructed Talking Machines that they were awarded the Grand Prix at Paris in 1900.
Out of our thirty odd models we can suit your purse and taste. "Columbia" Machines are sold from 12/6 to £25 each.
We sell Cylinder Machines using wax records, and Disc Machines which use indestructible records. "COLUMBIA RECORDS," the most famous, are furnished in both Cylinder and Disc varieties.

Write for "PRICE BOOK C," to

Don't send stamp if you mention this advertisement.
Special List of "Grand Opera" Records sent on request.

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH CO., Gen'l.,
NEW YORK. PARIS. BERLIN. CHICAGO
89, GREAT EASTERN STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Trial Bottle Post Free **7D.**

TO COLOUR
GREY HAIR

SHADEINE, guaranteed permanent, washable, and absolutely harmless. Will not burn the hair or produce unnatural tint. Detection impossible. Contains no lead, silver, sulphur, &c. Trial Bottle 7d., post free. (Sent secretly packed.) State colour required.

N. M. ALEXANDRE
(Est. 1861),
39, Westbourne Grove, and 85, Great Portland St., London, W.

Southalls'
SANITARY, ABSORBENT, ANTISEPTIC.
From all Drapers.
Towels

TRY

With very little trouble you can earn a
SOLID SILVER WATCH,
and we also tell Agents how to make a regular income of 50/- per week. We want every man, woman, boy, or girl who reads this advertisement to send for 24 of our latest Silver Aluminium Novelties.

SEND NO MONEY. WE TRUST YOU.

You can sell them at once at 2d. each, and, when sold, send us the 4/-, and any present you select from our list of useful articles will be sent you. We are giving away many thousands of pounds worth of Useful Presents to advertise our business. Write now, it costs nothing to try.

GOLD & CO., No. 35, The Watch House, DELAMERE CRESCENT, LONDON, W.

Is your Coffee all it might be?

Good Coffee depends on so many things—care in making, properly roasted and newly ground beans, amongst others—and usually the time and trouble involved in ensuring these things right does not repay you.

Your Coffee will be all it should be if you use

PATERSON'S

"CAMP"

COFFEE,

which has the strength, aroma, and richness of newly roasted, newly ground Coffee in a handy, portable and imperishable form.

No uncertainty as to results. The same quality always. No labour.
Boiling Water only required. All leading grocers keep it.

One large Bottle will make 40 cups of Delicious Coffee.

Digitized by Google

FAT FOLK

Should take

Fell's Reducing Tablets

REGISTERED BY GOVERNMENT

"Getting fleshier every day."

A REMARKABLE REMEDY
that Reduces weight 28lb. a month.

Every person who is suffering from too much fat can easily be reduced in weight by this new remarkable remedy that quickly removes all superfluous fat in either sex at the rate of 7lb. a Week.

IT IS GUARANTEED TO REDUCE WEIGHT . . A POUND A DAY . .

without the slightest inconvenience. Do not be afraid of evil consequences. It is a vegetable treatment, is perfectly safe, and gives such a degree of comfort as to astonish those who have panted and perspired under the weight of excessive fat. It improves the breathing, gives the heart freedom, takes off the big stomach, enables the lungs to expand naturally, and you feel a hundred times better the first day you try this wonderful HOME TREATMENT.

Lost 40lb. *Lady —— writes:* **"Since taking your Tablets I am reduced in weight 40lb."**

FREE Just to prove how effective, pleasant, and safe this remedy is to reduce weight, we are sending free trials. If you want one send us your name and address, and two stamps to pay for postage. **It costs you nothing to try it.** Each box is sent in a plain sealed packet, with no advertisement on it to indicate what it contains. Correspondence strictly confidential. Address:

FELL FORMULA ASSOCIATION, 39, Century House, Regent Street, London, W.

KEEP HEALTHY

.. BY DRINKING REGULARLY ..

"Montserrat"

Lime-Fruit Juice

which is universally admitted to be the purest and best, being pressed from the juice of *cultivated* Limes grown in the famous Island of Montserrat.

Dr. Inman mentions that neither tartaric acid, nor citric acids, nor lemon juice can be substituted for the real Lime-Fruit Juice. Hence the powders and chemical crystals now advertised for making instantaneous lemonade and substitutes for Lime Juice have not the real thirst-quenching properties of "MONTSERRAT" Lime-Fruit Juice, and have no healthful effect.

The public are warned against the many cheap imitations on the market. Lime Juice Cordial is now a fashionable as well as a healthful beverage, but the approved brand is the **"Montserrat" Limetta Cordial.** Strongly recommended as a healthful beverage by the Medical Profession.

"Montserrat"

Lime-Fruit Juice

"Montserrat" Lime-Fruit Juice was ordered by Lord Kitchener for Troops in Soudan and South Africa, and by American Government in Cuba and Philippines.

Digitized by Google

TO PARENTS.

The Proprietors of "Pearson's Magazine," "Pearson's Weekly," etc., publish **THE BOYS' LEADER,** a popular penny journal for all young people. It contains stories and articles by JULES VERNE, GEO. MANVILLE FENN, THEODORE ROOSEVELT (President of the United States), and many other writers of great repute. You should let your sons and daughters read this paper. We feel sure they *will* read it. We feel almost sure you will be fascinated with "THE BOYS' LEADER," too; read it and become young again yourself. You should not, however, ask for one of the Thousand Gifts to be given away each week. Leave those for the boys and girls.

THE BOYS' LEADER,

Every Tuesday.

ONE PENNY.

Digitized by Google

C. Brandauer & Co.'s LTD

CIRCULAR POINTED PENS.

Seven Prize Medals.

These series of Pens neither scratch nor spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil. Assorted Sample Boxes, 6d., to be obtained from all Stationers. If out of stock, send 7 stamps to the Works, BIRMINGHAM.

London Warehouse: **124, NEWGATE STREET, E.C.**

THE IDEAL SHOE

For PRICE COMFORT, DURABILITY.

SEE TESTIMONIALS BELOW!

Made with strong Plaited Jute Soles, which will last much longer than leather, with ordinary wear.

Mr. J. G—, 42, St. Lawrence Road, Brixton, writes, 30/4/3: "Your shoes for *comfort, price, and durability* excel all I have come in contact with."

Enclose length of Walking Shoe.

	Prices (post free). Children's.	Ladies'.	Gents'.
White, Brown, or Black.			
A. Plain Shoes (without strapping) ...	1/6	1/9	2/0
D. Superior Canvas (as per illustration)	—	2/6	2/9
E. Velvet Uppers (Black)	—	3/0	3/3
Felt Slippers, best quality (Black) ...	1/0	1/3	1/6
Canvas Leather-Soled Shoes (superior)	3/6	4/0	4/9
Felt Slippers Jute Soles (warm lined)	—	1/9	—
Warm Lined Felt Boots (Lace or Button)	—	6/-	—

Off three pairs at one time we allow 2d. per pair.
Post free United Kingdom. Abroad extra.

PATENT CANVAS SHOE CO., 95B, Bath-st., Glasgow.

Illustrated Catalogue of Novelties, post free, 1d.

THE FAMOUS "Mab" Dwarf Razor

The description given of the little "**Mab**" as the **finest shaving implement in the world** is confirmed in thousands of testimonials. The "**Mab**" is rapidly superseding the big clumsy razors hitherto used. Do not accept any not bearing the registered Trade Mark, "**The Mab**," or you will be disappointed.

. . PRICE . .

Black Handle ... **2/6**
Ivory ,, ... **3/6**

PAIR IN CASE.

Black **7/6**
Ivory **9/6**

Sent post free same day as ordered.

"MAB" CO.,
73, Newhall St., Birmingham.

Allen Foster & Co

THE LONDON MANUFACTURERS

47 GOLDEN LANE, LONDON, E.C.

CALL OR WRITE.

PATTERNS FREE.

BUY DIRECT FROM THE LEADING FIRM OF LONDON MANUFACTURERS.

Design No. 1460.

13/9

DESIGN No. 1460. 13/9.

The Latest in Ladies' Coats and Skirts. The Coat is stylishly cut with shaped back, coarless style, with two capes and Stole ends. Skirt is cut full and well made. Produced in Allen Foster & Co.'s new Zibeline Cloth, Specialite Serge, or Venetian Cloth. Colours: Black, Navy, light and dark Grey, Reseda, Brown, Fawn, Purple, etc. The outfit complete **13/9**, car. 6d. **Marvellous Value.** In sending order give bust measurement under arms, inside sleeve, size of waist, and length of skirt in front.

DESIGN No. 1240, 10/6.

The famous Half-Guinea Jacket of the Season, by far and away the best value ever offered, 30ins. long, full sacque, single breasted. Made in Black Vicuna, Grey Frieze, or in a smart Grey Tweed with narrow stripe. Collarless style with Stole ends and two shoulder capes, trimmed good ornaments and tailor stitching. Price only **10/6**, carriage paid, 6d extra. **A Bargain. Satisfaction Guaranteed.** This Jacket 33ins. long will be **11/6**, 36ins. long **13/6**, or 39ins. **14/6**. All sizes in stock. Send Bust measurement under arms and length required.

Write for our **Winter Sketch Book.** Patterns Post free. Hundreds of Illustrations of the Latest Novelties in Costumes and Jackets

DESIGN No. 461, 10/6.

Latest Style in Costumes. Fashionable Collarless Bodice, two Shoulder Capes, Bell Sleeves. Made in Allen Foster & Co.'s Specialite Serge, Venetian Cloth, or new Zibeline Cloth — Patterns Post Free. Bodice has pouch front, which can be worn open or closed, and is stylishly trimmed with very pretty Galon trimming. Full well-made Skirt, also trimmed to match Bodice. The cheapest Costume in the trade, unrivalled all the world over. Price complete, **10/6**; car. 6d. Skirt alone, **5/11**; car. 5d.

Design No. 461.

10/6

ALLEN FOSTER & Co.

THE LONDON MANUFACTURERS,

47, GOLDEN LANE, BARBICAN, LONDON, E.C.

Digitized by Google

A Perfect Beverage for all Seasons of the Year.

REFRESHING. SUSTAINING.

CADBURY'S COCOA

"The standard of highest purity."—THE LANCET.

ABSOLUTELY PURE, THEREFORE **BEST.**

Cadbury's is Cocoa and the Best Cocoa only.

For Strength, Purity, and Nourishment, there is nothing superior to be found."—*Medical Magazine.*

Pears' Soap

Makes the Hands white and fair, the Complexion bright and clear, and the Skin soft and smooth as Velvet.

"Matchless for the Hands and Complexion."

Adelaide Patti

Prof. Sir ERASMUS WILSON, F.R.S.

Late President of the Royal College of Surgeons, England:

"PEARS' SOAP is an article of the nicest and most careful manufacture, and one of the most refreshing and agreeable balms for the skin."

Printed by HORACE COX, Windsor House, Bream's Buildings, E.C., and Published for the Proprietors by C. ARTHUR PEARSON Henrietta Street, London, W.C.
All Advertisements to be addressed to the Advertisement Department, 17, Henrietta Street, London, E.C.

Digitized by Google